PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
JULY 1990 • $3.95
SHARON STONE
SHE'S GOT HOLLYWOOD BREATHING HEAVY
MUSIC MASTER QUINCY JONES INTERVIEWED BY ALEX HALEY
BEHIND THE SCENES WITH TV'S RAUNCHIEST FAMILY
WHAT MEN RISK FOR LOVE, BY ASA BABER
AARON NEVILLE GETS TO THE PROMISED LAND
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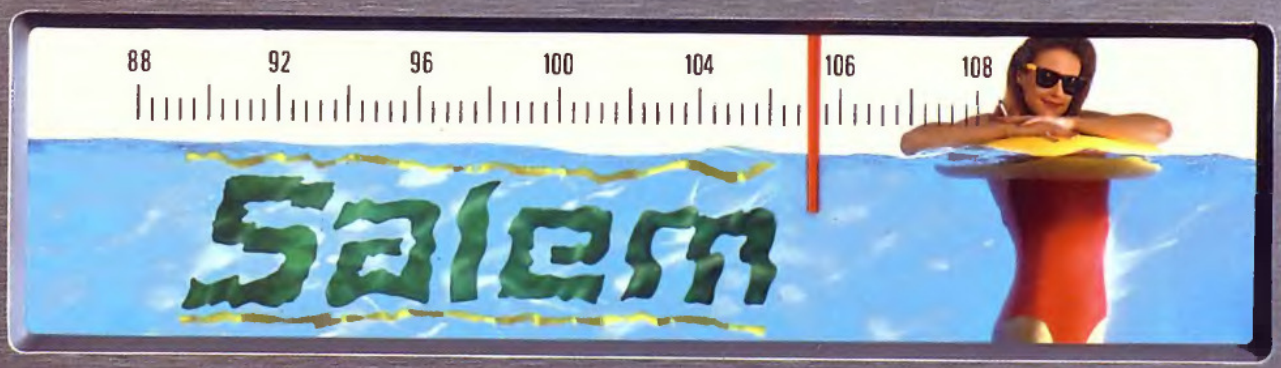

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WE COULD CALL THIS our drug, sex, rock-and-roll, television, baseball and radioactive-radicchio issue: something for everyone.

Novelist **Robert Stone** (author of *A Flag for Sunrise*) looks at the war on drugs and finds alarming parallels to the debacle in Vietnam. *Fighting the Wrong War* examines the consequences of a policy under which everyone in power refuses to consider that, in this battle, there may be limits to the effectiveness of American economic and military might. **Robert Scheer** adds a reality check with a commentary on Washington mayor **Marion Barry,** who has had his own brush with the war on drugs.

Sex? In *The Gas-Station Caper and Other Tales of the Night*, Contributing Editor **Asa Baber** examines the risks men take for love and lust. Careening down ski slopes, riding English motorcycles through the cold, crawling through rice paddies in camouflage—all are part of the care and feeding of an erection.

Rock and roll? We sent none other than **Alex Haley** to get to the root of it all with an in-depth interview with **Quincy Jones.** Haley is no stranger to either music or interviews—his first project for *Playboy* was the very first *Playboy Interview*, a Q.&A. with **Miles Davis.** As for Jones, he is a man whose life embodies music. Among his most successful projects: producing *Thriller* and a little ditty called *We Are the World.* Next, check out the profile of **Aaron Neville. Steve Pond** limns the former longshoreman/drug abuser/thug/Wild Tchoupitoulas member turned singing partner to **Linda Ronstadt** in *Aaron Neville's Amazing Grace* (illustrated by **David Levine**). Pond is an old New Orleans hand—he goes there every year, not for Mardi Gras, which is too crazy, but for the Jazz Festival, which is just crazy enough.

Speaking of just crazy enough, we sent **Pamela Marin** backstage to cover the cast and crew of the funniest show on television. *Hanging Out with the Bundys* (illustrated by **Pamela Hobbs**) is a fun look at the chemistry that goes into *Married . . . with Children*. Find out how the Bundys, arguably the sexiest couple on television, have been hassled by **Terry Rakolta,** arguably not the sexiest housewife in Michigan.

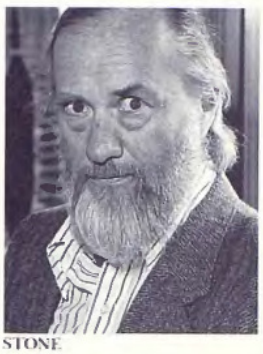
Rakolta complains that television doesn't respect family values. Nonsense. What about *The Simpsons*? They fight, they squabble, they underachieve. We asked **Neil Tesser** to toss *20 Questions* at **Matt Groening,** the creator of what many think is the most realistic family on television, T-shirt and novelty item.

What is more American than TV? Baseball. **Randy Wayne White,** a Florida fishing guide and novelist, took a flier last year and tried out for the Senior Professional Baseball Association League. In *The Boys of Winter*, he recounts his adventures. You're never too old to ride the bus—or to savor the thrill of a ride in a roaring speedboat: Get a look at the best of the pack in *Power Play*.

So where does the radioactive radicchio come in? **Lucius Shepard's** *The All-Consuming* (with art by **Fred Stonehouse**) is a lush, surreal fantasy about a Japanese gourmand who decides to eat a radioactive forest. This after consuming a Rolls-Royce Corniche, works of art, **Elvis Presley's** leather-and-rhinestone jump suit, a guitar played by **Jimi Hendrix** and **Lee Harvey Oswald's** Carcano rifle. You are what you eat. We don't know if this will catch on, but if it does, you'll learn about it first in *Style*, a look at what's hot that will be a recurring feature in *Playboy After Hours*.

When you've finished moving your eyes from left to right, you can rest them on **Sharon Stone,** who plays **Arnold Schwarzenegger's** wife in *Total Recall*. Stone is an old friend of West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski,** who picked up a pencil to profile the object of **Phillip Dixon's** camera. Want more? Check out Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley's** shots of **Marilyn Monroe** look-alike **Rhonda Ridley-Scott** and Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda's** pictures of Miss July, **Jacqueline Sheen.**

Say, what kind of dressing goes with radioactive radicchio?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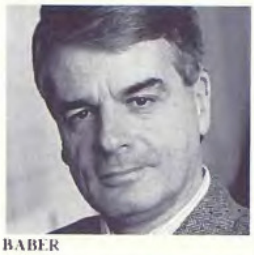
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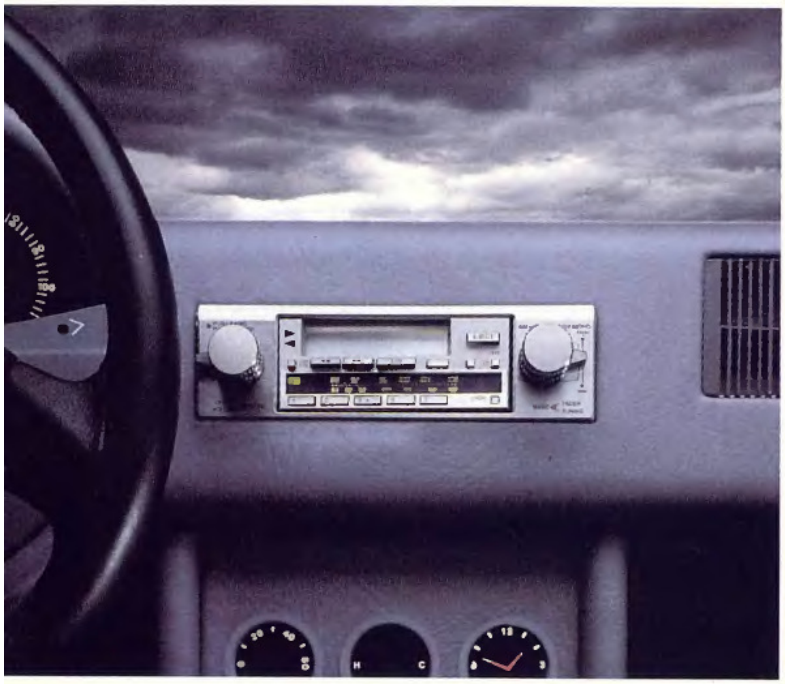

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You may well forget your reservations.

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PLAYBOY

vol. 37, no. 7—july 1990

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COVER STORY

She has hunted for gold with Richard Chamberlain, ducked bullets with Steven Seagal and traveled through the galaxy with Arnold Schwarzenegger. Now get ready for the fiery Sharon Stone to *really* heat things up. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, with hair and make-up by Tami Morris. The Rabbit prepares for a meltdown.

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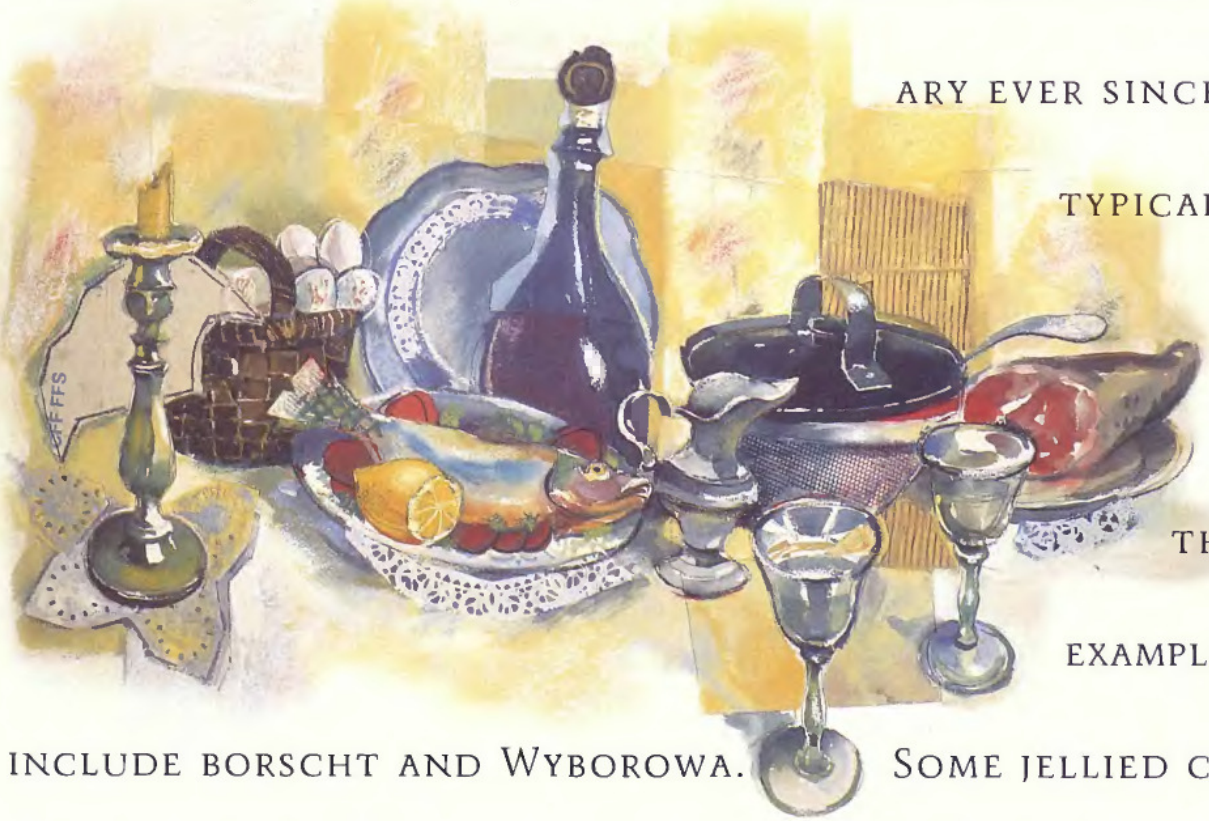
THE FLAT EARTH, OAT BR

THE TIME: CENTURIES AGO. THE PREVAILING BELIEF: THE EARTH WAS FLAT. THERE WERE PLAGUES. AND OAT BRAN WAS STILL A GOOD FEW HUNDRED YEARS AWAY. ON THE PLUS SIDE, HOWEVER, OAT BRAN WAS STILL A GOOD FEW HUNDRED YEARS AWAY. YOU COULD BUY A PRETTY NIFTY CASTLE FOR $132.00 AND CHANGE. AND THERE WAS POLISH VODKA. WYBOROWA. (VEE-BO-ROVA.) FIRST DISTILLED CENTURIES AGO. AND LEGENDARY EVER SINCE. A TYPICAL POLISH REPAST BACK THEN, FOR EXAMPLE, MIGHT INCLUDE BORSCHT AND WYBOROWA. SOME JELLIED CARP AND



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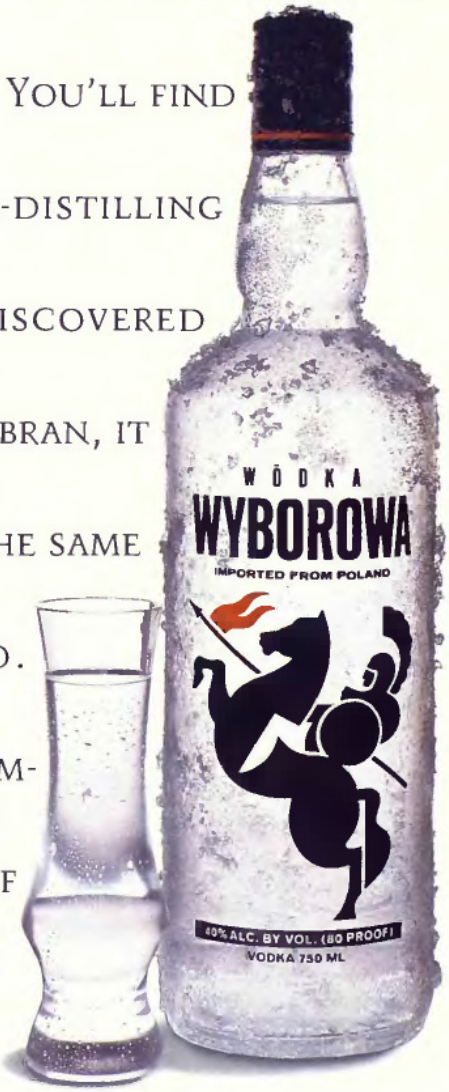
DESSERT? POLISH PASTRIES WITH WATER. AND WYBOROWA. WHY HAS IT FLOURISHED SINCE THE EARTH WAS FLAT? TASTE IT. YOU'LL FIND IT INEFFABLY SMOOTH. A RESULT OF A TRIPLE-DISTILLING PROCESS USED CENTURIES AGO. BEFORE THEY DISCOVERED SHORTCUTS. PRESENTLY, IN THIS AGE OF OAT BRAN, IT IS STILL POSSIBLE TO ENJOY WYBOROWA IN MUCH THE SAME MANNER IN WHICH IT WAS ENJOYED AGES AGO. STRAIGHT. ALL THAT'S REQUIRED IS A RATHER COMFORTABLE CHAIR, A CLEAN GLASS AND A BOTTLE OF SAID VODKA. THE QUAIL EGGS ARE OPTIONAL.



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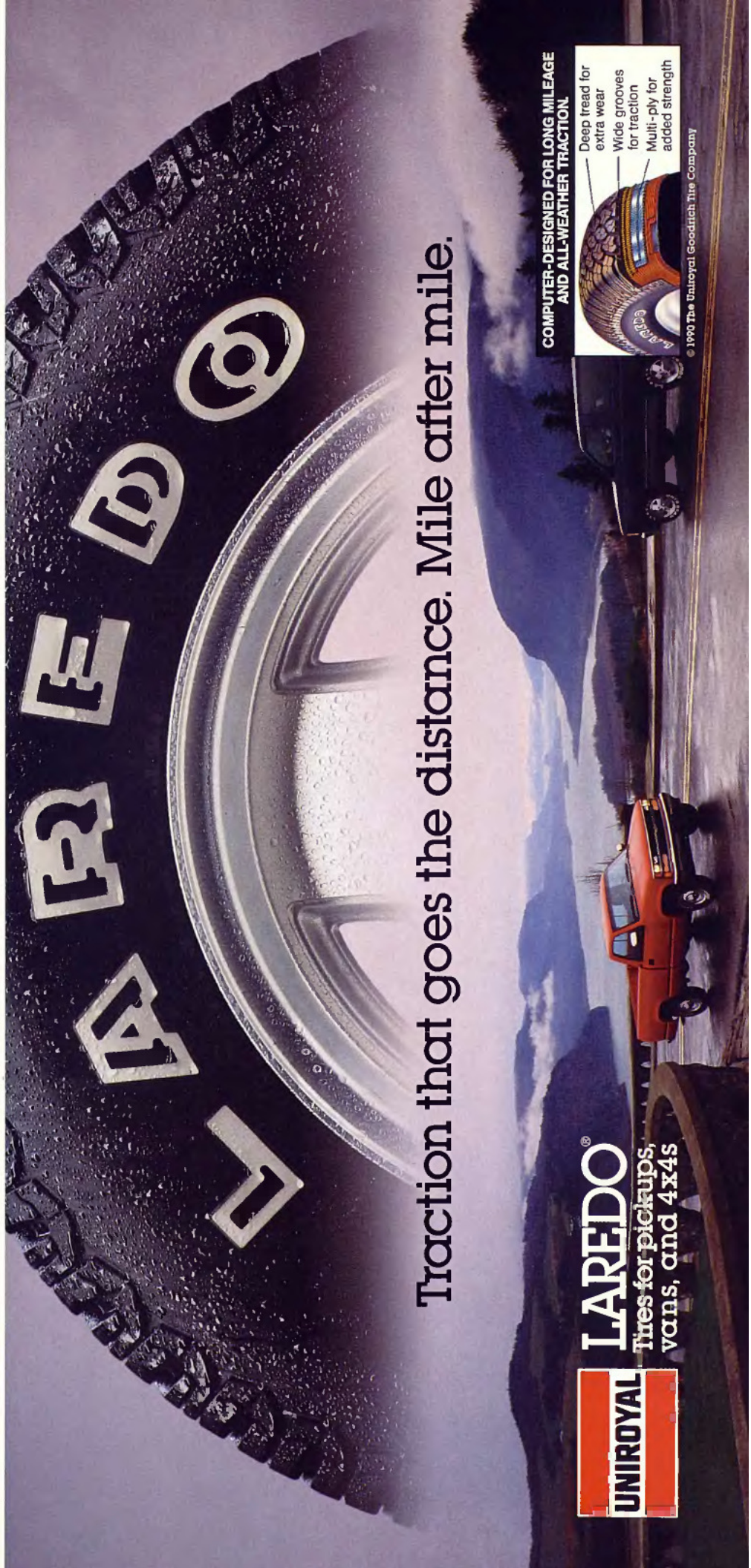
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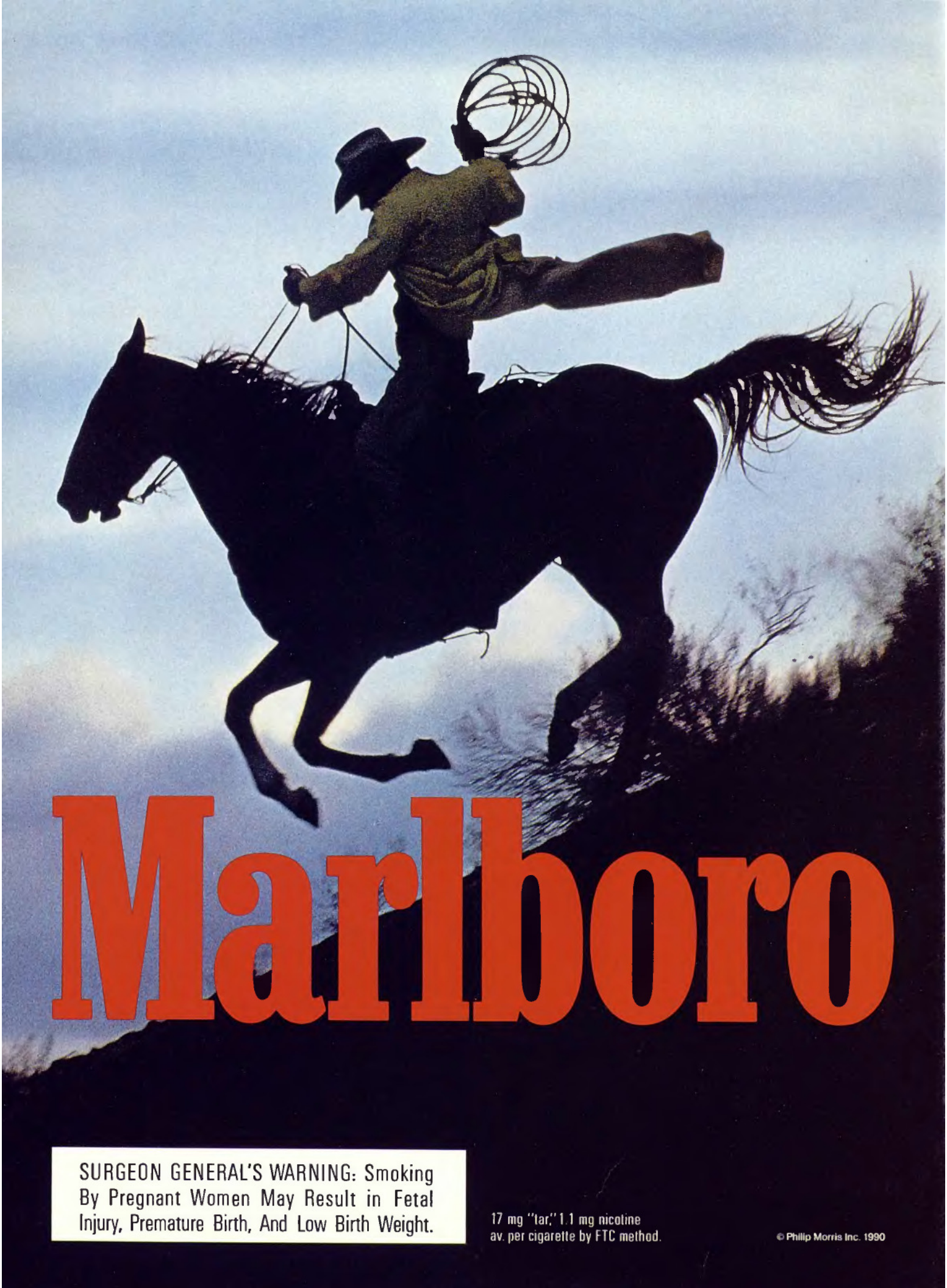

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STEPHEN HAWKING INTERVIEW

I commend both *Playboy* and Morgan Strong for an excellent *Playboy Interview* with physicist Stephen Hawking (April). Both his will to drive forward in his research, battling his illness along the way, and his attempt to bring quantum physics to a level understood by the common man are remarkable. Hawking's discussions make our Big Macs, the N.F.L. and Porsche 911s seem trivial.

Robert M. Grillo
Floral Park, New York

The interview with the brave Stephen Hawking had me glued to the pages. I've never been so intrigued with an interview from beginning to end as with this one, and not until I'd finished it did I realize I hadn't understood what I'd read.

Robert A. Jansson
Portland, Connecticut

I was somewhat surprised, but thoroughly pleased, to read the interview with Hawking. He is a truly amazing person. I had the pleasure of meeting him several years ago at a national meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at which he gave a presentation to encourage people with handicapping conditions to consider science as a career option.

At that time, he still had the use of his voice, though a graduate assistant repeated his words to the audience; I then interpreted his talk into sign language for the hearing-impaired attendees. He is a remarkable role model. I commend you for bringing him to the attention of many who otherwise might be unaware of his achievements.

B. Edward Cain, Ph.D.
Professor of Chemistry
Rochester Institute of Technology
Rochester, New York

I have read Stephen Hawking's *A Brief History of Time* and I have heard his lectures. *Playboy*'s interview with him proves the most profound theory of them all: "The greatest injustice in this world is our own mortality"—Hugh M. Hefner.

George Sidoti
East Northport, New York

Stephen Hawking paints the universe as something with a rhythmic pulse. He makes me wonder if our universe is just one beat in an ever-rearranging symphony. Traveling in his mind made *me* feel handicapped. Thanks for the brief journey in this brilliant man's world.

Scott Miller
Itasca, Illinois

Bravo to Morgan Strong for a most timely, albeit difficult, interview. Where there is vision, the people flourish. Stephen Hawking's vision of reality continues to trickle down to the man in the street. The human race is taking a giant leap forward. The East is giving up its government. The West must give up its God. Hawking ought to receive the Nobel Peace Prize!

Loren Toomsen
Clear Lake, Iowa

DALE BROWN

Kevin Cook's *Dale Brown Prays for Bob Knight* (*Playboy*, April) is just another media potshot at a man I'm certain neither Cook nor Brown even begins to understand.

I suppose that when you are regarded as one of the best in your field, these attacks come with the territory. But those who have had the opportunity to see all sides of this remarkable individual know that the real Bob Knight would never stoop to the behavior Brown describes in Cook's article. But then, as Cook surely realizes, who would read *Dale Brown Prays for Jerry Tarkanian?*

Scott Simpson
Indianapolis, Indiana

As an avid Louisiana State University basketball fan for the past 60 years, I really appreciated the fine article about the LSU coach, Dale Brown, in your April issue. I

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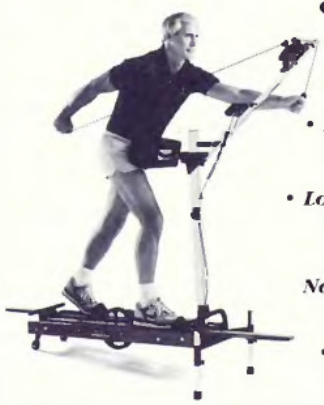

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was disappointed, however, that no mention is made of two of college's and professional basketball's greatest all-time players, Bob Pettit and Pete Maravich. They put LSU on the map long before Brown's arrival. In fact, the fine athletic center where Brown now performs his miracles is named in honor of the late Maravich.

Edwards Hardesty
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

What could be the source of coach Brown's anger toward Bobby Knight, other than plain old jealousy? Knight has coached teams to three N.C.A.A. championships, while Brown still hasn't won the big one. Head to head, Brown is 0 for 2 against Knight. Knight coaches in the Big Ten, the nation's premiere conference, whereas Brown has to settle for the S.E.C., which gets weaker by the year. Why can't Dale just admit that Knight is a better coach? Last season, Knight took a team that was picked by many to finish as low as seventh in the Big Ten to a conference championship. This year, Brown's team was loaded with talent and he still couldn't come close.

Don Owens
West Lafayette, Indiana

SEX ON THE BRAIN

If Michael Hutchison (*Sex on the Brain*, *Playboy*, April) really thinks that men have a corner on the market of desiring variety in their sex partners, he has rarely had a truthful conversation with a woman other than his mother, aunt or sister.

We are just as hungry as you guys, and if Hutchison really believes that we don't have a twinge for "strange" more than we care to admit, he's kidding himself.

Gemma Castellano
Carolina Beach, North Carolina

In *Sex on the Brain*, Hutchison writes, "Surveys of the frequency with which males and females engage in sex indicate that males *at all ages* have sex more frequently." Truly amazing! With whom are they having it?

Lisa Thornquist
Gilroy, California

Let's get this straight. A man will fuck everything in the henhouse but will not do the act more than once with the same cow. If a female chimpanzee grooms him, his testosterone level soars and he becomes the dominant male.

If a woman has a high testosterone level, she will mate indiscriminately. Instead of holding out for a Harvard Ph.D., she will have sex with Michael Hutchison. The resultant offspring will dilute the gene pool.

Roland Gilbert
Oakland, California

GIRLS OF THE A.C.C.

I must express my disappointment with the *Girls of the A.C.C.* pictorial in your April issue. Why? Because I kept looking for the girl from NC State you featured on your *Next Month* page in March! Who is she? Does she actually appear in the April layout? Could I have been so stunned by all the other beauties that I overlooked her?

Mark Niethamer
El Paso, Texas

Well, Mark, the woman is there, so be ready

to be stunned again. She's Lainie Fuller, on page 143 in the April issue. Here's Lainie from another angle. Got the picture?

LISA MATTHEWS

I got a kick out of April Playmate Lisa Matthews' comments concerning her pet chinchilla, Chester, and her desire to own a cow named Hank. We breed registered Texas Longhorn cattle and I concur with Lisa's choice of cows as a favorite animal. From firsthand experience, we have found that bull calves actually make friendlier and more docile pets than their sisters. The name Hank seems to be better suited to a male, anyway. In honor of Lisa's beauty, enthusiasm and love of animals, with her permission, the first spring keeper bull calf we get here at Ranch 927 will be registered with the Texas Longhorn Breeders Association of America as Lisa's Hank!

Ted Robertson
Bixby, Oklahoma

"A FINE EYE FOR TYRANTS"

Robert Scheer's assertion in *Reporter's Notebook*, "A Fine Eye for Tyrants" (*Playboy*, April), that George Bush ordered the invasion of Panama to cover up the news leak of his sending two high-level security advisors to China is outrageous. The news leak was more likely a diversion from an invasion that had been planned for months.

As we have seen by the recent Nicaraguan election, Bush may be on the right track in not comparing oranges with apples, or China with South America.

Jerry F. Jones
Mission Viejo, California

IN THE COMPANY OF MEN

Having read David Mamet's article *In the Company of Men* (*Playboy*, April), I see why my husband needs his night out without me, and I am going to try not to complain (at least not pitch holy-hell fits and claim he doesn't love me, or threaten to lock him out if he doesn't get home at a decent hour). I still probably won't like his night out with his friends, but I've always believed that understanding something was halfway to being able to deal with it.

Jean Koebernick
Memphis, Tennessee

BABER ON WOMEN

It's ironic that in your April issue, *Dear Playboy* contains such praise for Asa Baber while his *Men* column in that same issue is so far off base. Don't get me wrong, I am usually in agreement with his opinions—but in his April column, "The Real Man's Dictionary," Baber lowers himself to the same hateful level as some feminists. Whether we make up new names such as manizer and femfascist or use old ones such as prick tease and bitch, the result is going to be increased hostility and a wider gender gap. That is not the way to convince anyone that men are, indeed, people and deserve respect, understanding and *equal* parental and employment rights. The way to achieve that kind of understanding and eliminate some of the hate is for *everyone* to stop throwing names and start talking with one another.

Gerald W. Hilts
Olympia, Washington

As an English professor, I constantly marvel at—and am delighted by—the high quality of Asa Baber's writing.

"The Real Man's Dictionary" is characteristic of Baber's work—witty, perceptive, pertinent and a great read. Yes, men (and sympathetic women, too) do need a new vocabulary to name our experiences in this age of femspeak.

May I add my own contribution to Batting Baber's *Real Man's Dictionary*?

patriphobia: an irrational fear and loathing of patriarchy, which is imagined as a massive conspiracy by the entire male sex to oppress and dominate the entire female sex.

Clearly, we need such a word. As Baber knows only too well, patriphobia has reached epidemic proportions in parts of our society, especially on college campuses.

Eugene August
Dayton, Ohio

HEIMEL ON CHILDREN

As an often-frustrated mother, I would like to say that Cynthia Heimel's *Women* column "Childhood Is Powerful" (*Playboy*, April) sheds new light on my role as a parent and my son's right to be himself. What a relief it is to read a column that leaves you with loving solutions and hope for normal relationships! Thanks, Cynthia.

Lynn Porter
Honolulu, Hawaii

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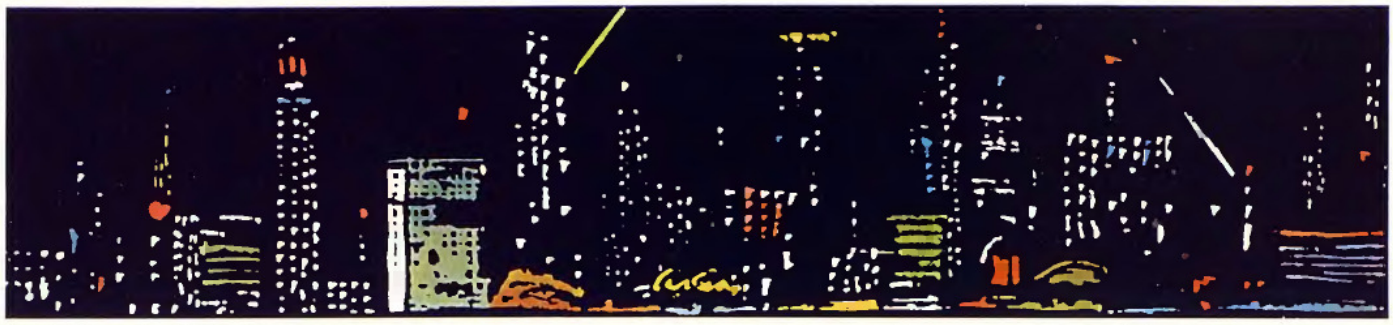
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



NEW AGE GAL

Folk singer Christine Lavin admits that it probably wasn't a great idea to tell the newspaper reporter who asked her about her new song, *Sensitive New Age Guys*, that he was "too sensitive." The guy retaliated later in print, calling her "obscure, for good reason." Among other things, the song declares New Age guys to be men "who like to cry at weddings, who think Rambo is upsetting." "Hey, it's just a goof," Lavin told us.

Oh, well, that isn't the first time Lavin's twistedly screwy songwriting has raised someone's hackles. *The London Daily Mirror* called her engagement song to Prince Charles "rude and tasteless." She warns the prince about succumbing to Lady Diana's looks and wealth. Lavin no longer performs the tune—which was banned in parts of Britain—because she feels sorry for the future king of England. "It's obvious his wife doesn't hang out with him," she told us. "Let's face it: He's intelligent; she didn't even graduate from high school. I'm afraid they are going to get divorced, then he's going to call me up and ask me out."

Her song *Don't Ever Call Your Sweetheart by His Name* so offended former New York mayor Ed Koch at a performance for the city that her subsequent city-hall engagements were canceled. Her ode to the dangers and joys of sex aids, *Artificial Means*, explores a romance between a man, his blow-up doll, his wife and her battery-powered vibrator. Lavin admits she has probably written the first love song about a vibrator, but she notes with pride that at least she didn't use clinical terms. "I *am* a nice Catholic girl."

Lavin's album *Good Thing He Can't Read My Mind* includes some slower, prettier, more serious tunes. But she's still cracking wise: Her current three-city summer tour (with three other female folkies) is tagged Buy Me–Bring Me–Take Me–Don't Mess My Hair: Life According to Four Bitchin' Babes and she's regularly crooning such lipped-up ditties as *The Epstein-Barr Blues* and *Prisoners of Their Hair*. The latter is about "celebrities who can't change their hair styles because they are afraid they won't be recognized," explained Lavin. "I don't mean to cast aspersions on Crystal Gayle, but she must have nightmares about being chased by scissors." Or at least by sharp-witted folkies. We love you, Christine; don't ever change.

YUK

When Houston's KKBQ-FM, the self-proclaimed "party pig station," promised to pay $10,000 to the winner of "93Q's Most Outrageous Contest" this past winter, its phone lines, fax lines and mail room were swamped with thousands of stunt suggestions ranging from the ridiculous to the revolting. Among the hopeful, many appeared to be suffering from overexposure to *Late Night with David Letterman*'s Stupid Human Tricks. One wanna-be promised to fill a car with catsup and crush it with a steam roller; another wanted to put a condom on a horse. They didn't make the final cut.

Those who did went public with their outrageous acts in a night-club parking lot. One guy ate the eyes out of three fish heads. Another shaved and ate his underarm hair. Another, clad only in trunks, covered himself with meat products and allowed a pack of dogs to chow down. Not to be outgrossed, one woman let a dozen live cockroaches crawl around on her tongue before chewing and swallowing them. Another, wearing a snorkel, lay face-down for five minutes in a tank full of water and earthworms. A couple of women coated themselves in honey and chocolate syrup and rolled in shredded coconut and almonds. Another duo smeared their bodies with petroleum jelly, sat in a wading pool filled with hot dogs and squirted each other with catsup and mustard while singing the Oscar Mayer theme song.

The presumably strong-stomached judges, including Alonzo Highsmith and Jay Pennison of the Oilers and Glenn Wilson of the Astros, proclaimed Colin Thiele, 19, a college student and hotel desk clerk, the most outrageous. Their decision is hard to dispute. Wearing a puke-yellow shirt proclaiming him COLIN THE AMAZING BELLY-FLOPPING BOY, Thiele wallowed in a 13-inch-deep pool of pig manure while performing other antics, including the Hula-Hoop plunge (diving through the hoop and flipping into the pool) and bobbing for—then eating—apples and carrots. Thiele told us he didn't even gag: "Hey, anything for ten thousand dollars—money is money." What will he do with the cash? Invest it in CDs "or maybe pork bellies," he explained.

PARRIS IN THE SPRING

You've heard about those sports-fantasy camps where frustrated mid-life jocks go to bat or skate, or shoot hoops and shit, shower and shave with their heroes. Well, how's this for a variation on the theme?

Two Chicago veterans from the Third Marine Division Association, Dick Wolf and Zig Zudyk, organized a "Return to Boot Camp" excursion to Parris Island, South Carolina, this past May. For less than $500—including air fare, ground transportation and a three-night stay at the Beaufort Days Inn—weekend enlistees got to observe hand-to-hand combat and basic warrior training, tour squad-bay recruit

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"We plan to organize some tourist visits to see the bunkers, the underground tunnels, the houses of the [Ceausescu] family."—MIHAIL LUPOI, tourism minister, describing his plan for bringing hard currency into postrevolution Romania

HAVE PHONE, WILL TRAVEL

First commercial cellular-telephone system to go on line in the U.S.: Ameritech, in Chicago on October 13, 1983.

•

Number of cellular-telephone subscribers in the U.S. as of December 31, 1989: 3,500,000.

Average number of new subscribers added each month: 118,500.

•

Dollar value of cellular-telephone-equipment sales in 1989: $620,000,000. Projected sales for 1990: $655,000,000.

•

Size and weight of the Microtac, the smallest portable phone available: 13.5 cubic inches, 12.3 ounces. Price: $3000.

•

Average monthly cellular-phone bill: $89.30.

•

Percentage of users whose companies pay for their service: 78.

•

Average length of a call: two minutes, 48 seconds.

•

Percentage of users who purchased a cellular phone to increase business productivity, 81; who say they have more than doubled their productivity, 12.

•

Percentage of all users who purchased a cellular phone for personal security, seven; of female users who purchased a cellular phone for personal security, 25.

•

Percentage increase in female users from 1986 to 1989: 275.

•

Number of cellular phones stolen per month from automobiles in the 20 largest mobile-phone markets: 2000.

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to a poll at Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum in London, visitors' favorite politician is Margaret Thatcher. Their choice for the most feared and hated: first, Adolf Hitler; second, Margaret Thatcher.

HOLDING PATTERNS

Number of delays in 1989 per 1000 takeoffs and landings at LaGuardia, New York, 115; at O'Hare, Chicago, 88; at San Francisco, 68; at Boston, 31; at Denver, 27; at Atlanta, 25.

•

Number of regularly scheduled flights that were late more than 80 percent of the time in one month (November), according to the Department of Transportation: 59.

DIM THE LIGHTS!

Number of sexually explicit video tapes rented in 1988 from general video stores, according to a survey by *Adult Video News*: 348,000,000. Cost of rentals: $768,000,000.

•

Amount spent for purchases of adult video tapes in 1988, not including mail orders: $180,000,000.

•

Percentage of adult video tapes rented by men, 53; by women, 18; by couples, 29.

•

Number of adult video tapes released in 1983, 400; in 1985, 1600; in 1989, 1300.

•

Number of Federal obscenity indictments issued in 1987 involving adult video tapes and publications, according to the newsletter *Free Speech*, 26; in 1988, 37; in 1989, 115.

barracks and the chapel and then chow down in the recruit mess hall and "O" club.

Wolf told us that, unlike sports-fantasy camps, the Parris Island expedition was "definitely observational." But during the weapons-training battalion briefing, a few proud and brave souls got to fire M16As. And that, we suppose, made the whole trip worth while.

GRIZZLY REDRESS

Life is tough on big game in Montana. And it may get a little tougher on grizzly bears. The United States Fish and Wildlife Service has proposed open hunting on grizzlies that are creating a nuisance in neighboring Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks.

But never fear for the grizzlies—the radical environmental group Earth First! is on their side. Its members recently declared open season on "nuisance bureaucrats" in Missoula, where the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service is located. "This is a superb opportunity to expand and diversify the hunter's experience while alleviating a nuisance," reads Earth First!'s publicity. Members go after their prey armed with butterfly nets and money-baited traps.

What have they bagged? So far, some good press for the grizzlies.

USE THE 46 DEFENSE

University of Arizona entomologist Robert Smith, who has been studying the sperm of insects, has recently drawn certain conclusions about its human counterpart. He claims that while large numbers of sperm in human ejaculate are unviable, they may have a purpose after all: blocking the sperm of a competing male.

Citing his research with insects and the work of British biologists, Smith says that those "kamikaze sperm give up their lives to aid their fellows and this may occur in the context of sperm competition"—all of which reveals a part of conception almost as glorious as the fun part with which we're more familiar. Smith believes sperm competition is a crucial missing link in Darwin's theories on sexual selection. Since human females have been known to mate with two or more males during a reproductive cycle, Smith speculates that the survival of the fittest is present at microscopic levels and that conception goes to the strongest team effort. So now we can think of our ejaculate as a tiny football team: one running back surrounded by good blocking.

WAGES OF SIN

In a survey, researchers at University of Minnesota Hospitals asked mentally ill patients how they thought they got that way. Many blamed health factors such as diet, exercise and sleep. But almost 25 percent blamed their mental problems on sinful thoughts or acts.

MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

AFTER THE DEMISE of Led Zeppelin, Robert Plant spent most of the Eighties absorbing new influences and searching for the right band. A collection of interchangeably talented musicians won't do after a taste of genius—transcendent rock and roll being a matter of chemistry.

After four solo albums lacking that chemistry, Plant found it again with a band of ambitious unknowns on 1988's *Now and Zen*, an album that showcased his desire to make all those new influences—whether from foreign cultures or new technology—accessible. On ***Manic Nirvana*** (Es Paranza/Atlantic), not only does that chemistry remain accessible, it burns more intensely than anything Plant has done since Led Zeppelin at its peak. Although the basic line-up of musicians stays the same, a new ingredient in the form of guitarist Doug Boyle steps forward with the sort of monster riffs that have always inspired Plant into the transcendent realms of frenzy. *Manic Nirvana* will thrill anyone whose brain harbors a 14-year-old boy wanting to be dazzled by plenty of snarl and scream and pyrotechnic virtuosity. If Boyle isn't the next major cover boy on all the guitar mags, I'll be very surprised. At the same time, Plant has continued his experiment with sampling, tossing in references to James Brown and Middle Eastern music and fashioning the drum track to *Your Ma Said You Cried in Your Sleep Last Night* from the original Sixties single. Unlike the last time out, the lyrics aren't printed on the album cover, so it's tougher to figure out the literal meaning of the songs, but who cares? Here and there, you pick up a phrase that indicates Plant's continuing worship and distrust of fabulous babes, but it's the music that matters, and the music kicks ass.

Plant: Music that matters.

Plant gets the Led out, while Little Richard gets his due.

VIC GARBARINI

Irish songstress Sinéad O'Connor's second album, ***I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got*** (Chrysalis), opens with *Feel So Different*, a song of such raw, unfiltered emotional power and clarity that its impact will long remain with you. These are not the bitter, impacted howlings of the shaven-headed, scared and bitter 23-year-old who used to praise the I.R.A. and slam U2. Now, with both moving honesty and haunting intensity, she documents her inner transformation, sans preaching or guilt. She has moved beyond those polarities into something whole and healing, turning herself inside out in songs that cross-wire Celtic laments with hip-hop, strings with corroded, grinding guitars. Sure, there's anger and hurt, but she's no longer projecting her pain onto others or milking her own fragmentation. This is musical open-heart surgery, passionate yet serene.

Suzanne Vega's first post-*Luka* effort, ***Days of Open Hand*** (A&M), shows her putting even more muscle behind her Soho still lifes. Her songs are more integrated with her beefed-up band sound. Side two returns to the twilight acoustics of her earlier work. Overall, the sense of intimacy and mystery here seems abstract and a little distanced—still intriguing, but sometimes it resonates more in the head than in the heart.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

When John Lurie and his brother Evan introduced the Lounge Lizards to downtown New York in 1979, it was hard to describe the band without using the words sleazy or lounge, or both. Lurie wrote music for an android to get drunk to—tuneful, swinging, dissonant, proudly soulless, decorated with patches of chaos to help the postmodern night crawler feel at home. But even though you'd think he'd know better, that wasn't enough for him—he also wanted to be taken seriously as a saxophone player.

Decent records on three labels failed to win fortune or respect for Lurie, who instead became mildly famous co-starring in Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger than Paradise* and *Down by Law*. But he proved he was no fake by sticking with music. Lurie found himself unable to persuade another major label to give him what he deserved. So he released ***Voice of Chunk***, on CD and cassette only, on a label called 1-800-44CHUNK, which is the number to dial on your phone to purchase a copy.

So why don'tcha? This is the strongest music of Lurie's career, combining the old lounge sleaze with the avantish musicality he has always aspired to. There's a tango and a Brechtian chorale and arty intros you find yourself humming two days later, and Lurie's embouchure has gained

GUEST SHOT

AS WELL AS *leading his own group and accompanying jazz giants world wide, jazz guitarist/composer* ***Ricardo Silveira*** *is a member of Brazilian jazz/pop supergroup Zil, his third LP will be out soon. Pianist/composer Chick Corea has always been one of Silveira's heroes, so he had a lot to say about Corea and his Elektric Band's latest album, "Inside Out."*

"I first heard Chick play in the mid-Seventies, when I was studying jazz in Boston. I've been following him ever since. Naturally, I hate to use the words the best, or compare *Inside Out* with his other records, but there is something special about this one. That may be due to how long he's been playing with this particular group of musicians—Chick knows who he's writing for, and in each composition here, there's room for every player to really *stretch*. His LP *Light Years* was a little more accessible to the general listener—this is more of a musician's album, more complex and intense. But that doesn't mean it's out of reach for those who don't listen to a lot of jazz. Just remember that there's an intellectual bent to Chick's music making—he does that sort of thing as well as it can be done. He's just as distinctive with a band as he is in his solo work—three notes and you *know* it's Chick. Still, because several of the compositions on *Inside Out* are lengthy, you also get a chance to hear each member of this band strut *his* style. For hard-core Corea fans like me, no question, this ranks as one of *the* great Chick Corea albums."

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Digital Underground *Sex Packets*	6	4	9	5	7
Sinéad O'Connor *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got*	6	9	9	9	9
Robert Plant *Manic Nirvana*	6	7	8	4	9
Suzanne Vega *Days of Open Hand*	7	7	7	6	6
Peter Wolf *Up to No Good!*	4	7	8	8	6

SLIGHTLY SOUTH OF THE BORDER DEPARTMENT: **Van Halen** has opened its own club, The Cabo Wabo Cantina, in Cabo San Lucas. There is seating for 350, including the outdoor bar, and the band will bottle and market its own tequila. The cantina will serve food and have entertainment that will include locals, guest stars and an occasional Van Halen jam session. Oh, yes, the water's safe.

REELING AND ROCKING: We hear that **Miles Davis** will have a starring role—his first—in an upcoming untitled feature film. . . . **Mojo Nixon** will appear in *Rock and Roll High School Forever* as "the spirit of rock and roll." . . . The score for *Dick Tracy*, due out June 15, is by **Danny Elfman**. . . . **Barry Goldberg,** former **Electric Flag** keyboardist who has played with **Dylan** for the past 20 years, is branching out by writing and producing songs for *Captain America*, starring **Matt Salinger,** and for the TV version of the movie *Bagdad Cafe*. . . . **John Candy** and **Rick Moranis** will team up in the comedy *On the Air*, about two shock-radio d.j.s in Chicago.

NEWSBREAKS: Polygram plans a boxed set of CDs to mark the 35th anniversary of **James Brown's** recording career. The package may include a substantial amount of unreleased live material, plus possibly a video and biography. . . . **Ben Fong-Torres** is writing a bio of country-rock pioneer **Gram Parsons.** . . . A global TV event called *Countdown 2000* is being planned for the fall by a former NBC producer and a music publicist who was involved with Live Aid and the Amnesty tour. They plan to combine a rock concert with news coverage about the environment. . . . **Sting,** along with **Meg Ryan, Jeff Goldblum** and others, will provide voices for an animated series, *Captain Planet and the Planeteers*, for Turner Broadcasting. . . . Last summer, concert promoters had to contend with the **Stones** and the **Who,** which left concertgoers with little money to see any other outdoor acts. This year, **Madonna's** tour will end in June, leaving the summer free for a range of performers from **David Bowie** to **Aerosmith** to **XTC** to pick up some cash. . . . Some record merchandisers would like to see the price of CDs lowered, while record companies would like to see the price of LPs and cassettes raised. . . . **Alana Hamilton, Rod Stewart's** ex, and songwriter **Carol Bayer Sager** have teamed up to write some screenplays, two of which—*In Sickness and in Health* and *'Til Death Do Us Part*—have been sold to the movies. . . . Due any second is the new **Jeff Healey** album, an all-star event with **George Harrison, Jeff Lynne, Bobby Whitlock, Paul Shaffer** and **Mark Knopfler** showing up to make some music with Healey's band. The album also features new songs by Knopfler, **John Hiatt** and **Steve Cropper.** . . . Look for the **Nile Rodgers**–produced album of **Stevie Ray** and **Jimmie Vaughan** by the end of the summer. . . . Following up on the all-star tribute to **John Lennon** this past May in Liverpool, **Yoko** plans a series of events to mark John's 50th birthday year. . . . We tip our hats to **Shoes** and its new CD *Stolen Wishes* for proving that you *can* make music in your basement studio that people other than your mother want to hear. To hear Shoes, write to Black Vinyl Records, 2269 Sheridan Road, Zion, Illinois 60099. . . . Finally, our friends at *Rock & Roll Confidential* hipped us to *Uncut Funk*, a new tabloid that includes interviews with the likes of **David Byrne, Professor Griff** and **Malcolm McLaren.** If that's enough variety for you, send five dollars to *Uncut Funk*, Box 732, North College Park, Maryland 20740. Your mother probably *won't* be interested.

—BARBARA NELLIS

muscle. These days, musicians who love jazz are pressed to express their feelings without sounding reverent or deceived. *Voice of Chunk* does the trick. Anybody from downtown anywhere will recognize its sonic reality.

DAVE MARSH

Among the great treasures of early rock, none ranks higher than the purity of Little Richard's voice and the obsessiveness of his vision. The totality of what he did is captured on ***The Specialty Sessions*** (Specialty), a three-CD boxed set that features every Richard track released on Specialty, including every hit and all the relevant alternates. This is one of the finest repackagings in years.

As front man for J. Geils and as a solo artist, Peter Wolf has been one of the great disciples of a-wop-bop-a-loo-bop-a-lop-bam-boom. But nonstop jive as a steady diet wears thin, as even Little Richard discovered. That's part of the reason that Wolf's earlier solo albums, which were among the first white rock records to dabble in hip-hop rhythm, remain obscure; for the most part, he has shown only one side of himself. On ***Up to No Good!*** (MCA), Wolf finally gets personal, and the result is music everybody ought to hear. As *Shades of Red-Shades of Blue* demonstrates, Wolf hasn't lost his sense of humor. But he has added to it with more elegiac numbers, such as *River Runs Dry*, which blends eco-politics and blues history, and the anthemic love song *Never Let It Go*.

NELSON GEORGE

Digital Underground is the latest entry in the "daisy age" hip-hop category started by De La Soul. There is no gunplay and few politics on its debut, ***Sex Packets*** (Tommy Boy). As the title suggests, these seven Bay Area rappers are into good, clean, safe fun. De La Soul sampled George Clinton's Parliament/Funkadelic on *Me, Myself & I*, but Digital Underground's entire album serves as a sampled homage to that great Seventies funk band. Best of a solid collection are *Doowutchyalike*, a wild orgy of a dance record; *A Tribute to the Early Days*, a clever use of a Jimi Hendrix guitar riff as the basis of a rap; and *The Humpty Dance*, a brilliant, hilarious record used to inspire an equally hilarious dance.

Tashan is a star in the United Kingdom. His self-titled first album received rave reviews in England. On this side of the water, Tashan is regarded as a promising but still minor soul singer. What the Brits love are a rich baritone, funky grooves and lyrics that call for a heightened Pan-African consciousness. ***On the Horizon*** (OBR) is full of uplifting message songs such as *Changes, Keep Movin' On* and *Save the Family*. The record's centerpiece is the epic *Black Man*, a lengthy meditation on respect, racism and manhood in the Nineties.

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STYLE

HATS OFF TO *DICK TRACY*

The headiest new trend in fashion this fall will be the hat. Inspired by Walt Disney Pictures' *Dick Tracy*—that's the movie based on the comic strip, directed by and starring Warren Beatty—designers from Armani to Valentino have jumped onto the band wagon with an eye to this autumn. In fact, what's happening hatwise is so persuasive that every man with a trench coat will be craving headgear to match. Even Madonna, as gun moll Breathless Mahoney, has the hots for hats. Do movies set the pace for customers covering their pates? You better believe they do. Armani's hats for *The Untouchables*, plus the wide-brimmed models worn by Indiana Jones and "Crocodile" Dundee, were only the beginning. So this year, watch for guys (as well as women) sporting banded wide-brims, porkpies and, especially, fedoras—including the official yellow model shown here by Bollman for Dorfman Pacific that sells for $30. Beatty has the right Tracy profile and is for certain the most visible case of a style sleuth's finding out that the 1990 clue to fashion is, Heads, you win.

HOT SHOPPING

As shopping areas go, New York's Flatiron District is steaming hot. Here's what's up on Lower Fifth Avenue. Alain Mikli (100 Fifth): Where the trendsetters set their sights on eyewear. Paul Smith (108 Fifth): Smith (featured elsewhere in this issue) has a store that resembles a gentleman's haberdashery, but the duds are far from fuddy-duddy. Emporio Armani (110 Fifth): Soap for $17. T-shirts for $40. And those are the bargains. Daffy's (111 Fifth): Racks overstuffed with discounted designer menswear. Otto Tootsi Plohound (137 Fifth): Real men may wear Tootsis, but they probably won't admit it. We hate the name, but hip ad execs love the footwear that includes neoclassic wing tips with thick Vibram soles. Matsuda (156 Fifth): Showcase for a Japanese designer known for his future-shock price tags. With a striped schoolboy blazer at $740 and $135 neckties, this place says a lot about the state of our trade balance.

VIEWPOINT

What kind of suit does 230-pound world heavyweight boxing champion James "Buster" Douglas wear? Any kind he *wants* to. "Before I became champ, I'd see suits and wonder how much they cost. Now I wonder how good I'll look in them." Does Douglas have a favorite suit? Not really, but he's fond of a brown one he bought at a Salvation Army store four years ago. "I added a blue-and-white-striped shirt, polka-dot tie and tan shoes and wore it last February at the HBO rebroadcast of my title fight. My friends said, 'Man, that's a *bad* suit.' I paid ten dollars for it."

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY

It used to be that even the most confirmed beer drinker would order wine when dining in a fancy restaurant. Now, in the very temples of *haute* such as La Cote Basque in New York, we hear that men are savoring their terrine of *foie gras*, Bud in hand. Speaking of suds, Eureka is the name of Wolfgang Puck's new microbrewery/restaurant in L.A. and he has developed a beer-cuisine menu that's kind of a play on foods that match wines. More food for thought: In the past, eating at the bar has been considered a single guy's thing. No more. The bar is now the dining room of choice. And you eliminate the middleman when ordering another round.

"The bar is now the dining room of choice."

THE SCENT OF SUMMER

Summer is the perfect season to try a new scent. Here is a trio we especially like. Tuscany, by Aramis, is a subtle blend of lemon, lime, orange blossom and bergamot. New West, also by Aramis, is an evocative mix of sage, cacti and other desert plants. Armani, by Giorgio Armani, is a combination of spice and wood that's ideal for evenings. And get a whiff of this—the combination of warmer weather and body chemistry causes a scent to come on stronger and linger longer on your skin in the summer than in the winter. In other words, a little dab will do just fine.

STYLE METER

SUNGLASSES	IN	OUT
FRAME	Round or roundish; matte black and dark tortoise; pewter and textured metal	Teardrop; neon brights; heavy, shiny metal
STYLE	Vintage or antique looks	Gimmicky, multicolored looks
LENS	Green and gray; lenses that have at least general-purpose UV protection	Heavy, mirrored hide-out shades

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MEL GIBSON'S celebrated buns play a major role in ***Bird on a Wire*** (Universal) when a bullet lodged in his bottom has to be removed by a veterinarian he used to know intimately (the vet done to a T by Joan Severance, *Playboy*'s January cover girl). Teamed with Goldie Hawn, Gibson is a man on the run, part of the witness-protection program because of his involvement in a shady drug deal 15 years earlier. Mel flees—with Goldie in tow—by car, motorcycle and monoplane before they manage to obliterate the killers (David Carradine and Bill Duke) in an unlikely showdown at the zoo. Both romantic leads are cute—maybe too cute. Hawn—allegedly a lawyer but mostly portraying a ditzy blonde in the manner she must have patented by now—screams a lot and vows she'll soon throw up. Meanwhile, *Bird* (the title borrowed from a Leonard Cohen lyric about freedom) garners intermittent laughs but ultimately lays an egg. ¥¥

•

Several corpses appear in the opening scenes of director John McNaughton's fearsomely realistic ***Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer*** (Greycat). Originally made in 1986 and gradually achieving status as a cult classic, the movie, written by McNaughton (with co-author Richard Fire), was inspired by the actual depredations of a psychopath named Henry Lee Lucas. This Henry, played with deadpan menace by Michael Rooker, shares a Chicago apartment with a gas-station attendant and sometime drug dealer, Otis (Tom Towles). As ill-met partners in crime, killing for kicks, both actors—at one point chortling over video tapes of a family slaughtered on camera—make their roles seem to be persuasive arguments for capital punishment. The plot sickens when Otis' niece Becky (Tracy Arnold) shows up in Chicago to work for a better life, not yet aware that she is destined to be raped and murdered. It may be argued that *Henry*, like a latter-day *In Cold Blood*, has no positive value except as a warning that there are beasts at large in our society. Still, director McNaughton's unnerving talent for such cinematic scare tactics is never for a moment in doubt. ¥¥¥

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In the cinematic show-within-a-show that she calls ***Without You I'm Nothing*** (M.C.E.G.), stand-up comedienne Sandra Bernhard imitates Nina Simone and Diana Ross in front of a mostly black night-club audience. They stare at her, unamused. Oddly enough, Bernhard's baaad impressions are part of her aggressive style. When she is not being outrageously funny, she sings quite well, *segues* into spoofs of Laura Nyro and others, or imagines she's a *Cosmo* girl from Flint, Michigan, or an uptight guy having his first homosexual fling.

Goldie, Mel get the *Bird*.

Terminal cuteness, unnerving true story and Sandra on screen.

Some of her take-offs are casually obscene in director John Boskovich's hip version of the one-woman show—a big success in New York, Bernhard keeps reminding her West Coast audience—that has a cast of several dozen on film. Supporting singers and performers be damned, it remains an offbeat evening with Sandra. An enchanted evening, if you're one of the initiated who find her on target, disturbing and unpredictable. Count me in. Doubters may simply buy Bernhard's own wry assessment of her amazing presence: "It's sexual, it's sensual . . . at times, it's just downright hard to believe." ¥¥¥

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The French-Canadian ***Jesus of Montreal*** (Orion Classics) is a superbly stylized cerebral drama by writer-director Denys Arcand, his second Oscar-nominated film in the best-foreign-language category (his first was *The Decline of the American Empire*, 1986). An altogether modern piece, *Jesus* is both funny and disturbing, played vibrantly as well as soulfully by Lothaire Bluteau as an actor named Daniel who is hired to be the nude, crucified Christ in an outdoor Passion play. Daniel finds a sexy model (Catherine Wilkening) for his Mary Magdalene, recruits another performer who usually dubs pornographic movies (Rémy Girard is the portly, panting dubber) and a worldly actress (Johanne-Marie Tremblay) who has been sleeping with a priest. A better way of life more or less sneaks up on them after they begin staging the Stations of the Cross, but the world isn't ready either for uncommercial purity or for their updated look at Christ. The movie ends tragically, with Bluteau's Jesus memorialized by organ transplants and a theater bearing his name. There is lots of incidental humor along the way, however, highlighted when the cast members spontaneously do snippets of the Passion play in various acting styles—from kabuki and *Comédie Française* to the Method. Arcand's approach to film is simultaneously spiritual, irreverent and inimitable. There's nothing on the screen quite like it. ¥¥¥½

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An ex-con who has never known true love (handsome Antonio Banderas) kidnaps a former porn actress (Victoria Abril) he has been dreaming about in jail. Her name is Marina. And as played by the spontaneously sexy Abril in ***Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!*** (Miramax), she's also a reformed junkie, trying to make semistraight movies until her obsessed secret admirer seizes her, batters her and trusses her up. Worse yet, he vows to keep her that way until she agrees to marry him and bear his children. This tough love evidently works in Spanish writer-director Pedro Almodóvar's bright, comic slug fest, which is either a blatant insult to women or just what it pretends to be—a sophisticated battle of the sexes by the man who made *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*. Since his bouncy previous work won an Oscar nomination in 1989 as best foreign-language film, let's give Almodóvar a break. His *Tie Me Up!* is less balanced but has the same liberated screwball appeal and a surprising streak of tenderness. ¥¥¥

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British actor Gary Oldman, with a dandy Deep South accent, plays a berserk Korean War hero in ***Chattahoochee*** (Hemdale). After randomly shooting up the Florida neighborhood where he lives, he's sent to a mental institution where he meets another frustrated inmate, colorfully played by Dennis Hopper. Based on a true story and set in the Fifties, this hellish saga of reform and redemption is saved by its caustic humor as well as splendid acting throughout. Frances McDormand exudes sexual need as Oldman's simple wife, who confesses to fooling around in his long absence; Pamela Reed plays the stubbornly loyal sister who ultimately gets him freed. Harrowing stuff behind bars, but sheer talent makes it more than watchable. ¥¥

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Directed in his own language by France's Louis Malle (who also made *Atlantic City*), ***May Fools*** (Orion Classics) is an engaging social comedy about some well-heeled French aristocrats. The time is May 1968, when the volatile student revolution in Paris happens to coincide with the death of a matriarchal *grande dame*. Out in the provinces, the surviving gentry, driven by

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greed and sex and sibling rivalry, count the family silver and squabble over what they'll inherit while Paris burns. Alarmed, they take to the hills overnight, half expecting armed protesters to appear, meanwhile ordering a poor old peasant to shovel a makeshift grave on their property because the local gravediggers are on a sympathy strike. In a screenplay he coauthored with Jean-Claude Carriere, Malle steers Michel Piccoli, Miou-Miou and a cool French cast through an altogether sophisticated spoof of upper-crust idiocy. *Fools* makes snobbism look chic but silly. While retaining his ingrained tolerance for the privileged few (Malle himself comes from pedigreed stock), the sharp ironies of his have-got class facing the specter of a new French revolution are tipped with vitriol. ¥¥¥

•

Only a weird combination of talents could bring forth a fable as farfetched as ***The Witches*** (Warner). Directed by Nicolas Roeg, this adaptation of a novel by Roald Dahl (Allan Scott wrote the screenplay) may appeal to children possessed by dark forces. Average kids may not go for it, but Anjelica Huston did. She has the time of her life entertainingly camping the role of the bitchy top witch, who also heads the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. She's officiating at a convention in an English resort hotel, where her real job is to transform children into tiny mice. The mice can talk (here, the help of Muppeteer Jim Henson's Creature Shop is invaluable). An orphaned boy (Jasen Fisher of Chicago), on holiday with his grandmother (Mai Zetterling) and the witches' chief victim, is second only to Huston at squeezing wicked laughs from an unlikely, inventive tale. ¥¥½

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An incriminating datebook that might reveal the identity of a murderer is the clue that's supposed to propel ***In the Spirit*** (Castle Hill). Forget it. As sheer suspense, this eccentric comedy is a mess, with too much narration and a patchwork plot. As a star vehicle, however, it boasts some sharp turns by Elaine May and Peter Falk as a couple relocating in New York and by Marlo Thomas as the health-food freak decorating their new co-op, plus brief but risible roles for Olympia Dukakis, Melanie Griffith and May's real-life daughter, Jeannie Berlin. Co-author (with Laurie Jones) of the snappy but uneven screenplay directed by Sandra Seacat (best known as an acting coach to the stars), Berlin corners some of the best lines as a neighboring hooker whose exploits make Thomas' guests uneasy. At dinner, she casually discusses her appearances in porn films ("I was a fluffer . . . but I never swallowed anything") or bitches about her latest boyfriend ("If I don't answer his questions, he handcuffs me to the radiator"). She is mourned after she disappears from the movie in a suspicious accident. The second half doesn't quite make it. By that time, however, *In the Spirit* has its audience in a genial, forgiving mood. ¥¥½

Making his Marks.

OFF CAMERA

What does a film editor do, exactly? We asked **Richard Marks,** 46, who has spliced together such hits as *Apocalypse Now, Terms of Endearment* and *Broadcast News*, each earning him Oscar nominations for best editing ("Always a bridesmaid," he cracked ruefully). "Historically," he explained, "an editor sat in the cutting room, pulled the pieces of film together and tried to make sense of it." But things have changed. Having been working on Warren Beatty's new *Dick Tracy* for more than a year when we spoke to him, Marks acknowledged that he was "one tired man. Today, an editor is more involved with the actual *making* of the film. I'm on the set every day, assembling footage as it's shot, and I may say, 'I think we'd better get a close-up here.' Beatty and I work very closely; it's a collaborative effort."

A City College of New York lit major who never expected to wind up in the movies, Marks recalls "running film cans around the city" after starting out as a labor organizer. "You know the Sixties. I studiously avoided doing anything that would earn me a living." He started cutting film trailers, landed a job as second assistant editor on Francis Ford Coppola's *The Rain People* and was finally promoted to assist legendary editor Dede Allen, working with her on such films as *Alice's Restaurant* and *Little Big Man*. Marks's friends are mostly film makers. "That's inevitable when you're locked in a small dark room with someone for long, long stretches. It's like a marriage, and if it's a bad marriage, you find out pretty soon." Does he ever plan to direct movies himself? Marks admits, "That's a desire I've been toying with a lot. I spend a lot of time, after all, looking at other people's mistakes."

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Bird on a Wire (See review) Gibson as fair game, Goldie Hawn bis fair lady. ¥¥
Chattahoochee (See review) In the asylum with Gary Oldman and Dennis Hopper. ¥¥
The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover (Reviewed 4/90) Some very far-out characters eating and freaking out. ¥¥½
Cry-Baby (6/90) Fifties fun and games with Johnny Depp, by John Waters. ¥¥½
The Handmaid's Tale (5/90) Making babies by Margaret Atwood's book, with Natasha Richardson as the captive breeder. ¥¥¥¥
Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer (See review) Ghoulish, good and gripping. ¥¥¥
The Icicle Thief (5/90) An Italian-style media spoof with plenty of spice. ¥¥¥
I Love You to Death (Listed only) Kevin Kline on Tracey Ullman's hit list. ¥¥½
Impulse (6/90) Theresa Russell as a vice cop—that's all you need to know. ¥¥½
In the Spirit (See review) Quite a cast materializing to save the day. ¥¥½
Jesus of Montreal (See review) An actor on a religious trip, Canada-dry. ¥¥¥½
Last Exit to Brooklyn (6/90) Dim, grim look back at that other borough. ¥¥½
Longtime Companion (6/90) AIDS dramatized with flair and feeling. ¥¥¥½
May Fools (See review) The revolution almost comes to provincial France. ¥¥¥
Miami Blues (5/90) A crime spree, with Alec Baldwin strutting his stuff. ¥¥
Monsieur Hire (6/90) Simenon suspense in a finely wrought French accent. ¥¥¥
Mountains of the Moon (3/90) Excitement out of Africa, searching for the Nile with a long-gone safari. ¥¥¥¥
Nuns on the Run (6/90) Habit-forming foolery with Idle and Coltrane. ¥¥¥
Q & A (Listed only) More bad cops under director Lumet's microscope. ¥¥½
A Shock to the System (6/90) Michael Caine supplies most of the jolt. ¥¥¥
Strapless (5/90) Oh, men, oh, women—and better-than-OK Blair Brown. ¥¥¥½
Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down! (See review) An ex-con captures a dame in Spain. ¥¥¥
To Protect Mother Earth (6/90) Redford goes to bat for an Indian tribe. ¥¥¥
Torn Apart (6/90) Ill-met lovers in modern Israel; timely romance starring Cecilia Peck and Adrian Pasdar. ¥¥¥
Wild Orchid (6/90) Eros in Rio. ¥¥½
The Witches (See review) Anjelica Huston working her droll dark magic. ¥¥½
Without You I'm Nothing (See review) But Bernhard is something else. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥¥ Outstanding
¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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GUEST SHOT

One might guess that an anchor man would be too jaded by gritty reality to take any escapist pleasure from the VCR. Not so with CNN's Bernard Shaw. A flick buff since childhood, Shaw rents "two movies a week on average. My favorite genres are adventure and World War Two movies, such as *The Dirty Dozen, Bridge on the River Kwai, Tora! Tora! Tora!* and particularly *The Caine Mutiny* with Bogey. I like these sorts of movies for their portrayal of guts, survival, determination—and for the historical information, if, in fact, the film makers get their history right." Shaw says his wife "tolerates" these vid passions, adding that their mutual faves include *Babette's Feast, Someone to Watch over Me* and *House of Games.* One movie you *won't* find in the Shaw video library is *Broadcast News.* "I was more upset than entertained. Maybe things are that way at local stations, but there are *no* idiots working at any of the major networks." So there.

—LAURA FISSINGER

VIDEOLDIES

antique gold for the vcr

This month: the perfect Independence Day matinee:

The Color Adventures of Superman: The "Man of Steel" (who, by the way, was raised in an orphanage and *not* on the Kent farm) fights a never-ending battle against an assortment of bad guys, from Nazis to mummies. The grainy, shadowy cartoons are a strain on the eye and less entertaining than the real-life incarnations that followed. B-minus.

Why We Fight #7: War Comes to America: The last of Frank Capra's home-grown, feel-good propaganda films, circa 1944, set to the all-American strains of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue.* Best sequence: footage of Nazi occupation of France chillingly juxtaposed against *The Last Time I Saw Paris.* Brilliant.

Junior G-Men: The Dead End Kids star in this Universal serial as neighborhood wise guys who help crack an evil plot to overthrow the Government. Lots of bombs, fires and fistfights. Leading Dead End Kid Billy Halop is a Dead End ringer for a young Al Pacino. Celebrity lookout: a girlish Donna Reed in a late-episode cameo.

Our Town: The big-screen version of Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize–winning play. A fresh-faced William Holden leads an all-star cast in this look at turn-of-the-century small-town America. Celebrating the simplicity of joy and sorrow, life and death, film unfortunately misses stage play's emotional mark near the end. But we hardly notice.

(All tapes available from Video Yesteryear, Box C, Sandy Hook, Connecticut 06482; send $2.50 for catalog.)

—DAN CURRY

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Basic Real Estate Investing with Chuck Baker, Vol. 1: Real-estate maven Baker makes no promises of overnight millions but gives sound advice on getting viable investment returns and watching out for hucksters bearing fine print (Summit Media).

Learn the Essentials of Piano with Talc Tolchin, Vol. 1: Tolchin knows his stuff, but if you're looking to pick out a few Stones tunes on your Casio, this comprehensive method won't give no satisfaction. Aimed at the seriously committed (Forte Productions).

Mandela: The Man and His Country: A comprehensive vid bio of the torchbearer of South Africa's anti-apartheid movement. Tape includes scenes of Mandela's release, as well as interviews with Jesse Jackson and James Michener (MPI).

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Not all sleepers are fine, forgotten oldies. Recent worthwhile releases have also been lost in the shuffle.

Breaking In: Scotland's Bill Forsyth directs a prematurely aged Burt Reynolds in a low-key caper as a seasoned burglar, with Casey Siemaszko as his apprentice.

Heavy Petting: Among other things, this diverting docucomedy gets famous people to talk about their first encounters with S-E-X back in the droll, innocent Fifties.

The Package: A high-level political assassination gets Gene Hackman entangled in a taut, timely thriller.

Romero: The murder of El Salvador's archbishop, vividly re-created by Raul Julia, whose performance deserves notice.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Dual Deck: Not sure about the VHS-C camcorders? Don't like the idea of putting your tape in an adapter to play on your VCR? Rest easy. JVC has a VHS/VHS-C VCR on the way. Its multiformation loading tray simply slides out to accept either format. No adapter, no fuss.

That Was WJM, Right?: If you can't remember channel numbers, there's decent news from the how-lazy-can-you-get? department. Yamaha now has a 32-inch monitor (YM-320S) that allows you to select a station by either its numbers or its call letters. Neat, huh?

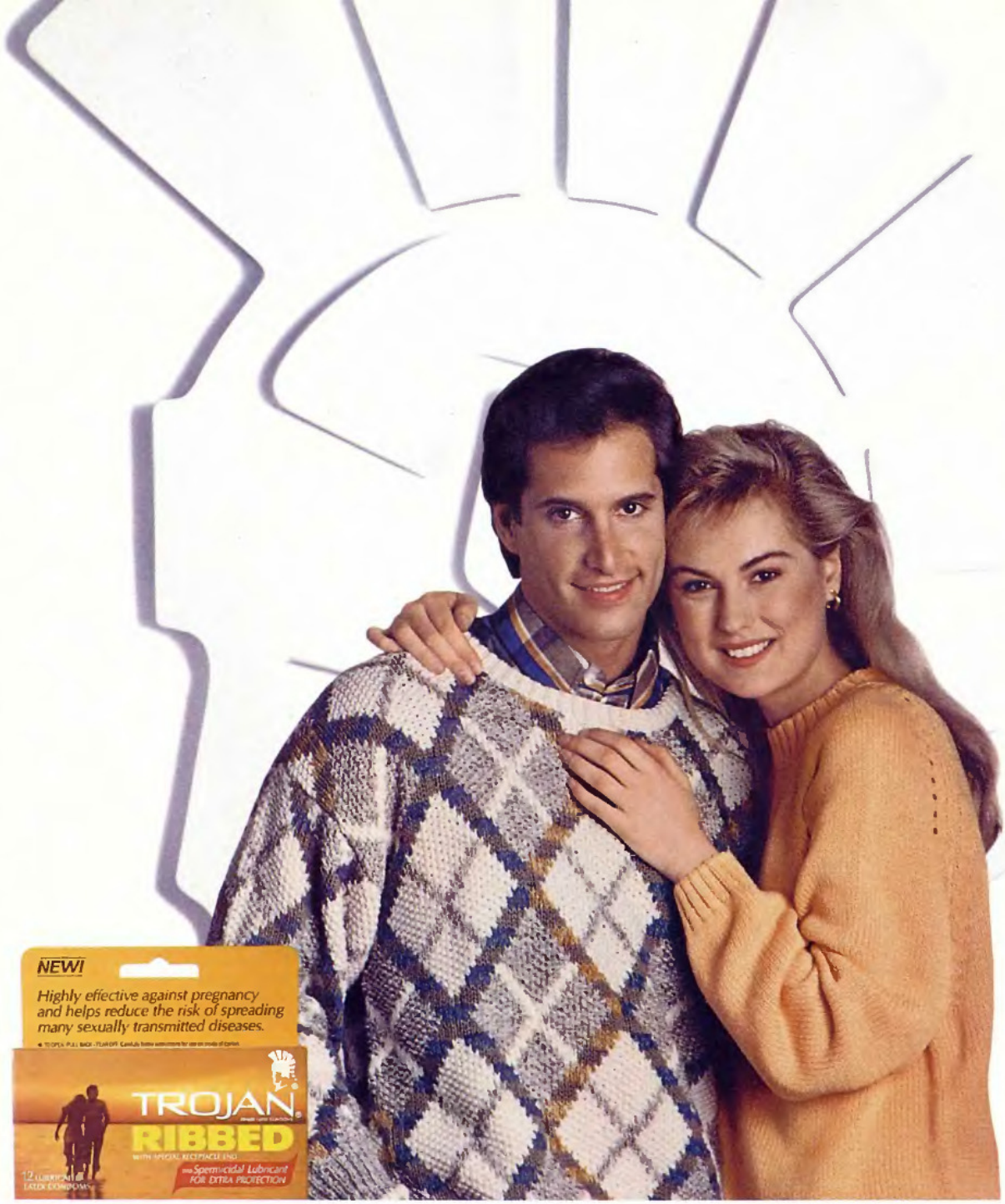
—MAURY LEVY

SHORT TAKES

Tackiest Porn Tape of the Month: *The Best of Interracial Anal* (two hours); **Best Video Baby Book:** *Puppy's First Year*; **Favorite Video Hero:** *Wood Stork: Barometer of the Everglades*; **Kinkiest-Sounding Sports Video:** *Pumping Rubber with David Essel*; **Second-Kinkiest-Sounding Sports Video:** *Joe Beaver Roping Clinic*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Haircutting at Home*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Framing Needlework, Vol. 3.*

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING FUNNY	***Harlem Nights*** (Thirties night-club kings Eddie Murphy and Richard Pryor crack wise and bust praps); ***National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation*** (Chevy Chase forgets holiday safety pracedures—and more); ***Harvey*** (Jimmy Stewart and a large invisible rabbit; a vid-library must).
FEELING PATERNAL	***Dad*** (incorrigible Jack Lemman jerks son Ted Dansan's tears); ***The Music Box*** (Jessica Lange defends her pap, accused of war crimes); ***Fat Man and Little Boy*** (Paul Newman and Dwight Schultz fight over fathering the bamb).
FEELING PENSIVE	***Dead Poets Society*** (bays' schaal teacher-ta-die-far Rabin Williams inspires teens to think); ***My Left Foot*** (Oscar-winning Daniel Day-Lewis turn as palsy-afflicted Irish artist Christy Brown); ***Crimes and Misdemeanors*** (Waady Allen explores murder, back stabbing and infidelity).
FEELING SPOOKY	***Carnival of Souls*** (low-budget 1962 harbinger af zombie flicks to came, recently restared); ***The Twilight Zone*** (newly callected episades from the boab-tube classic, priced ta sell); ***Leatherface: Texas Chainsaw Massacre III*** (the masked moran in his sala bladletting debut. Yipes).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DUEL OF THE DOWNTOWN MAGAZINES

BEFORE HE DIED, Malcolm Forbes's life had taken an odd turn. The idiosyncratic publisher had shed his wife and become an enthusiastic habitué of the New York club scene, showing up at clubs in his motorcycle leathers, helmet in hand, and chatting it up with androgynous Euro-trash guys who wore tight pants and had pierced ears. It wasn't a typical lifestyle for a wealthy 70-year-old man, and, apparently, Forbes felt a bit lost. One night, a certain club would be packed; the next, the same place would be empty. At one club, everyone would wear black; at another, you'd see colors. Forbes didn't like this trial-and-error method of research. He wanted some sort of early-warning system, a magazine that would tell him what was hip and happening before he left the mansion. So he invented one.

Called *Egg*, it made its entrance shortly before Forbes himself made his exit. "If you're into the fun of being alive," he wrote in the first issue, "the fourth dimension is in knowing who's going to be on first before they get there, where it's going to be at before it is, and what's going to happen before it does." *Egg* was to be a magazine for all those "Night Funners"—yes, that's what Forbes called them—in search of hipness.

Something weird has happened downtown when a 70-year-old man can use the term Night Funners and get away with it. Downtown—the state of mind, not necessarily the place—is supposed to be cutting edge, the home of the avant-garde in fashion, music, sex. It has given us Sid Vicious, beatniks, boxing transvestites and women who have sex on stage with yams. Now, instead, we're getting grandfatherly puns. Forbes, who had become something of a downtown celebrity, died of natural causes, and that tells us something. Downtown, no one dies of natural causes.

Of course, Forbes wasn't the first to try to co-opt downtown and turn it into a mainstream side show. There were already several downtown magazines in existence in a number of cities such as New York, with *Interview* and *Details*, and Chicago, which has *Metro* and *Neon*. Los Angeles has a downtown magazine—*L.A. Style*—without actually having a downtown.

Andy Warhol started the trend in 1969 with *Interview*, the elder statesman of downtown mags. He created it largely to get invited to press screenings but had enough savvy to recognize that downtown was a lot like high school. Both had a social structure based on the existence of an "in" crowd. *Interview* didn't have to be a good magazine to succeed; all that was important was for the right people to recognize themselves and their friends.

The format was simple. One Warhol crony would take another out to lunch. They'd let the tape recorder run while they chatted and then *Interview* would publish a transcript of the conversation. It wasn't an interview, really—no one was asking a question in order to get information—but combined with an arty photo of the subject and New Wave design, the result was an irresistible package.

Required reading for "Night Funners."

> Can hipness survive the attempt to report it?

Once a magazine gets the imprimatur of the downtown "in" crowd (or the high school "in" crowd, depending on the target audience), the rest is easy. *Interview* can cover the same territory as *Family Circle*—big, splashy profiles of Carol Burnett, for instance—and still seem on top of it.

Not that the downtowners don't occasionally try some real journalism. *L.A. Style* had one of its editors in China working on a travel piece on the eve of the Tiananmen Square massacre. "When the repression came down, we had some serious discussions about what to do with the buoyant travel feature he had planned to write," confessed the editor in chief. Apparently, the editors opted for a hybrid story, which opens with a remembrance of the writer's fifth-grade art project—a travel poster of China—and then launches into a laundry list of complaints: the flight from Hong Kong to Beijing, his traveling companions, the airport, the hotel, even the drinking water (he was forced to brush his teeth with Evian). Witnessing the demonstrations that led up to the massacre did move the writer to loftier rumination. "Even the more jaded among us," he wrote, "those who know that Western democracy comes equipped with galling problems of its own, believed that these good and kind people would be better off under a more tolerant regime." For a downtown journal, this was a major accomplishment. Readers wrote letters calling the piece "literature" and *Interview* promptly hired the writer away to be one of its editors in New York. Even a coast apart, the downtown crowd knows one of its own.

Within the industry, *Spy* is considered a downtown magazine, perhaps because it has a trendy readership or perhaps because its design makes it difficult to read. (Almost all downtown magazines have graphics that are visually stunning but reader-hostile—it can take longer to decode an *Interview* headline, for instance, than to read the story beneath it.) It's a sad case of guilt by association. *Spy* at least tries to be a good magazine, full of spirited reporting and ornery humor. Other downtown publications have their own offbeat charm. Most publish art and cultural news that you can't get elsewhere. *Egg* and *L.A. Style* publish great gossip. And there's a lot to be said for seeing fashions that look as though they had popped out of a Jim Jarmusch movie. But as downtown becomes more and more accessible to regular people—those folks who used to be satisfied with going to dinner and a movie—will the magazines become more accessible as well? Maybe even suburban?

The answer is, probably. Already, the plug has been pulled on *Details*, which has fired its editor and is being transformed into a men's magazine, competition, says *Inside Media*, for *Esquire* and *Playboy*.

There are other signs as well. The august New York Times Company is testing the downtown waters with its own special publication, tentatively titled *Block*. Rupert Murdoch, who owns *TV Guide*, has a magazine called *Eyewitness* on the drawing board and another publisher is rushing *The Edge* out to fill the *Details* void. American Express Publishing has bought *L.A. Style*, and *Spy* is entertaining bids from major publishers. "This downtown stuff is yesterday's news," sniffed one ad exec.

That's the problem with hipness, of course. It can become unhip very quickly, especially when big business gets involved. One minute, you're the toast of the publishing world, the next, you're the journalistic equivalent of the Village People. What's next? How about a sitcom? We could call it *The Night Funners* and cast Alan Thicke as a club owner and single dad. Maybe Suzanne Pleshette could play the lonely performance artist who loves him. It's too bad Malcolm Forbes won't be around. He'd do a great guest shot as the wacky uncle who roars in on his motorcycle and takes his nephew shopping for feather boas.

—STEPHEN RANDALL

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

THREE YEARS AGO, Scott Turow's novel, *Presumed Innocent*, was hailed as a triumph. It spent 44 weeks on the best-seller list and will soon reappear in a movie version starring Harrison Ford. That kind of initial success, as Scott Fitzgerald once noted, can ruin a writer. But in his second fiction outing, ***The Burden of Proof*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Turow consciously stays with what he does best and triumphs again.

Sandy Stern, the brilliant attorney who defended Rusty Sabich in *Presumed Innocent*, returns from a trip one afternoon to discover that his wife of 31 years has inexplicably committed suicide. This tragedy calls into question his marriage, his relationship to his family, his patterns of behavior for 56 years. As a tough-minded, analytical lawyer, Stern begins to tear his life apart, shred by shred, searching for clues to explain his wife's death. It is this process of passionate scrutiny that drives the novel, drawing the reader in and building suspense right up to a satisfying denouement.

This book bristles with intelligence, and it is obvious that Turow loves complicated intellectual puzzles as much as his protagonist does. One aspect of the story involves an arcane form of insider stock trading that takes Stern into The Chicago Mercantile Exchange for a short course in commodities futures. The questions of client/attorney privilege that emerge as Stern maneuvers to keep himself and his brother-in-law the financial wizard out of jail become so knotty that even a sage and savvy judge struggles to sort out the issues. And as Turow peels away the psychological layers of friendship, family secrets, business motives and sexual entanglements from each of his characters, the reader is awed by their diversity and complexity.

Which, of course, is Turow's point. All of this personal history and analytical probing might be merely a cold exercise for the legal mind if we did not empathize with these characters as mirrors of our own lives. Turow takes us beneath the appearances of everyday life and the gamesmanship of the legal system to experience a truth that can only be imparted in fiction. True to its title, *The Burden of Proof* argues eloquently that authentic evidence of human understanding can be entertaining, moving and burdensome, indeed.

The lighter side of crime is explored by Joseph Wambaugh in ***The Golden Orange*** (Morrow) and by Donald E. Westlake in ***Drowned Hopes*** (Mysterious). Wambaugh's hilarious eighth novel begins with a drunken ex-cop named Winnie Farlowe commandeering the Balboa Island ferryboat and plowing it into the middle of the Newport Harbor Christmas Boat Parade. This turns out to be more fun for Winnie than diving into the shark pool of Orange County Gold Coast millionaires to help a lusty divorcee find a murderer. Along the way, the character invents a new drink, The Golden Orange Cocktail (two double shots of Absolut citron, a splash of Cointreau and orange juice, with a twist), that should be right up there with Wambaugh's invention of The Black Marble (the drink). This is Wambaugh in top fictional form: as funny as *The Choirboys* and as poignant as *The Secrets of Harry Bright*.

Passionate scrutiny: *The Burden of Proof*.

Scott Turow triumphs again; the lighter side of crime from Wambaugh and Westlake.

Westlake's John Dortmunder, the burglar king of the bungled caper, who previously stumbled through such classic crime comedies as *Bank Shot* and *The Hot Rock*, brings his inept touch to *Drowned Hopes*. An old cellmate of Dortmunder's has stashed $700,000 in a coffin that he buried in a small town in Upstate New York; while he was doing time, the town was flooded to make a reservoir. So now his stolen money is under 50 feet of water and Dortmunder has to figure out how to get it. In addition to some of the usual suspects, Dortmunder is joined by a computer nerd whose computer thinks this escapade is the best electronic game ever. Westlake doesn't miss a comic beat or a funny line in this fast-paced adventure.

Two new Hollywood biographies—***Jane Fonda: An Intimate Biography*** (Dutton), by Bill Davidson, and ***Clown Prince of Hollywood: The Antic Life and Times of Jack L. Warner*** (McGraw-Hill), by Bob Thomas—deserve special attention this month. Fonda has moved in such a swirl of controversy for most of her life that it is refreshing to read such a fair-minded, well-balanced assessment of her life and career. Davidson had remarkable sources for this unauthorized biography, and he never allows his appreciation for Jane the actress to blur his vision of Jane the complicated and fallible woman. Jack Warner worked in movies from the days of the nickelodeon right up through the modern era of the studio takeover (he sold out to Seven Arts Productions in 1966). The last of the moguls reigned for 45 years as a studio head and oversaw the making of films such as *The Jazz Singer*, *Casablanca*, *My Fair Lady* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* This critical biography is an insightful analysis of both the man and his legacy.

Tom Wolfe, take note: Someone has been listening to you advise novelists to become contemporary Thackerays. Gloria Nagy's ***A House in the Hamptons*** (Delacorte) captures the glitzy New York summer beach scene with unrelenting journalistic accuracy. There's major B.P. name-dropping and many identifiable types hopping in and out of bed, but what Nagy, with an anthropologist's zeal, has captured so lucidly are New York fantasies, New York neuroses and New York melodrama. This is a mostly funny, sometimes touching, staggeringly honest book about a special piece of the American dream.

Finally, don't miss a sensational first novel about Hollywood in the Forties, Diane K. Shah's ***As Crime Goes By*** (Bantam). Paris Chandler, a wealthy widow who writes items for the *Los Angeles Examiner* gossip columnist, stumbles onto information about a murder. With an intriguing combination of ingenuous enthusiasm and instinctive tenacity, Paris and her chauffeur chase around the mean streets of L.A. pursuing the killer. Shah has done her historical homework, and this novel is rich in descriptions of the posh, decadent atmosphere of Romanoff's and Ciro's in their heydays, as well as the music, fashions and radio shows of the era. But the best part of this book, as in all the best Forties novels, is its impeccable, character-revealing dialog. It's a first-class read.

BOOK BAG

Comics as Culture (University Press of Mississippi), by M. Thomas Inge: A great compendium of the art and history of the comics. Anyone who has ever settled in with the Sunday funnies will enjoy this book as a look at how we've all been influenced by the likes of Andy Gump.

Holy Horrors (Prometheus), by James A. Haught: The author, a 1989 winner of a Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Award for print journalism, has neatly packed centuries of religious madness into one finely crafted, all too true horror story.

SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

DUDES AND DUDS

Time for the annual report on why men buy clothes that make them look silly. This has little to do with sports, except that elastic briefs for all the wrong people are available in our beachwear department, third floor.

First, some statistics.

My survey shows that 82.5 percent of all elastic briefs are worn by bald-headed fat men, skinny guys with paste-white skin or guys with more body hair than a buffalo, and that doesn't count anybody who goes swimming in the Bosporus.

It goes without saying that Arnold Schwarzenegger is the only person who should be allowed to wear elastic briefs, provided he never leaves his own sauna.

The survey also shows that 56.3 percent of the men who go to the Bosporus are there to shoot people and wear business suits the color of a 1947 Chevrolet.

This same suit is often worn by TV anchor men in our country. A TV anchor man has to look reliable, dependable and trustworthy, and experience has taught him that nothing looks more reliable, dependable or trustworthy than a medium-blue or medium-brown suit that matches the color of a 1947 Chevrolet.

No TV anchor man has ever been seen on the air in a *Miami Vice* jacket or, for that matter, with a ring in his ear. A TV anchor man who looked like that couldn't tell you the name of a single hurricane or make it sound credible.

All in all, it's best if a TV anchor man wears a Chevrolet suit, a quietly patterned tie and a cheap shirt with a straight collar. Two things are accomplished by this look. One, he instantly comes across as Mr. Average Guy, and two, viewers are secure in the knowledge that even though he looks like one of *them*, it's physically impossible for him to jump out of the TV set and sell them an insurance policy.

It's interesting to look at where the *Miami Vice* look has gone, especially since Miami is said to offer more vice than ever.

My survey shows that a large part of it has gone back to anorexic women, where most styles come from in the first place, and that the rest of it has gone to your teenage son, who won't be home till daylight and may have totaled the Mercedes.

I confess to being nostalgic for the khaki look, which some people called radical chic.

We knew where we stood back then. The man in the khaki safari jacket was going to do only one of four things: direct a movie, take your picture for a magazine, roll you a joint, blow up a bank.

That was early on. Later, piercing eyes and a short beard sometimes went along with the khaki look. For instance, if you saw an intense guy sitting alone in a bar in a tattered khaki jacket and soothing his forehead with a cold can of beer, it told you he was a Vietnam vet who had seen too much, or it told you he was trying to look like a Vietnam vet who had seen too much in order to pick up girls, or it told you he had been to the march on Selma, or it told you he was suffering from writer's block and his novel that would blow the lid off the textbook industry was overdue.

You may ask where all of the faded Levi's jackets have gone. My survey shows that most of them died in the bonfire of the Guccis.

There was a time when a faded Levi's jacket on a man was a clear indication that he had been collecting Willie Nelson albums much longer than anyone he knew, and that, moreover, he could recite almost every lyric Kris Kristofferson had ever written.

As for the Gucci loafer, it undoubtedly took more prisoners than any shoe ever introduced to the middle class.

For several years, it was impossible to buy a loafer of any brand that didn't have more brass on it than a carriage lamp.

Originally meant to be worn casually with slacks, double-breasted blazer, open collar and a French movie actress on your arm, Gucci loafers went downhill when so many Midwesterners foolishly began wearing them with business suits, which only made people stare at them and say, "Oh, I get it—you're not a totally dull person."

A segment of the male population belongs to a group that can only be called The Gathered Sleeve Brigade.

By and large, these are men who wear golf shirts or tennis shirts that their wives must have bought for them, because no man of any taste would knowingly buy a knit shirt that had a skimpy little lay-down collar and sleeves that gathered somewhere around the biceps.

The only man who wears this kind of shirt intentionally, according to the survey, is someone who went to a prep school until his daddy was indicted and could no longer afford the tuition.

Which brings up sweaters.

A sweater can now and then be seen draped around the shoulders of a man in a knit shirt with gathered sleeves. This is a fashion statement that's supposed to mean "I went to Princeton," but more often it means "I married money and I'm not very interesting."

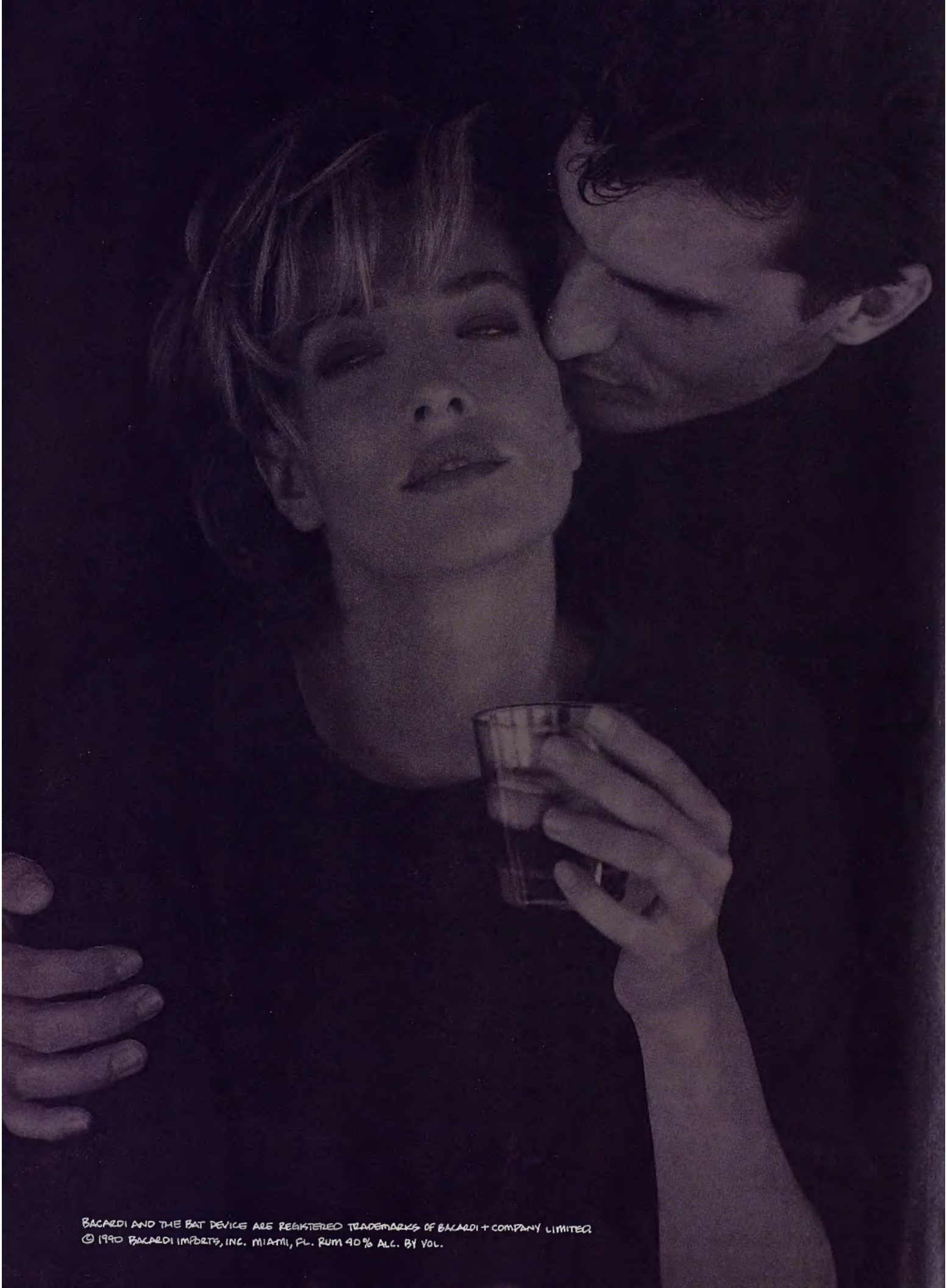
Before this survey, the crew-neck sweater was a mystery to me, frankly. I would ask myself why a sweater should be so popular if it covered up the collar, or the collar and the tie, but didn't cover up the neck.

Of course, I knew it was a proven fact that a man in a crew-neck sweater generally made a larger salary and had a shorter arrest record than a man in lace-up construction boots, grimy jeans, keys on his belt and a sweat shirt that said, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, DICK NOSE? But what I hadn't realized was that the crew-neck sweater is supposed to make the C.E.O. look younger, even if he has hair as white as fax paper.

They don't fool me. I see some gray-haired, bent-over guy in a crew-neck sweater and I know he's only trying to look snappy in an effort to make out with the girl who drives the beverage cart at the country club.

I'm ready for a return of the old loose-fitting button-up cardigan. It was stylish in the Fifties. You could look like Ben Hogan. But it would make an even more useful statement today, which is:

"I'm too sick to dance and I can't afford a mistress."



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MEN

By ASA BABER

ARE WOMEN FIT FOR COMBAT?

This is one of those questions that we are going to have to answer, because the feminization of the American military is proceeding apace. The Service academies are sexually integrated, the Armed Forces now permit women to occupy most military billets and equal opportunity for women seems close to a reality in what used to be a masculine profession.

There still is, however, one sexually segregated area: Those jobs described as front-line combat assignments go only to men. So the question occurs, Now that women are partners in everything else in the military, is it unfair to deny them this chance to serve their country?

Some quick responses to that question, and then a discussion: (1) Yes, theoretically, it is unfair to deny women combat assignments; (2) it is also unfair to require only men to register for the draft; (3) the last time I checked, the concept of fairness was not really central to the way a military machine was most effectively organized; (4) the question Are women fit for combat? is only half the question and, for men, the lesser in importance. For us, the *real* question is, Are men ready to go into combat with women as their commanders, peers and subordinates? That's the biggie.

First, I think we all have to acknowledge that it is patently unfair to deny women any and all opportunities for advancement in the military that men receive. Especially in the Armed Forces, combat duty is the way to the top (or at least to the semitop; believe it or not, in addition to combat duty, to reach the top of the military profession, you'd better be a bureaucrat, politician and operator. Blood, guts and bluntness may get you to the level of a field-grade officer, but generals and admirals are made of shrewder stuff, and warriors who are good in the field but inept in the office are usually passed over for the highest promotions). So let's admit it: In terms of fairness, openness, democracy and equal opportunity, women deserve access to every military billet, bar none.

But as those of us who have been there and back will ask, Who said the military structure in this culture is fair, open and democratic? By definition, the system is unfair to men, because only men are universally required (under penalty of fine and imprisonment) to register with the Selective Service System at the age of 18 (and to serve if called). Inequity toward men abounds in the military maze, from the dictates of the draft laws to the dictatorship of the drill instructors to the randomness of death and injury in both peacetime and war. Fairness? Who ever mentioned fairness to me as I humped and grunted for three-plus years in the Marine Corps?

Are women fit for combat duty? It depends on whom you ask. Brian Mitchell, a former Infantry officer in the Army (and a man who earned both the Ranger tab and senior-parachutist wings), thinks not. In his book *Weak Link*, Mitchell cites the Service's own studies that suggest women are less capable than men in their military careers. "They suffer higher rates of attrition and lower rates of retention. They miss more than twice as much dutytime for medical reasons. They are four times more likely to complain of spurious physical ailments. When men and women are subjected to equally demanding physical regimens, the injury rates of women can be as high as 14 times that of men." Mitchell goes on to list psychological differences that he says make women less effective members of the military. "Military women are less aggressive, less daring, less likely to suppress minor personal hurts, less aware of world affairs, less interested in military history, less respectful of military tradition and less inclined to make the military a career." For him, women clearly are not fit for combat.

I think differently. I happen to know women—coolheaded, in great physical shape, aggressive, intelligent, capable—who I think would make excellent combatants in the field. I see no reason why they would not be outstanding members of their profession while under fire and in the trenches. No, as women move into equal status throughout this culture, I firmly believe that there will be (and that there are today) qualified females who are fit for combat duty.

But the major question for men is, Are they ready to serve with women in combat? Yes, it may be unfair to lock women out of certain jobs, but is it still necessary? Or, put another way, Will the presence of women in combat units cause men to take unnecessary risks to protect them? Is the concept of chivalry and gallantry still very much alive in the male consciousness, and will men act differently in battle if women are fighting alongside them? Will the presence of women, in other words, cost male lives? I believe the answer to that question is yes. And that presents one hell of a problem.

Of the history of women in the Israeli military, Mitchell writes, "In 1948, a handful of women did see combat with the *Hagana's* fighting arm, the *Palmach*, but their presence resulted in both sides suffering higher casualties. Israeli men risked their lives and missions to protect their women. . . . The women were withdrawn after three weeks. . . . Today, the Israelis use women far more conservatively than most NATO nations."

There it is. Much as I hate to admit it, as a man, I am psychologically conditioned to seeing men die in combat. Genetically, subconsciously, most men can tolerate the losses of war if they have to. We do our jobs, we fight the good fight, and while somewhere deep in our hearts we mourn the deaths of our compatriots, we shut that mourning away until it is safe to display it. True, it haunts many of us for the rest of our lives. But the military job gets done. Add women to that dreadful mix of combat mud, gore and gristle, and I fear that the male response to the female presence will be self-sacrificial. In saving women's lives at all costs, we will lose more of our own.

The lives of men are viewed cheaply enough in this culture. We should not debase that coinage even further. When men can easily accept women in combat as neutral and equally expendable peers, it will be time to allow them their full and equal rights in this bloody arena. But not until then.

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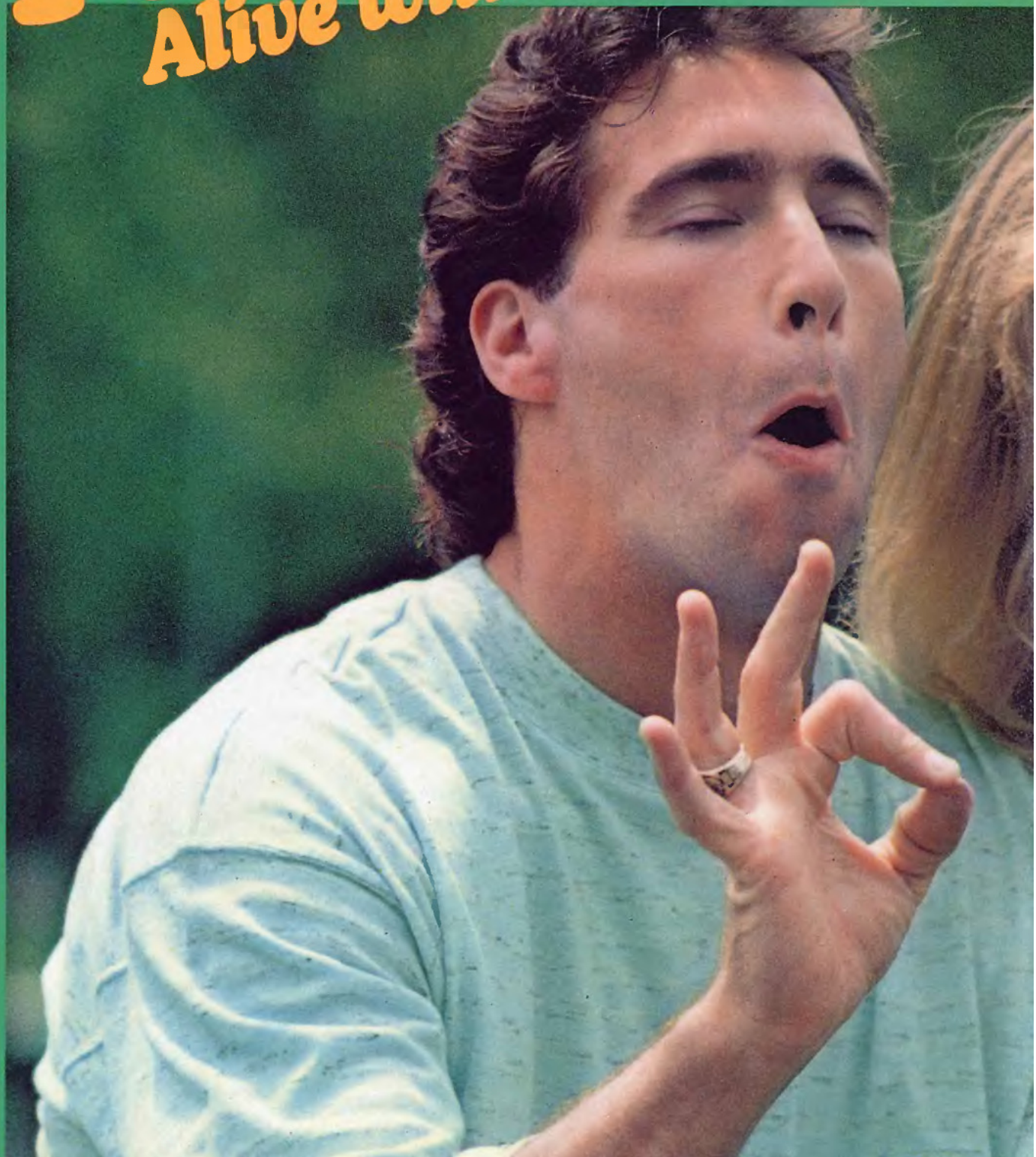

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have a strange relationship problem: More than a year ago, I started seeing a woman who was breaking up with another man. Part of the reason she started seeing me was to give her the strength to leave this guy. I knew that, and at the time, it didn't bother me—I was glad I could be of help. But there are a few things that I was kept in the dark about that now bother me. It seems that although this man was impossible to live with—he had a temper that could erupt at the slightest provocation—he was extremely intelligent and a great lover. And although my girlfriend doesn't want to return to this man, it appears that she still has a strong desire for him—and none for me. Her libido has gone from unquenchable to unwakable. She says that I provide her with the support and stability she needs and that she feels like she actually has a home with me. But she has no physical desire for me and fantasizes about other men, including this old boyfriend. Now, I think I could handle the situation if she simply had a weak libido, but in fact, she has a strong sex drive, just not for me. The worst part of it is that we are living together, so I can't simply cool things off with her and start seeing other women. I don't feel right telling her to move out, because physically, she has not cheated on me. I could move out, but my name is on the lease and I really love this house. I could move into a separate room in the same house, but I don't know what that would accomplish. Any suggestions?—S. P., Davis, California.

So what if she hasn't cheated on you? Neither has your lawn chair. This isn't fidelity, it's apathy. We agree that it would seem cruel to unceremoniously kick her out. On the other hand, you're entitled to feel comfortable and at peace in your own home. If she is not interested in an intimate relationship with you, her presence is keeping you from achieving that goal with someone else. The current situation is unfair to both of you, as it is not serving either of your needs for intimacy. You've both given it a chance and now it's time to cut your losses and move on. Move her into the next room; fill your room with a lover.

My new car is equipped with Goodyear Eagle steel-belted radial tires. I have seen data on how to take care of these tires—inflation pressure, sidewall care, wheel alignment—but I have not seen any on how to repair small punctures. When I had other tires repaired, I watched in horror as a mechanic forced a one-eighth-inch steel tool through a pinhole and cringed as I listened to this tool tear its way through the plies as he forced an elastomer into the tire, and when he removed the tool, a glob of material was left protruding through the tread. I cannot believe that this method does not damage the tire. Many

years ago, the way to repair a tubeless tire was to remove it from the rim and place a two-inch-diameter patch on the inside. Yet no one I know uses this technique today. At a $200 replacement cost, I can afford to spend a little extra repairing the tires in a way that will not shorten their life. What is the recommended way to repair high-performance tires?—D. C., Bellevue, Washington.

A spokesman for Goodyear says that the first tire-repair technique you describe is state of the art and is considered safer than the old patch system, which could throw off the balance of a tire. If you get the work done by a Goodyear serviceman who, upon inspecting the finished product, declares the warranty still to be valid, then the tire is guaranteed to perform safely at the designated speed. The speed rating is visible on the tire: S means speeds up to 112 miles per hour, T to 118 mph, H to 130 mph, V to 149 mph, Z more than 149 mph. The newer technique looks ugly, but it works.

Is it my imagination, or has the clitoris gone out of fashion? In the Seventies, you had people such as Shere Hite telling us men were stupid because they didn't know where the clitoris was. In the Eighties, you had Monty Python's John Cleese telling schoolboys, "You don't go leaping for the clitoris like a bull at the gate." I've had women complain that I spend too much time on clitoral stimulation or that I move to the genitals too quickly. One woman went so far as to say that the return to romance was simply the return to whole body sensuousness—i.e., everything except the clitoris. I'm open to suggestions. Are there any erogenous zones worth investigating?—W. L., Memphis, Tennessee.

Is polymorphous perversity making a comeback? Your girlfriends have a point: The entire body is an erogenous zone. Every now and then, one area gets trendy—first the clitoris, then the G spot, then the space between the ears. Eventually, even the most sensitive area can get overrun with tourists. We've seen books proclaiming new erogenous zones—the nape of the neck, the navel, the bony knobs of the pelvis, the juncture of thigh and torso, the back of the knee, the buttocks, the spine and the small of the back. One of the most delicate suggestions is to treat body hair as an erogenous zone. Try running your fingernails across the downlike hairs on your lover's back and you'll see what we mean.

An electro-techno buddy says my video heads, like the heads on my audio deck, must be demagnetized. But he says my audio-demag critter is too much for the video machine. I have never seen a video-head demagnetizer advertised in any of the mailings that lie on catalog mountain. What's a boy to think?—D. T., Kodiak, Alaska.

VCR heads do not need to be demagnetized. Cleaned, yes; zapped, no. Audio heads record and play at lower frequencies, which require higher voltages to record and play back. The necessary voltage will magnetize an audio-tape head, eventually requiring demagnetization to avoid damaging the tape. In contrast, video heads record at much higher frequencies, which require only low voltages. The lower voltages do not build up an appreciable magnetic charge on the heads.

Recently, I was playing tennis on Cape Cod with an attractive, sexy, competitive gal who has never won a set with me. When she is losing, she becomes quite frustrated. She forgets the score, balls that are marginally in are called out and good shots by her opponents provoke unpleasant retorts. When I win a point on a drop shot, she tells me I should learn to hit the ball like a man. During our last match, I was leading in a 12-point tie breaker, six to four. As I was about to serve for what I hoped would be the winning point, she walked to the net and casually lifted up her blouse. She was wearing a see-through bra and the sight of her lovely breasts left me in a catatonic state. The spectators became demonstrative in support of her tactics. I lost my concentration and the set. Do you know of any rule that covers this situation? Do I have grounds for a legitimate protest or must I take my lumps and derive whatever satisfaction I can from my defeat?—K. H., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Hey, lighten up. You and the crowd were treated to a matched set the likes of which you may never again experience. In purely tennis terms, you stopped playing your game (subtle or unmanly drop shots) and started playing

her game (unbridled or barely bridled sexual challenge). She sounds like one of the types in "Business Games: How to Recognize the Players and Deal with Them," by Martin G. Groder. According to Groder, a psychiatrist and business consultant, "Because women think they shouldn't compete like men, they often fight dirty by denying that they're fighting at all. For example: 'Although Sharon claimed to be a noncompetitive person, when she played tennis, she would do everything she could to make her opponent feel bad if he won. She would let him know that winning was a sign of weakness, that it showed his lack of fairness.'" If you try to explain that your tennis partner is abusing the rules, she will deny it. So raise the stakes. Challenge her to strip tennis. Or look at a stack of centerfolds before going onto the court, so that her trick will be less effective.

It seems as if everyone has a leather jacket these days. I am thinking of buying one but would like some pointers on what style is best and how to choose it and care for it.—G. T. G., Denver, Colorado.

Leather jackets are definitely in fashion. Styles range from short casual motorcycle or bomber styles to less casual car coats and more dressy trench-coat lengths. Pick a style based on your needs. Since a leather or suede coat is usually a major investment, make sure you buy it from a reputable store. Check that leather pieces match in color and texture at the seams. Avoid buying a garment that is tight, because you can expect some shrinkage in cleaning and wear. To keep your leather jacket looking great, store it in a cool, ventilated area. Never store it in a plastic bag or in a hot, humid location. If you get caught in the rain, let it dry away from heat. Also, wear a scarf to protect the collar from perspiration and body oils. When it needs cleaning, take it to a dry cleaner who specializes in leather cleaning.

One of my fraternity brothers says that he attended a party where the revelers played a sexual version of bobbing for apples. They would take a couple and tie their hands behind their backs and watch while they tried to make love. Sounds like bullshit to me. What do you think?—E. M., Houston, Texas.

Sounds like he went to a Catholic school. Actually, Alex Comfort, author of "The Joy of Sex," described an erotic game called Goldfish, in which two naked people's hands are tied behind their backs and they are put on a mattress together to "make love fish fashion; i.e., no hands." He says it was popular in 19th Century brothels, not 20th Century frat houses. But who knows?

We are writing this letter from the bar of the Lion's Head Pub in Kowloon, Hong Kong. This is the fourth British pub in the colony in which we have tried to get a proper black and tan. Even Ned Kelly's can't get it right. We're a bit worried, frankly, that maybe we are wrong. Naaaaah! Here's the problem. We are used to the black and tan served at Hennessey's, our favorite bar in Seal Beach, California. There, the bartenders float the Guinness on top of the lager beer. In Hong Kong, they serve it mixed and don't even pour it separately. The question is, which is the proper way to pour a black and tan? If the answer is separately, then how is it to be drawn? Must both beers be draught? Our worthy quest continues.—G. G., Kowloon, Hong Kong.

It sounds as though the colony has already passed into the hands of the infidel hordes. A proper black and tan is a visual as well as a taste treat. It's what the Irish watched before the invention of television. The bartender puts the Guinness in first, then adds the ale (Smithwick's if you are a purist)—pushing the handle back instead of forward to get a flatter pour. If you are forced to work with bottled Guinness, you might try a black velvet—in which the Irish nectar of the gods is mixed with an equal amount of champagne.

My girlfriend gets turned on by something I think is a bit strange, though

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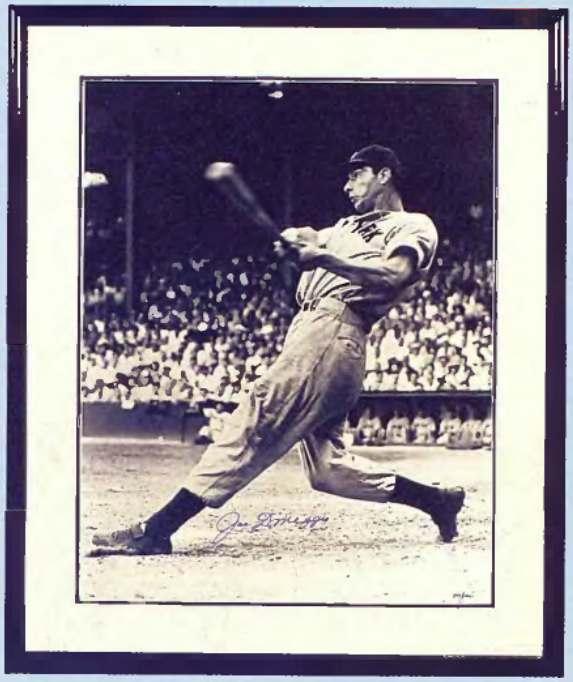

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highly erotic. Here is her favorite way to have sex: We lay a soft blanket down on a carpeted floor. She lies flat on it, face down. I lie down on her back and penetrate her vagina from the rear. As I pound her pelvis and pubic bone into the floor, the shock waves vibrate through her pubic bone and stimulate her clitoris, etc. Naturally, she and I both scream with delight. She can come over and over until exhausted. I've asked her just what is going on inside her when we do this. She said that she was not sure but that she used to masturbate when she was younger by lying on the floor in this same position and rubbing and gently hitting her pubic bone on the carpet. Have you ever heard of such a thing?—J. H., Elgin, Illinois.

Did you used to live in the apartment above ours? Yes, we have heard of something like this before. Read the next letter. One of the most important things you can learn about a lover is how she pleases herself.

I finally took some advice you had given in past columns and asked my girlfriend to show me how she masturbated. She introduced me to her old friend—a pillow that she squeezed between her legs. She would rock against it, stimulating herself until she reached orgasm. I was aroused and asked for a repeat. She rolled over and I entered her doggy style. She kept the pillow beneath her and rubbed her clitoris against the satin cover while I thrust from behind. The effect was explosive. I just wondered if you had ever heard of a *ménage à trois* with a pillow?—C. Y., Hartford, Connecticut.

Group sex with laundry? Yes, we've heard of this. You can also utilize armchairs and sofas for a third leg. If you are adventurous, you can rub a motorcycle seat the right way—or a vaulting horse or a weight bench.

Where do I go for information on back issues of *Playboy*? Someone broke into my house and stole 20 years' worth. I would like to replace them. Any help you can offer would be appreciated.—E. L., San Diego, California.

We hope you had insurance. The premiere December 1953 issue, in excellent condition, now fetches more than $1000. We can help you with some issues. Write for a free catalog from Playboy, *800 Morse Avenue, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007. We sell issues from 1960 on, with the prices set according to the availability and demand. For example, while most 1973 issues go for about $40, the 20th Anniversary Issue with the Hugh Hefner interview sells for $150. For help tracking down pre-1960 issues, we recommend two sources. John Cearnal, 108 Sentry, Mansfield, Texas 76063, is cohead of the* Playboy *Collectors of America and knows a lot about* Playboy. *Dick Baringhaus, of the Ohio Book Store (726 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202), deals mostly in pre-1958 issues. They may help you track down the rarest ones.*

Have you ever heard of a woman's making love to a man's testicles? During oral sex, my girlfriend sometimes fellates my balls, taking them completely into her mouth. It feels great. Now she wants to try to fit them into her vagina. Is this safe?—P. C., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

It's called the balling jack. A woman lies on her back and wraps her legs high around her lover's back. She guides the testicles between her vaginal lips—the phrase two peas in a pod comes to mind. The shaft of the penis then rests against the clitoris. Once in position, she sets the pace. The guidelines here are gentleness and no sudden moves. This is not the time to put on the Jane Fonda workout.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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PLAYBOY

FOR INTEROFFICE CORRESPONDENCE

DATE: February 16, 1990

FROM: HUGH M. HEFNER

TO: FORUM STAFF

SUBJECT: SEXUAL REPRESSION AND PERVERSION

The McMartin school molestation case deserves special attention.

The media have treated the McMartin trial verdict in e variety of ways, from hysterical (People magazine, "Geraldo") to appropriately perceptive ("60 Minutes," Time magazine, Los Angeles Times), but no one has put the case in context. No one has yet pointed out that the McMartin case was a self-fulfilling prophecy produced by the sexual repression, hypocrisy and hysteria of a decade.

What we have here is a coalition of conservative sexual values stemming from both fundamentalist and feminist quarters, supported by the U.S. Department of Justice and much of the media. There is a direct link between the Meese Commission on Pornography and the McMartin case. There is a direct link to the Justice Department's witch-hunt tactics in the stamping out of "kiddie porn" in a society where child pornography is almost nonexistent.

We live in a society in which normal sexual behavior is proscribed as perversion and sexual images are suppressed as pornography. These values are supported by our Government and go unquestioned in our media. The McMartin case is the predictable whirlwind that we reaped as a result of the sexual repression of the Eighties.

McMartin was the Salem witch-hunt magnified 10,000 times, supported by hysterical parents and government law enforcement gone berserk.

The McMartin conspiracy case started with the ravings of a psychotic mother. Sexual hysteria spread through the Southern California community like a firestorm, fed first by local law enforcement and then by the media. The hysteria spread across the country, with numerous similar cases making headlines and then proving to be paranoid hokum.

The media have reported on hysterical stories of ritualistic child abuse, Satanism, the mutilation of animals and a national conspiracy. All this proved to be utter nonsense, but some of the most hysterical parents bought those fantasies—and they were still referring to them when they were interviewed on "Geraldo" after the trial.

Early in the past decade, the Reagan Justice Department paid a loony lady $750,000 to count the examples of "kiddie porn" in Playboy, Penthouse and Hustler, with results too preposterous to publish. Then it gave the Meese commission just $500,000 for its report on pornography.

The Meese commission did no actual research on the subject. Instead, the commissioners did a widely publicized, cross-country road show that left in its wake the impression that an active sex life branded a person a "sex addict," and that even the innocent images in Playboy were demeaning, exploitative soft-core porn. It is that climate of sexual repression, hypocrisy and hysteria that produced McMartin.

Everyone is against child abuse. If there was any child molestation in the McMartin case, it could more easily have happened at home than in the preschool. But that isn't the point. What the parents do not understand is that very clearly, their own hysteria has caused their children real harm.

Sexual repression produces perversion, but no one wants to hear that. And the media aren't inclined to report that simple fact, because it isn't politically popular. When the earlier, clearheaded President's Commission on Pornography actually studied the cause and effect of pornography, perversion, etc., and found no connection between pornography and violence or pornography and perversion, the result of the research was attacked by both President Nixon and the Congress in 1970. When the Meese commission pretended to study the subject in the mid-Eighties, it ignored the research and based its conclusions on preconceived prejudices.

In an excellent piece on Dr. John Money in The New York Times, dated January 23, 1990, Dr. Money predicts that "current repressive attitudes toward sex will breed an ever-widening epidemic of aberrant sexual behavior." The Times story goes on to say, "As for malignant social influences, he and other researchers found no evidence that pornography causes or fosters the development or expression of paraphilias [sexual perversions]."

In that same story, Dr. Judith V. Becker, the director of the Sexual Behavior Clinic at the New York State Psychiatric Institute, states, "If our society was more open, and youngsters and parents felt comfortable talking with each other about sex, we could nip some of these problems in the bud. Instead, when we finally see them, we see them as criminals to be punished, not people with disorders that need to be treated."

I would like to suggest that Playboy find a way to explore some of the issues raised by Dr. Money's research.

SEX: THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE KINKY

one of america's premiere sex researchers takes on the forces that want to undo the sexual revolution

Why does one man prefer blondes and the missionary position? Why does another expose himself to strangers? Why do women like to cuddle? Why do some men rape and murder?

According to Dr. John Money, who has studied the development of human sexuality for 40 years, the child is father of the man. Dr. Money is professor of medical psychology in the department of psychiatry and behavioral sciences and professor of pediatrics at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. He cofounded the Gender Identity Clinic and founded the Sex Offender Program at Johns Hopkins.

In two recent books, *Lovemaps* and *Vandalized Lovemaps*, he argues that we each have a hidden agenda—a love map that contains an idealized lover, love scene and program of erotic activities—that will guide us through our adult sexual life. The patterns are laid down in early childhood, probably between the ages of four and nine, and, some research suggests, as early as the age of three. Money believes that love maps are very fragile—they can be distorted by a repressive upbringing, one in which the parents never mention sex or actively punish or prohibit normal child sex-rehearsal play.

Adults with normal love maps have a balance between love and lust—each serves the other. Adults with vandalized love maps will develop a sexual dysfunction, or worse. Some develop bizarre sexual preferences, others molest or abuse children, some take sex by force, others become martyrs to abuse.

Money believes that repressive sexual attitudes—not permissive values—will increasingly breed aberrant behavior.

At the urging of Hugh Hefner, we interviewed Money for *The Playboy Forum*. What started as a simple Q.&A. about the McMartin controversy turned into a wide-ranging conversation. We found his outspoken views to be provocative and dead-on.

FORUM: Hefner suggests that the McMartin sexual-abuse case grew out of a hysterical atmosphere created by antisexual forces.

MONEY: In the Sixties, America experienced what the media called a sexual revolution. However, if we wanted to be accurate, we would call it a reformation. Like all reformations, it was spontaneous rather than planned. It was triggered by the discovery of penicillin, which controlled the scourge of syphilis and gonorrhea, and by the appearance of the pill in the Sixties, which gave women a new form of control over reproduction.

"Some people are taking everything that is sex-positive and labeling it sex-negative."

Historically, all reformations are followed by a backlash, a counterreformation. We are currently in a sexual counterreformation.

FORUM: What are the dynamics of this counterreformation?

MONEY: Essentially, some people are taking everything that is sex-positive and labeling it sex-negative. Today's witch-hunt goes after women's liberation, gay liberation, sex education, contraception, teenage pregnancy, abortion and pornography.

Let me tell you a few of the themes of the counterreformation and how the antisex people use them.

First, infection. In the early Eighties, *Time* magazine published story after story on herpes. Of course, the virus has been around since the ancient Egyptians, but it suddenly became the Devil's scourge. It wasn't something new that created its newsworthiness. *Time* used herpes as a piece of propaganda, telling its readers that they should quit having sex and go back to the traditional monogamous family. Tongue-clacking moralisms were inserted into each paragraph of the articles.

Second, homosexuality. The counterreformation loathes homosexuality. In the Sixties, people viewed it as something no more dangerous than left-handedness. The counterreformation view is that God is punishing homosexuals by plighting them with AIDS.

Third, sex education. Counterreformationists say that sex education is dangerous and must be done at home or in the church—another way of saying that it won't be taught at all. They are against openness. They fear questions.

FORUM: It seems that the counterreformation is full of contradictions. It rants against teenage pregnancy but is against birth control and sex education.

MONEY: The counterreformationists do rant against teenage pregnancy, the fourth of their themes, and much of what they say is bogus. They include nineteen-year-old married women in the statistics of teen pregnancies. They are dishonest. They label teen pregnancies as acts of immorality, an attempt to impose a white, middle-class morality on everyone. They

should put their efforts into changing the financial conditions of young mothers.

Another recurring theme is pornography. The counterreformationists propagate the phony theory that pornography is progressive and contagious: You start out drinking milk, then looking at women in underwear catalogs, then looking at snuff movies and then the only thing that will allow you to ejaculate is committing murder. The idea is absurd. When you criminalize pornography, you criminalize sex.

FORUM: If you can't say something bad about sex, don't say it. Which leads us to the American obsession with sexual scandals—the Bakkers, Swaggarts and Trumps.

MONEY: Yes, the fascination with the sexual errancy of public figures is the final result of an antisexual strategy. It is the oldest hypocrisy—you can talk about anything forbidden as long as you condemn it. A tool of the counterreformation is the manipulation of language. You can trace the history of sex-negative ideas through language. During the time of the Inquisition, some people thought that sex was the result of demonic possession; hence, the term sex fiend. Later, some theorists thought that sex resulted from a flaw in heredity, an evolutionary throwback to a more primitive state; therefore, the term sex monster. Two hundred years ago, it was suggested that masturbation caused degeneracy, which in turn caused sickness and death; thus, the term sex degenerate. Now we have the term sex addict. The attempt to pathologize sex is the culmination of the counterreformation.

FORUM: When did the sexual counterreformation begin?

MONEY: It began in the Seventies. Its agents were trying to get people thrown into jail for distributing any heterosexual pornography that displayed a man's penis. They weren't too successful. It became clear by the end of the Seventies that the big push was going to be on kiddie porn. The idea was to get people mobilized against kiddie porn—which, naturally, is easy to do—in order eventually to mobilize against sex itself.

FORUM: In the midst of the counterreformation atmosphere, we had the McMartin child-abuse case. In order to detect abuse, the kids were subjected to abuse. They were poked, prodded, video-taped and their private parts were examined by doctors with colposcopes. This is not the first time abuse has occurred in the name of care.

MONEY: In the 1880s, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg wrote a book about the dangers of masturbation. Kellogg's Corn Flakes were invented as antimasturbation food. For intractable cases of masturbation in boys, Kellogg recommended sewing up the foreskin with silver wire, and for girls, carbolic acid applied to the clitoris. He recommended that fathers creep up on their sleeping sons and pull back the blankets. An erect penis was prima-facie evidence of the sleeping sinner caught in the secret vice. Kellogg said nothing of nocturnal penile tumescence. He slept alone and never consummated his marriage. In fact, he was a klismaphiliac [an enema fetishist]; his orderly gave him an enema every morning after breakfast.

"It is the oldest hypocrisy—you can talk about anything forbidden as long as you condemn it."

Kellogg published a list of things to look for in a child as signs of masturbation: sleeplessness; a sudden change in disposition; a love of solitude; bashfulness; unnatural boldness; mock piety; fickleness; untrustworthiness; being easily frightened; confusion of ideas; capricious appetite; eating clay, slate pencils, plaster, chalk; acne; biting fingernails; bed wetting; unchastity of speech. A list that is nearly the same is circulated today as evidence of child abuse.

FORUM: Where do the sex-negative images that many people have come from?

MONEY: Every religion has a philosophy of sex that influences the childhood development of love maps and paraphilias, or sexual perversions. Christianity has the split between saintly love and sinful lust, a doctrine that penetrates our child-rearing practices. It is impossible for children to grow up without assimilating the concept that the genitals are a prime source of sin.

But the sex-negative ideas don't come only from religion. They also come from fairy tales and medieval and Renaissance art. I've written about a concept called paleodigms, which of course borrows from paradigms. Paleo means old, and digma means example or illustration.

One of the oldest themes is that of sacrifice and expiation. One concept that floats around in our awareness from an early age, for instance, is the purification from sin through sacrifice. That's the story of Abraham and Isaac, of God and the Crucifixion of Christ. Some people develop paraphilias that permit them to experience lust only if there is also atonement. In these situations, the penalties for having sex range from humiliation and hurt to blood sacrifice and death. Self-imposed atonement often appears as masochism; performed on the partner, it is sadism. For the victim of abuse as a child, that tragedy can be turned into a bizarre triumph: The victim re-enacts the abuse as the only act of love he has ever known. Some people, in turn, abuse their own children—as living evidence of the sin of their own sexuality. The execution of a sex criminal is a way of telling our children that all sex is a sin of such magnitude that it can be atoned for only in the electric chair.

FORUM: One of the curiosities about the McMartin case was the similarities in the stories the children told about satanic rituals, human sacrifice, digging up coffins, drinking blood. Is this a case of

paleodigms in action?

MONEY: Well, I would think it's one person's paleodigm in action, and it was transmitted to the children during questioning.

FORUM: A story in the Memphis newspaper *The Commercial Appeal* reported that there have been thirty-six instances nationwide in which children told of satanic rituals combined with sexual abuse. Is there a source of contamination? A made-for-TV movie? Saturday-morning cartoons? Sunday school?

MONEY: I don't think we have a factual basis on which to make any speculation. You've given me a good clue, though. We should look at Saturday-morning cartoons to see what paleodigms they transmit.

FORUM: Tell us more about how paleodigms influence sexual behavior.

MONEY: Some paraphilias are based on paleodigms of marauding and predation. For example, some people incorporate lust into their love map on the condition that it be stolen, abducted or imposed by force. Some people steal sex by attack, assault and seizure. They take without consent. Images of cave men stealing love, of savages raiding the neighboring tribe to carry off women fuel the rapist.

Some paraphilias are based on mercantile and venal strategies, where lust is incorporated into the love map only if it is traded, bartered or purchased—not freely exchanged. Those people feel that carnal passion belongs not to the Madonna and the provider but to the whore and the hustler.

Some people have to substitute objects—a fetish or a talisman—for their lover, since lust defiles saintly love. Some people associate underwear with sex. They may end up wearing ladies' lingerie in order to become aroused. Some people substitute an act that belongs in courtship or foreplay for actual copulation. Touching and rubbing, displaying and watching, talking or listening become more important and more arousing than intercourse. One of my patients was punished as a child when his mother found him showing off his erect penis to his playmates. He became an exhibitionist, or flasher. What is fascinating is how unique and idiosyncratic each love map is. You cannot learn someone else's love map or borrow someone else's fantasy. It won't work.

FORUM: Counterreformationists look for single causes of paraphilias, such as pornography. You argue that most disorders are biographically determined from events in the individual's life and that sex-negating antecedents in childhood produce sex pathologies in adulthood.

MONEY: The counterreformationists reason by analogy, not by cause and effect. They have gotten incredible mileage out of the theory of the social contagion of pornography. If pornography had the power to contaminate, everyone on the Meese commission, given the amount of pornography viewed, would be in jail for killing countless people.

"It is impossible for children to grow up without assimilating the concept that the genitals are a prime source of sin."

FORUM: Ted Bundy said that a childhood encounter with pornography turned him into a serial killer.

MONEY: You know why he did that. He was having the last laugh on all of us, justifying himself by using James Dobson's [the minister who interviewed him] own justification as to why he was a killer. Bundy blamed society for all that he did.

It has been previously reported that Bundy may have been the product of incest, of his mother with her father. That was the most hideous secret in the family. Bundy's mother denied it. I didn't talk with Bundy, but I have talked with other serial lust murderers and I know that they become puppets for the mental imagery and fantasy of the parents. If, in some way, Bundy was aware that the reason he was treated peculiarly as a child had something to do with his mother's relationship with her father, who possibly brutalized her, it's not too difficult to imagine that he concluded that sex was the most hideous and horrible thing in the world. People like him are never able to put the story together in a logical form. The very nature of a paraphilia is that it is illogical. The illogicality of it solves the immediate problem but creates worse ones.

FORUM: How do you disprove the social-contagion theory?

MONEY: Some men are one hundred percent against putting their penis in someone else's mouth; some women are one hundred percent against having someone's mouth enclose their vulva. Watching a porn movie will not change their views; the activity is not in their love maps. You can't hang the coat on a hook, because the hook isn't there.

FORUM: Do you see positive benefits of pornography?

MONEY: Many. I have one patient who, when he is exposed to normal erotic images such as you find in *Playboy*, has normal sexual fantasies. In the absence of healthy erotica, he has sadistic, brutal fantasies about bondage, rape and death.

FORUM: Close a newsstand, create a killer. Some people say that porn is the theory, rape is the practice. They also say that men are rapists at heart, that all sex is rape. How do you answer them?

MONEY: There is something historically understandable about women whose dam of rage bursts over on men—men in the generic sense. In order to liberate themselves from the prison of forced motherhood, women had to relinquish all claim to any source of sexual enjoyment. Their major source of oppression was being made pregnant too often without any option. Right up to the time I was a graduate student, it was illegal to obtain any kind of contraception. Women could not control their own reproductive

life; they weren't sure they wouldn't die from their first pregnancy. Before they could claim they were equal to men, they had to give up their sex life, because only whores and harridans were interested in sex.

What has happened in the revival of the women's movement is that not only do women have to sacrifice their sex life if they want to be equal to men but, by God, men had better sacrifice theirs, too.

FORUM: Are men targets of the counterreformationists?

MONEY: The counterreformationists portray women as the victims of carnal knowledge without consent. In the old form of witchcraft, women were the accused; now men are. The uncompromising evidence of their heresy is not only rape but also pornography. Here lies the onset of a new inquisition, this one directed chiefly at the lust not of wives and daughters but of husbands and sons. If unhalted, we could see a progressive increase in the prevalence of accusations of the marauding and predatory paraphilias. As each new generation of boys matures into puberty, their manhood would, in increasing numbers, be sexually traumatized and disabled.

FORUM: If all penises are outlawed, only outlaws will have penises. In short, the propaganda that all men are rapists will only breed rapists.

MONEY: Exactly. Not only women are doing this, of course; a lot of the religious-minded are joining their pure-minded sisters.

FORUM: In your books, you cite examples of severe distortion of love maps. Can you cite some examples of ordinary damage stemming from sexual repression?

MONEY: There are very few parents who have rehearsed what they would do if they found their children playing at having sex. So they do what every parent has done before: They lose their cool and they inflict punishment. The tragedy for the children is that there is an extremely good chance that their love maps will become distorted. The girls will be able to relate to sex in terms of romance only above the belt; they will be unable to reach orgasm. Sex, for them, will be an act of breeding, not an act of pleasure. The boys will not be able to satisfy ordinary lust in an ordinary way. They become locked in sex below the belt.

FORUM: How should parents react to childhood sexplay?

MONEY: They should not be surprised, for all children have a curiosity about sex. But they should certainly remain calm and under no circumstance should they punish the children. However, they should tell their child that sexual curiosity is not necessarily socially acceptable.

FORUM: And what are some of the more extraordinary forms of repression?

MONEY: One stepmother took a sewing needle and jabbed her stepdaughter's labia, threatening to sew her up, when she discovered her masturbating.

FORUM: What is the effect of all this repression?

MONEY: That's a tough question. I would say that fifty percent of the nation get fifty-seven cents to the dollar on their sex lives. Maybe ten percent get the full dollar.

FORUM: At the beginning of the Seventies, we had a genuine concern about child abuse in the context of violence in the family that seems to have dissipated. What happened?

MONEY: Criticizing violence came too close to criticizing punishment, the old Christian notion of spare the rod and spoil the child. It is the right of parents to discipline their children; they must be disciplined in order to be moral. Punishment in the name of discipline can lead to horrible forms of abuse.

FORUM: What do you make of the sociologists who find child abuse lurking in every other household, or the researchers who claim that childhood sexplay is a form of sex abuse?

MONEY: Unfortunately, they have never defined abuse. I do know that many social scientists will call it abuse if a child sees her father naked in the bathroom. They call it exhibitionism and abuse of the child's eyes. But all of these researchers get money from the Government. And the only way a researcher can get Government funding is to be against sex.

FORUM: What do you advise in order to increase the sexual health of American children?

MONEY: It should be public policy to strive for better sexual health in our children. We should establish a pediatric sexology clinic. There are no doctors who specialize in pediatric sexology and who offer child care in cases of ill health. There's not even a clinic for teenagers, even given all the talk about the terrible difficulties we have with teenagers. If we were really dedicated to sexual health, if we didn't want teenagers running out and getting AIDS soon after puberty, we would have a special television channel dedicated to sexual everything—learning, entertainment—where kids could get the information they needed.

Anyone who does not learn about and actively encourage the normal development of healthy sexuality in children is running a terrible risk of contributing to pathology in their development. We should be just as fussy about sexual health as we are about nutritional health.

We made a decision to get rid of smallpox and we did. If we made the same decision about sexual health, we could prevent the spread of the epidemic of sexual ill health. If we opened a national pediatric sexology clinic, and the President came and cut the ribbon, imagine the difference that would make.

"The only way a sex researcher can be sure of getting Government funding is to be against sex."

READER

FIGHT IN FLORIDA

I am a resident of central Florida and have felt the effects of the Reverend Donald Wildmon's group, the American Family Association, exercising its muscle against free speech. The local A.F.A. director, David E. Caton, sent registered letters to executives of dozens of Florida businesses demanding that they remove sexually explicit magazines from their stores. One of the magazines was, of course, *Playboy*. I assume you know about this. Are you taking any action against the A.F.A.? Things are getting desperate here.

J. Gonzalez
Miami, Florida

As you know, for years, Playboy *has been the target of moral zealots who use picketing, lies and not-so-subtle threats to prohibit retailers from selling our magazine. We have always concluded that those activities are protected by the First Amendment and we refuse to enjoin picketing and boycotts even though their objective was to drive legal magazines out of the market.*

However, Playboy *believes that the A.F.A. stepped over the legal line when Caton sent the letter to Florida retailers threatening prosecution if they did not stop selling certain magazines. Caton told retailers that, unless they removed the magazines from sale, the A.F.A. would demand that sheriffs and State's attorneys file criminal charges against the retailers and would expose the retailers as criminals. The demands Caton made in his letter are, in* Playboy*'s opinion, extortion.*

The Supreme Court has held that the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO) can be used to bring civil actions against anyone who commits criminal acts, including extortion or trespass (as in the case of pro-life people encroaching on abortion clinics' grounds). Playboy *and others are currently suing the A.F.A. chapter in Florida and Caton under RICO to prohibit them from engaging in extortion.*

NARC, NARC

Americans seem on the brink of surrendering their civil liberties in a desperate effort to combat drug use ("Narc, Narc," by John Dentinger, *The Playboy Forum*, April). A similar national peril permanently changed the face of U.S. law enforcement in 1934. The U.S. Justice Department, which at that time had almost no police powers, virtually created a national crime wave—featuring such celebrated bank robbers as John Dillinger—in order to overcome opposition to Federal anticrime laws. An increase in the power of the FBI was the result.

Dismantling the Constitution will not solve the drug problem. It will only further erode our personal freedoms.

Horace Naismith
Chicago, Illinois

Congratulations for bringing to light the negligence of our overzealous police in fighting the drug war. Law-abiding citizens are the new victims in that war.

M. DeMaio
Park Ridge, Illinois

Americans rarely read about police mistakes in searching out drug criminals. We usually read that we need more jails, more laws and more policemen. The police officers who committed the illegal searches should be criminally charged.

T. H. Cole
Atlanta, Georgia

Most people in this country have allowed themselves to be manipulated by a political campaign to the point that they will gladly surrender their own precious freedoms. As we watch and applaud the struggle of people all over the world for *their* freedoms, we are spurning the very freedoms that make our system the one they emulate.

(Name and address withheld by request)

ADDICTION

Personal responsibility for one's behavior may well be the clarion call of the Nineties ("The Emperor's New Addiction," by Marty Klein, *The Playboy Forum*, March). We can no longer blame outside causes for our own destructive behavior. Labeling undesirable conduct a disease makes it possible to treat the afflicted with rain-dance cures.

I went to my share of Alcoholics Anonymous meetings, where we bayed at the moon for relief from our affliction. Meanwhile, after meetings, a number of us often regrouped at a member's house with our bottles. We knew how to spell relief.

Over a 25-year period, I went through treatment several times. All roads led to A.A., a circus tent filled with wailing people giving testament to their sins. My quest for a cure was not in vain. But I didn't find it in A.A. I found it by reading a book titled *Heavy Drinking: The Myth of Alcoholism as a Disease*, by Herbert Fingarette, published in 1988 by the University of California Press. Fingarette's message is that alcohol abuse cannot be blamed on a disease, that the abuser has a choice of having power over alcohol. I alone was responsible for my habit. I quit drinking. Not one day at a time but when responsibility demanded it.

James Almblad
Portland, Oregon

FOR THE RECORD

A DOUBLE WHAMMY FOR OUR CHILDREN

Words of wisdom from "Ask Marilyn," an advice column by Marilyn Vos Savant, reportedly the smartest woman in the world. Well, at least her advice shows a high I.Q.

What are two of the worst things we commonly teach our children?

—Francis Gribbin, Wilmington, Delaware

That a knowledge of science is nice but not necessary, and a knowledge of sex is necessary but not nice.

RESPONSE

THE WIMPS OF THE A.C.C.

The way we see it, universities are supposed to be hotbeds of controversy, citadels of diversity and the enlightenment that comes from challenge and response. Back in the Sixties, the term they used was psychosocial moratorium—a fancy phrase far free-far-all. It was the apposite of a trade school (there is only one way ta da things—the Army way) or a theologicol school (there is only one truth—God's and/or Jerry Falwell's). It is not surprising that universities were the breeding ground for the current world democracy revolution.

Every year, *Playboy* sends Contributing Photographer David Chan to recruit college wamen for a pictorial. Every year, he encounters the same knee-jerk response from vocal minorities and fringe groups. Some school popers refuse to accept the ad announcing the audition (if you keep the masses ignarant, maybe they won't make choices you don't want them ta make). Some feminist groups use the occasion to trumpet their clichés about the exploitation of women, saying, in effect, "We are all sisters . . . and we will tell you how to make a living." And some wamen make a personal choice in favor of truth, nudity and beauty.

This year's celebration of the girls of the Atlantic Coast Conference brought some new faces to the debate. The rhetoric of the feminist fringe became official bureaucratese. Eugene F. Corrigon, the commissioner of the A.C.C., wrote to *Playboy* Editorial Director Arthur Kretchmer, pratesting not the nudity but the use of trademarks: "This feature conspicuously displayed the names of our conference and universities in an abvious effort to generate increased magazine sales. By your frequent and deliberate use of our widely recognized school emblems and logograms, you have suggested conference and university association with this offensive and distasteful article.

"Just as we recognize our students' and your right of free expression, I expect you will recognize the impropriety of demeaning and commercially explaiting our universities in a lewd magazine article. It is my sincere hope that you will reflect on the importance and value of higher education to aur society and decline ta publish features that are designed only to generate income through the explaitation of women, their universities and athletic conferences."

Teresa Mead, senior at UNC. From *Girls of the A.C.C.* (*Playboy*, April).

The commissioner of the conference is the guy whose job includes exploitotion of student/athletes for the maximum dollar through the sale of TV rights, pennants, pompons and beer mugs emblazoned with YELLOW JACKETS, BLUE DEVILS, TERRAPINS, TAR HEELS and DEMON DEACONS, not the busts of Homer or Socrates or Allan Bloom. Tell you what, Eugene—we won't charge you advertising rates ($65,000 per page) for the free exposure in *Playboy*. You con use the money to buy a Carvette far some scholar/athlete.

Chicaga Sun-Times calumnist Richard Roeper called the A.C.C. for hypocrisy in motian: "Excuse me, but isn't this the same conference of the Maryland bosketball program recently put on probation for numerous violations? And isn't this the same conference of North Caralina Stote and the emborrassingly irresponsible Jim Valvana?

"In the post decade and a half, conferences from the Pac 10 to the Big Ten to the Ivy League have been featured in *Playboy* pictorials. It would be nearly impossible ta prove that such features have done a speck of damage to the reputations of any of these conferences.

"I cauldn't say the same about Valvano's effect on the image of the A.C.C."

The president of Duke, H. Keith Brodie, is also guilty of stonding in the moral lane for more than three seconds. "I believe *Playboy* magazine's feature on the *Girls of the A.C.C.* shows extremely questionable taste. The A.C.C. is an athletic conference, not a modeling agency, and the focus of a feature like this is demeaning to the women in the A.C.C., especially since some of them rank among the notion's best collegiate athletes. . . . While a decisian to pose for such photographs should rightfully be left up to the individual women involved, I do not believe *Playboy*'s general portrayal of women is in keeping with the ideals of any education institution."

Duke was so flustered that students invited *Playboy* Managing Phota Editor Jeff Cohen to porticipate in a panel discussion on the fallout from the pictorial. Charlatte Clark, a Duke student who had posed for the feature, eloquently defended her action to the support of an S.R.O. audience. A feminist chided Cohen for including in one photo a gold Americon Express credit card. "Was this supposed to indicate that the waman could be bought? Were you reducing women to an object to be consumed by men?" Cohen replied that the detail of the credit card was meant to show that the girl was a waman of independent means: *Playboy* does not objectify the women it photographs.

A student walked to the microphone and challenged the feminist. Objectification was antisex rhetoric for desire. What was wrong with desire? "What would it take for wamen to objectify me?" he said, taking off his shirt. "This? Or do you need more?" He removed his pants. "Will this do it?" He dropped his drawers and, defiantly naked, strode from the room to wild applause. Nudity as a politicol statement. Freedom: 1, wimps: 0.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

RETHINK THOSE STEREOTYPES

KANSAS CITY—*Researchers at Florida State University and the University of Kansas asked the question Why do you have sex? and got some interesting answers. Sixty-one percent of women aged 22 to 35 said that love was their prime motive for having sex. Sixty-two percent of women aged 36 to 57 said that pleasure was their prime mover. As for men, it's just*

the opposite: 69 percent under 36 said that pleasure was their reason for having sex, while 50 percent aged 36 to 57 said that love was their reason. Why this flip-flop in values? The researchers speculate that men and women hold stereotypical attitudes toward sex because they're stereotypical. Says one, "It takes the first half of adult life for men and women to gain the sense of self to begin to seek out the other half of sexual expression."

STEREOTYPES: TAKE TWO

NEW ORLEANS—*How promiscuous is behavior in the U.S.? Probably not as promiscuous as you think. New research indicates that Americans are sexually "circumspect and traditional" and not as libertine as portrayed in books and movies. A survey of randomly chosen adults found that during the 12 months prior to the survey, 22 percent of Americans had no sex and 1.5 percent had an extramarital affair. The average American had 1.2 sexual partners and had sex 57 times. Seventy percent of the men admitted to having had at least one affair during their married lives, as did 35 percent of the women. Only one percent of the respondents said they were exclusively homosexual. The researchers conclude that Americans have changed their sexual behavior because of the fear of AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases. They also believe that most Americans' sexual behavior does not put them at a high risk for AIDS.*

EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE PARTNER

DANBURY, CONNECTICUT—*Good news for condom users comes from NeuroCommunication Research Laboratories, which is conducting a two-year research project on consumer preferences in quality condomwear. To order a free package of condoms and to receive a confidential questionnaire about prophylactic preferences, dial 800-336-1935. Condom manufacturers will use the feedback to produce a more appealing product. Who says community service is boring?*

HOUSING CRISIS

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS—*Prison overcrowding, undoubtedly due to the war on drug users and dealers, forced a frustrated sheriff to seize the local National Guard armory for a makeshift jail. He booted out stunned officials, using as his excuse a 17th Century statute ordering him to keep the peace and arguing that he needed the temporary prison in order "to prevent the collapse of the criminal-justice system." The prisoners were to be moved later to a National Guard facility in Holyoke.*

IT PAYS, ALL RIGHT

LOS ANGELES—*Drug dealing continues to remain profitable, as sheriff's deputies in L.A. County can attest. Nine of the ten members of the elite narcotics squad, aptly named Major Violator Crew II, have been indicted for skimming $1,400,000 from money they seized from drug busts. After the busts, the drug traffickers were released back to the street until they did enough business to make it worth while for the narcs to arrest them again and seize their money again. The cops are currently on leave with pay.*

CONTRACEPTIVE UPDATE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Millions of unwanted pregnancies result in about 750,000 abortions annually. These are the unpalatable results of the high failure rate of U.S. birth-control methods, reports the National Research Council in a new study. Three percent of pill takers, six percent of I.U.D. users, 12 percent of condom users and 18 percent of contraceptive-sponge users become pregnant during the first year of use. Foams, jellies and creams fail 21 percent of the time and as many as 23 percent of diaphragm users may end up pregnant each year. The N.R.C. also reports that U.S. companies are so immobilized by product-liability laws and stringent FDA policies that they are decades behind Europe in the development of new contraceptives. In addition, the FDA has refused to approve a number of options—such as implantable contraceptives, once-a-month pills and reversible sterilization—available in other countries.*

A NEW CONTRACEPTIVE?

NEW YORK—Fertility and Sterilization, *the official journal of the American Fertility Society, reports that cocaine use may lower sperm count and diminish male*

fertility. The effect disappears, however, after drug use stops. A specialist in male infertility cautions that the study "is provocative but by no means evidence of cause and effect."

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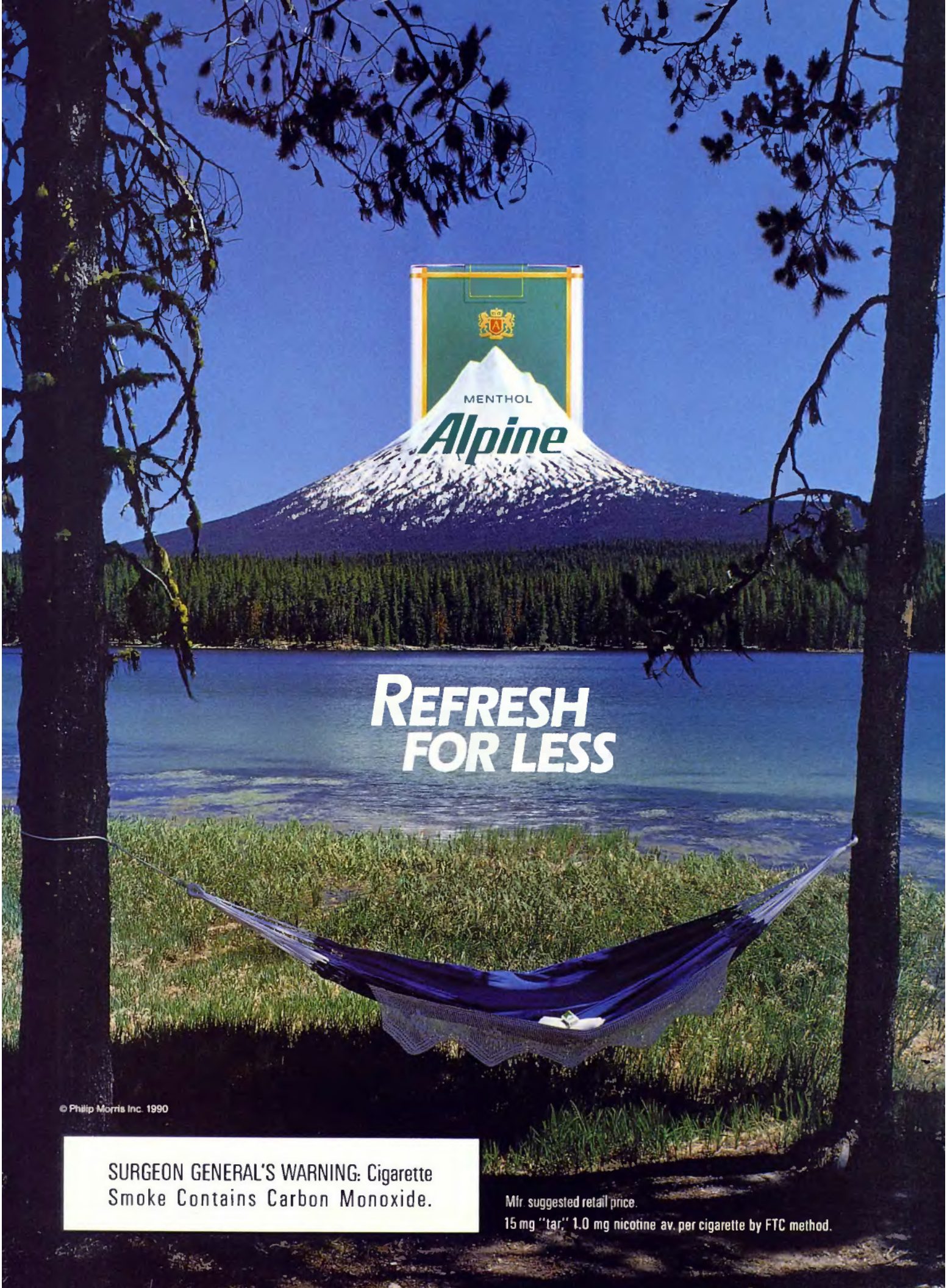

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CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS

in june, washington mayor marion barry goes on trial for smoking crack. but that's far from the most troubling violation

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

A sultry voice beckoned over the phone with a "Come on over, honey; Rasheeda is back in town. Let's party" routine. How could Washington mayor Marion Barry have known that his ex-girlfriend, a beautiful former model, was now working for the FBI and that he was going to get busted instead of laid?

Could he even have guessed that the United States Government had gone to the trouble of flying Rasheeda Moore cross-country from Burbank, California—just for this date? Well, it had; and even as the mayor, as alleged, clumsily attempted the resumption of an off-again, on-again decade-long sexual liaison, kindly G men were baby-sitting Moore's three children, proving that the FBI is a full-service agency. This from a bleeding-heart conservative Government that wails about the drug problem but can't find significant money for drug-treatment programs, not to mention basic child care for ghetto kids.

Arriving at the posh Vista hotel room, the mayor evidently took it in stride that, her sexy invitation notwithstanding, Rasheeda Moore had a girlfriend who kept coming and going during the fateful 45 minutes of his visit. Perhaps the FBI, in setting this up, had assumed that Barry, the sophisticated mayor of a sophisticated town, would find nothing odd in the suggestion of an early-evening threesome. With an undercover FBI agent, yet.

Barry, the subject of years of investigations of alleged drug use, is either sublimely dumb or naïve about the workings of American justice. Friends close to him said that alcohol had so besotted his brain that he may not have been able to render an objective appraisal of his circumstance. Indeed, the ladies did ply His Honor with three glasses of cognac. The mayor then allegedly made what the FBI, which was filming a potential porn movie of the entire episode, would later call a sexual advance toward Moore. According to *The Washington Post*, Barry "touched her on the leg, kissed her on the cheek and tried to kiss her on the lips, said knowledgeable sources."

Imagine. When that went nowhere, he allegedly asked for drugs instead. The lady FBI agent obligingly produced some crack that the mayor allegedly smoked in a pipe supplied by the Government. The claim is that he took three puffs, set the pipe down, put on his coat and was preparing to leave when the FBI burst in and put him in handcuffs.

Had the FBI agent informed Barry that no drugs were available, then no charges could have been brought. There would have been no forced urine testing and no chemical analysis of a strand of the mayor's hair that the Government claims revealed telltale evidence of marijuana use at some time in the past. Had the FBI agent produced marijuana or peyote, the entire sorry episode would have lacked the sensationalist ring of a crack bust. So it's understandable that Government-issue crack was the abused substance of choice.

Admittedly, none of this was good form for a mayor who was preaching to kids regularly about the evils of drug taking. Had he been an advocate of drug legalization, a sensible position, then he would at least not have been guilty of hypocrisy. As it is, if the charges are true, he's a major asshole who abused his position as a much-needed role model for ghetto youth. Barry is a veteran of the civil rights movement, and if he couldn't get his act together, the ethical course was to resign quietly and pursue his pleasures in private. There is a sacred trust of office that ought not to be trifled with. Harrumph and all that.

But what about the ethics of the Feds who tripped him up by hounding an old girlfriend with troubles enough of her own? Let's review just how, and why, the sultry Moore happened to be in the Vista hotel that night. Just weeks before, Moore was driving in North Hollywood, California, late on New Year's Day, headlights off, when a local cop pulled her over and booked her on suspicion of driving under the influence of alcohol. A computer check revealed that Moore was wanted by the FBI on a material-witness warrant; she had disappeared after testifying before a grand jury investigating drug use by Barry. Moore, who'd been implicated by convicted drug dealer Charles Lewis, had said that she knew Barry only casually and that she herself did not use drugs. Now FBI agents escorted her to Washington, threatening long jail time and separation from her three children. She collapsed and turned in her former friend. What is the moral lesson here—that parenting is a right earned only by the act of personal betrayal?

Just what are the priorities of this nation's crime fighters, who will expend so much effort and so many man-hours going after Barry on a misdemeanor offense while more serious felonies abound? "I find it absolutely amazing," said Robert Luskin, the former Justice Department lawyer instrumental in writing the department's undercover-investigation guidelines. "I'm not aware of any undercover operation of this magnitude carried out with the goal of obtaining a misdemeanor charge."

The Feds had been after Barry on one trail or another since his first term as mayor in the late Seventies—not because he was deemed a drug kingpin but because they wanted a way to get the mayor out of office. The chief prosecutor admitted as much when he implied that if Barry would step down as mayor, he might get off with a slap on the wrist. For eight years, according to *The Washington Post*, "agents sorted through the mayor's American Express bills, staked out his house, examined his signature on city contracts, analyzed his bank accounts, checked his tax returns, verified his campaign contributions, even subpoenaed two pairs of shoes he denied receiving from a city contractor." And they got nothing on Barry, who, given that degree of scrutiny, must be far cleaner than most men of influence, including junk-bond salesmen and savings-and-loan executives.

In the end, a true zealot appeared to superintend this witch-hunt. It took the appointment of Reagan Administration White House deputy counsel Jay B. Stephens as the U.S. Attorney in Washington to nail Barry. Described by *The Wall Street Journal* as "a rising G.O.P. star," Stephens brought the puritanical fanaticism of the drug war to the Barry hunt. He termed the mayor's arrest a "catharsis" that "would start to change the public psyche." He called drug use by a city official "a corruption of the public's confidence in political institutions," thundering further that "it is important that the city have the type of moral leadership that can heal the wounds of drugs, violence and public corruption." All that from three alleged tokes on a Government-supplied pipe.

Outbursts of that sort moved conservative *New York* *(concluded on page 144)*

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: QUINCY JONES

a candid conversation with pop's master builder about rock, rap, racism and his thriller of a career

"Back on the Block," the latest hit album from Quincy Jones, may not sell as many copies as "Thriller," the all-time record-setting megahit he produced with Michael Jackson in 1982. It may not have the global impact of "We Are the World," his superstar-studded 1985 musical event, which raised $50,000,000 to fight hunger. It may not earn him another Grammy award, though he has won 20 of them since 1963. But "Back on the Block" is certainly the most historic achievement of Jones's extraordinary career. It's also the story of his life.

A virtuoso blending of bebop, soul, Gospel, rhythm-and-blues, Brazilian and African music, rap and fusion, it's what one critic called "a virtual crash course in black popular music of the 20th Century." In his liner notes for the album, Jones wrote that his intention was "to bridge generations and traverse musical boundaries." Actually, that's what he has been doing ever since he broke into show business at the age of 15 as a trumpet player and arranger for Lionel Hampton.

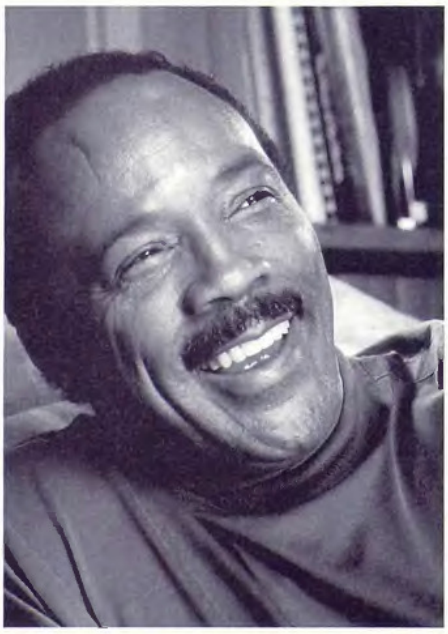
In the 42 years since then, he has composed, arranged or produced hits for almost every major name in the music business, from such big-band greats as Count Basie and Dizzy Gillespie to modern-day superstars such as Frank Sinatra. He is also credited with helping catalyze the phenomenon of "crossover" by bringing black music across the color line into the musical mainstream. As a vice-president of Mercury Records in the early Sixties, Jones was the first black executive at a major label, and in 1963, he began a second career in Hollywood, where he became the first black to reach the top rank of film composers, with 38 pictures to his credit.

His biggest professional setback came in 1978, when he served as musical director of "The Wiz," a multimillion-dollar flop—but the project solidified a friendship with 20-year-old Michael Jackson (who starred as the Scarecrow) and launched a series of creative collaborations that culminated in "Thriller" and "We Are the World." His first excursion as a movie producer, in 1985, elevated him into the big leagues almost overnight. He persuaded Steven Spielberg to coproduce and direct "The Color Purple," cast Oprah Winfrey and Whoopi Goldberg in the roles that won them Oscar nominations, then supervised the entire production—and, for good measure, wrote the score.

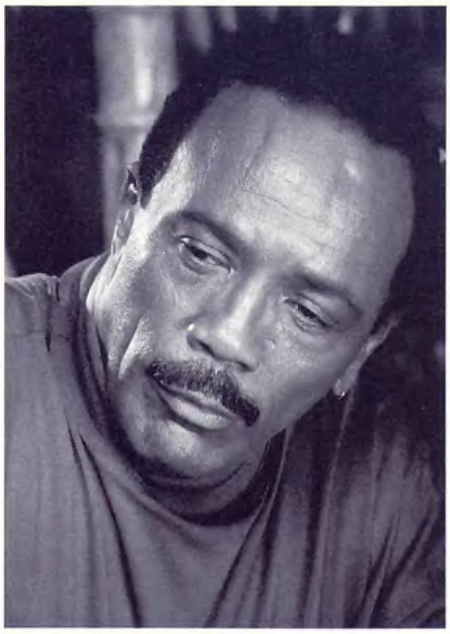
But the strain of living in all those fast lanes, along with the disintegration of his third marriage, to actress Peggy Lipton, drove Jones into a nervous collapse that stirred memories of the near-fatal aneurysm—a hemorrhaging artery in the brain—that had stricken him in 1974 after a similar bout of overwork. This time, he took a monthlong "spiritual leave of absence" in Tahiti and returned "in control of my life for the first time."

His eclectic album "Back on the Block" is the harvest of that sabbatical. So is his new company, an entertainment conglomerate partnering Jones and his chief executive, Kevin Wendle, in a co-venture with Time Warner's Bob Pittman, a former MTV executive. And so is the list of honors that have come his way since then—among them this year's Soul Train Heritage Award, which turned into a star-studded 57th-birthday tribute to "Q," as he's known to his hundreds of friends and admirers in the business; a Man of the Year citation at the annual conference of the international music-business association MIDEM; and, most recently, a prestigious Legion of Honor award from the government of France, where he is considered an American national treasure.

Paris was one of the settings for this conversation with **Alex Haley,** *whom he met in 1975 while the author was writing "Roots." Jones was enthralled by the stories Haley told him about his ancestors, and when David Wolper asked Jones to score the first 12 hours*



"All the brilliance that had been building inside Michael Jackson just erupted. One night, the speakers in the studio actually burst into flames. First time I saw anything like that in forty years in the business."



"Rap's no fad, man. And it's not just a new kind of music. It's a whole new subculture that's been invented by the disenfranchised. When you have no place in society, you say, 'Fuck it, we'll start our own.'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

"I say it takes a strange kind of mind to find fault with a project that raised fifty million dollars to feed the hungry. Anybody who wants to throw stones at that can get up off his ass and go do something better."

of the television miniseries, he and Haley became collaborators as well as friends. When we called Haley with this assignment, he was in the final stages of completing his long-awaited book "Henning," but it's a measure of their friendship that he agreed to take time out for this very special "Playboy Interview." He reports:

"On a desk in Quincy Jones's business office in Los Angeles sits the biggest Rolodex I've ever seen. It contains, I'm told, the names of more than 5000 friends and associates in the entertainment industry. I believe it. There probably isn't a heavier hitter in the business, or one more universally admired.

"Whatever Quincy's doing, whether it's work or play, he does it with his whole being. And he seems to keep busy pursuing one or the other, in grand style, just about 24 hours a day. My interview with him, appropriately, began on a private jet en route to Manzanillo, Mexico, and continued beside his pool at the spectacular Las Hadas resort hotel, between takes for a feature-length documentary of his life, 'Back on the Block with Quincy Jones,' scheduled for theatrical release in September. Our next session followed a memorable dinner prepared by Quincy's French-Brazilian chef at his showplace Bel Air home, a stone's throw from the Reagans.

"A third session took place last summer in Paris during the bicentennial Bastille Day extravaganza, the orchestral highlight of which Quincy had been imported to conduct. The mayor of Paris headed a parade of Quincy's old friends, who visited him in his flower-banked suite at the Ritz. And after the festivities, before returning home, he and his traveling companions—Time Warner co-C.E.O. Steve Ross and his wife, Courtney, who was producer of the documentary—decided to stop off in London for dinner with Quincy's pal Dustin Hoffman. As we say in Tennessee, that's tall cotton. But somehow, through it all, success hasn't spoiled Quincy Jones. I wanted to know why. So that's where we began."

PLAYBOY: "Lifestyles of the rich and famous" is a phrase that could have been coined to describe the way you live, Quincy—but you don't seem to have lost your humility. Why not?

JONES: I never forget where I came from, man. When I was seven, I remember my brother Lloyd and I went to spend the summer with my grandmother in Louisville, Kentucky. She was an ex-slave, but she'd moved up in the world since then. The lock on the back door of her little house was a bent nail, and she had a coal stove and kerosene lamps for light, and she used to tell us to go down to the river in the evening and catch us a rat, and we'd take that sucker home in a bag and she'd cook it up for supper. She fried it with onions, and it tasted *good*, man. When you're seven years old and you don't know any better, everything tastes good to you. That kind of memory makes you appreciate everything that much more, because from then on, no matter how good it gets, you never take anything for granted. I've had the whole range of experiences, from rats to *pâté*, and I feel lucky just to be *alive*.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say that?

JONES: In the neighborhood where I was born, on the South Side of Chicago—the biggest ghetto in the world—we used to watch teachers getting killed and policemen shooting black teenagers in the back. Every street was like a territory, and every territory was run by a gang, and everybody used to carry a little switchblade. If I'd stayed there, I'd have been *gone* by now. Because nobody gets out, hardly.

PLAYBOY: But when you were ten, your family moved to Bremerton, Washington, near Seattle. What was it like there?

JONES: The opposite end of the spectrum. My father and my mother had split up back in Chicago, and we moved in with my new stepmother and her three kids in a decent neighborhood in this nice little town where he'd gotten a job as a carpenter down at the naval shipyards. It took me a few months before I realized I didn't have to carry my switchblade anymore. The school I went to was like a model of multiracial integration, and the kids got along together about as well as they do anywhere in the world. But it's not like we moved to Disneyland. There's no way you're going to live anywhere in America and not feel the pangs of racial prejudice. You still get that *hate* stare from certain kinds of white people, but that's a daily experience from the time you're two years old, and you learn to deal with it.

"She used to tell us to go down to the river and catch us a rat. She fried it with onions, and it tasted good, man."

PLAYBOY: When did you start getting interested in music?

JONES: When I was five or six, back in Chicago. There was this lady named Lucy Jackson who used to play stride piano in the apartment next door, and I listened to her all the time right through the walls. And we used to listen to the songs my other grandmother in St. Louis would play on her old windup Victrola—Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, Billy Eckstine, all the greats. In Bremerton, I joined the school choir and the school band and learned how to play drums, tuba, B-flat baritone horn, French horn, E-flat alto horn, sousaphone and piano. I really wanted to learn trombone, so I could march right behind the drum majorettes. Then my father gave me a trumpet of my own, and soon I was wearing one of those red-and-white derbies and doo-wopping with my plunger mute in the National Guard band. In between the band concerts and singing in a Gospel group, me and my friends would be out playing gigs just about all the time, because this was during World War Two and Seattle had all these Army bases that were the last stop-off before getting shipped out to the Pacific, and that town was *jumpin'*, man.

PLAYBOY: Where did you play those gigs?

JONES: A typical night for us would be from seven to ten at the Seattle Tennis Club in our white tuxedos, playing *Room Full of Roses* and all that hotsy-totsy stuff for a totally white audience. Then, at ten-thirty, we'd make the rounds of all the black get-down clubs, like the Reverend Silas Groves's Washington Social and Education Club, which was nothing but a juke joint with strippers. Or to the Black and Tan, where we played R&B for an incredible character named Bumps Blackwell, who owned a meat market and a jewelry store and a chain of taxicabs in addition to heading up a band. He's the guy who discovered Sam Cooke and Little Richard. Bumps's band even played for Billie Holiday when she came to town. And we didn't just play *horn* for Bumps. We danced, we sang, we did everything. We had two girl singers, a stripper, four horns, a rhythm section, a male singer and two comedians—that was me and a friend of mine. We doubled as the comedy team of Methedrine and Benzedrine. We put on a *hell* of a show. Anyway, around two A.M., after blowing with Bumps for a few hours, we'd wind up down at the Elks Club playing bebop for ourselves till five or six.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you meet Count Basie around that time?

JONES: I met Basie when I was thirteen years old, when he was playing at the Palomar Theater in Seattle. At that time, he was the biggest and the best big-band leader in the world, but he took me under his wing, and we formed a relationship that lasted the rest of his life. He was my uncle, my father, my mentor, my friend—the dearest man in the world. And his trumpet man, Clark Terry, practically adopted me. He taught me and talked to me and gave me the confidence to get out there and see what I could do on my own. These are the guys who really trained me. They were my idols as musicians, but even more important, they were my role models as human beings. They were more concerned about getting better than about getting over.

PLAYBOY: You've said that Ray Charles was another big early influence on you. When did you meet him?

JONES: When I was about fourteen. I went over to Bumps's house one night, and there he was—this sixteen-year-old blind kid playing the piano and singing *Blowin' the Blues Away*. He was so good he gave me goose bumps. He already had his own apartment, he had all these women, he owned four or five suits. He was doing

better than me, and he was *blind*, man. So I just attached myself to him, and he became like a big brother to me. Taught me how to read and write music in Braille and how to voice horns and how to deal with polytonality, and that opened up a golden door for me, because I was fascinated with how all those instruments I'd learned how to play in the band, each of them with its own distinctive sound, could play their own individual variations on the tune and yet interweave them all into the fabric of a song. And from then on, I was hooked on the idea of orchestration and arranging.

PLAYBOY: But it was Lionel Hampton who gave you your first big break. How did that happen?

JONES: I kept hanging out with his band whenever it was in town, until finally, when I was fifteen, he gave me the chance to blow trumpet and write some arrangements for the band. Well, that's all the encouragement I needed to pack up and get on the bus. Only, before we could pull out, his wife, Gladys, caught me on board and yanked me back onto the street. "That boy's gonna finish his schooling before he gets back on this bus," she told Hamp.

So I was *highly* motivated to finish school so I could go join that band. And the moment I graduated from high school—and completed one-semester musical scholarships at Seattle University and Berklee College of Music in Boston—that's exactly what I did. Because Lionel Hampton was a superstar back then. He had the first rock-and-roll band in America—I'm talking about that big-beat sound with the honking tenor sax and the screaming high-note trumpet. Hamp was a *showman*. He even had us wearing these outlandish purple outfits—matching coats and shorts and socks and shoes and Tyrolean hats.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you embarrassed?

JONES: Mortified. But I didn't care, man, because I got to go to New York with the band. I was eighteen, and it was like going to heaven for me, because that's where all my idols were. Oscar Pettiford was like my big brother, and he introduced me to all of them: Miles, Dizzy, Ray Brown, Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, Charlie Mingus, all the bebop dudes. They were the new generation of jazz musicians, and they thought it was unhip to be too successful. They said, "We don't want to be entertainers. We want to be artists. We want to explore." But when they went into bebop, we lost some of our greatest warriors, because the public rejected them and they didn't make a dime, not a dime. I mean, they lived from day to day. And they went into this little cocoon and we ended up with a lot of casualties—a lot of people in the gutter, dying from heroin.

PLAYBOY: What was it like touring with Hampton's band?

JONES: It was an education, and not just about music. After we left New York, Hamp's band went on a long tour through the South, seventy-nine one-nighters in a row in the Carolinas alone. It was a grind. And every night was like going into a battle zone. About two thirds of the way through the show, somebody out on the dance floor would start a fight, and before the evening was over, there'd be two or three stabbings. You got used to that kind of thing.

What I didn't get used to was the discrimination. It was on that trip that I got my first real exposure to segregation in the raw, and it just about blew my head apart. Every day and every night, it kept hitting us in the face like a fist. It was like being in enemy territory. The older guys had been on the road for thirty years, and they'd seen it all. They knew just what to say and what not to say around white people down there, where you could stay and where you couldn't stay, where you could eat and where you couldn't eat. We'd show up in some towns and our white bus driver would have to go get us sandwiches and bring them back aboard, because there was no place we could eat. And once, in Texas, we pulled into this little town around five in the morning and there was an effigy of a black person with a rope around his neck hanging from the steeple of the biggest church in town. Man, that just fucked my mind up. I didn't know how to handle it.

But whenever it got to be too much for me, the older guys would say, "Don't feel so bad. It's no different for Lena Horne or

Whose Underwear Is Under There?

Sammy Davis or Harry Belafonte. They may be big stars, but when they play Vegas, they still got to eat in the kitchen, they can't stay in the hotel where they're working, they can't even mingle out front with the people who just paid to see them on the stage." Well, that didn't make me feel any better. But that's the way it was in those days. We've come a long way since then, but back in the Fifties, if you wanted to be treated like a person and appreciated for your musical talent, the older guys said Europe was the place to go.

PLAYBOY: Was there less prejudice there?

JONES: Let's not get carried away, now. You'll run into the same attitudes in Europe as you'll find anywhere else in the world. But in this country, jazz and blues had always been looked down on as the music of the brothel. In Europe, they were mature enough to understand it from the beginning for what it was: one of the true original art forms ever to come from America.

PLAYBOY: You toured Europe with Hampton's band in 1953. How did you go over?

JONES: We were a smash everywhere we went, and while we were in Stockholm, I also got the chance to compose, arrange and conduct four songs in a landmark recording session for Art Farmer, Clifford Brown and the Swedish All-Stars. After it came out, the word about us spread like wildfire all over Europe, and when we got to Paris, they wanted us to record some more albums. We were in Paris, I remember, when I got word from Jeri, my high school sweetheart, that she'd given birth to a little girl named Jolie. We'd gotten married before I left the States, and I didn't get to see either one of them till I got back home to New York. I quit the band to work in the city as a free-lance arranger, so I wouldn't be on the road so much. But we were too young to be married, let alone raising kids, and so it never worked out.

PLAYBOY: Did you make it as an arranger in New York?

JONES: Scuffled around awhile, arranging for James Moody's band, but then Dinah Washington grabbed ahold of me and asked me to start writing arrangements for her. Dinah's material could get pretty raunchy sometimes. One of the songs I arranged for her, I remember, was called *I Love My Trombone Playing Daddy with His Big Long Sliding Thing*. I was ready to move on in 1956 when George Avakian of Columbia Records asked me to write arrangements for the first album by a twenty-year-old San Francisco track star named Johnny Mathis. I told him yes, but before I had the chance to do it, Dizzy Gillespie called and asked me to do all the arrangements for a band that the State Department wanted him to take on a good-will tour of the Middle East.

As it turned out, America needed all the good will it could get just then because of the political situation in that part of the world. We arrived in Turkey in the middle of a crisis, and the same people who were stoning the American embassy came to our concert at night. And after the concert, they went rushing up to the stage and grabbed Dizzy, and we were scared to death about what they were gonna do. But they just picked him up on their shoulders and cheered, man, like he was a hero.

When we showed up in Pakistan, they'd never even seen a trumpet or a trombone, but they responded to our music like it was their own. We communicated with them on a level that transcended language and politics and cultural differences. It was on that trip that I felt for the first time the real power and universality of music as a bond among people everywhere.

PLAYBOY: You've said that your next European tours, in 1957 and 1958, were major turning points in your life. In what way?

JONES: The first one was a gas, the second a disaster. In 1957, I was asked to be the musical director of Barclay Records, a very innovative company in Paris that was run by Eddie Barclay and Nadia Boulanger. Before she went into the record business, Nadia had been the musical mentor to some of the greatest composers in the world—guys like Aaron Copland and Igor Stravinsky—and I can't begin to tell you the lessons she taught *me*, not only about music but about living. It was through her that I got to meet incredible people such as James Baldwin, Richard Wright, Françoise Sagan, Josephine Baker, Pablo Picasso, even Porfirio Rubirosa. That year was wonderful.

PLAYBOY: And the next was a bummer?

JONES: They say you learn more from your setbacks than you do from your successes, so I guess I should consider it a triumph. I was asked to become musical director for a Harold Arlen–Johnny Mercer musical called *Free and Easy*, and we took it on the road to Europe with my band. The plan was to tour the Continent for a few months and then pick up Sammy Davis on the way home to star in the show on Broadway. But when we got to Paris, the Algerian crisis had practically paralyzed the country, and the show folded, and we got stranded in Europe for the next ten months. Every week, I had to scuffle to cover the five-thousand-dollar payroll, and I wound up hocking all my publishing companies to cover the nut. The pressure of trying to keep everybody afloat finally got so bad that one night, I seriously considered grabbing a handful of pills and just checking out. But that very night, Irving Green of Mercury Records, who was a dear friend of mine, telephoned and gave me the faith and courage I needed to hang in there, and I did, until we finally scraped together enough to get home on.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to get back on your feet?

JONES: It was almost seven years before I bought myself out of hock. But I went back to work from the day I got off the boat in New York. Started composing and arranging again for Dinah, who told me to keep an eye on the Reverend C. L. Franklin's young daughter, Aretha. "She's the one, I promise you," Dinah told me. And she was. I organized my own band to play with Billy Eckstine, Johnny Ray and Peggy Lee at Basin Street East, and we went to the Monterey Jazz Festival. By this time, I was beginning to get noticed. In 1961, I won *Jet* magazine's award for best arranger and composer—and my first Grammy nomination, for arranging *Let the Good Times Roll* for Ray Charles.

That's when I got an offer from Irving Green at Mercury to join him as an A&R man. A&R stands for Artists and Repertoire—which means you're in charge of the people you pick and what they sing. So I had to put on a suit and go in to work every day at nine, but I got to do what I love, and I learned a lot about the business side of the music industry, because Irving Green took me to *school*, man. I was producing people like Dizzy, Sarah Vaughan, Art Blakey, and they were getting great records. I was also starting to make good money—but I didn't realize at first that other people who did what I did were getting a percentage of the royalties on top of their salaries, and that's where the real money was. But I found out real fast, and that's when I decided to get into pop music, because I was tired of producing jazz music that got great reviews, only nobody was buying it. So I produced a song—*It's My Party*—for Lesley Gore and it went up to number one on the charts. I did lots of others with her, and they were all hits. Then I started to conduct for Sinatra, and we made a record together, and we worked the Sands in Vegas.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you get married again around that time—in 1965?

JONES: That's right—to a beautiful Swedish model named Ulla. I met her on a business trip to Stockholm. She was only nineteen, so I don't know why I thought it would work out. But I was thirty-two—old enough to think I was finally ready to settle down—and I was determined to be a real husband this time. So after knowing her for three weeks, I married Ulla. Three weeks later, I knew we'd made a mistake, but I didn't want to fail at marriage a second time, and I wanted desperately to have a real home and a mother for my kids—something I'd never really known when I was growing up. So we had two children and stayed together for seven years, but finally, we both felt so trapped that each of us was blaming the other for why we weren't happy together, and it was tearing both of us to pieces—and the children, too. So one Christmas, she went home to Sweden with the kids, and she called to tell me, "I'm not coming back." Both kids came to live with me later, and we've got a fantastic relationship today, but that was one of the low points of my life, man.

PLAYBOY: Ironically, it was during those years that you moved to Los Angeles and established yourself as one of the most successful film-score composers in the

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industry. What made you decide to quit the record business and try movies?

JONES: It had been a dream of mine since I was fifteen, and I finally got my chance. I had scored a film for the Swedish director Arne Sucksdorff, and then Sidney Lumet asked me to write the music for *The Pawnbroker*, which got me an offer to score *Mirage*, my first picture for a major Hollywood studio. So I came out to L.A., and the people at Universal freaked out when they got a look at me, because they didn't know I was black. I don't think they'd seen many blacks around there, except maybe in the kitchen, and they tried to bail out of it. But Henry Mancini—who was a friend of mine—told them, "Hey, fellas, this is the Twentieth Century. Don't be stupid. And don't strangle the baby in the crib—he can handle it." And I did. After that, it got easier, and I really started cranking them out, maybe seven or eight a year. Thanks to Benny Carter, who wrote the music for *M Squad*, I got to do the music for a few TV series—including *Ironside*—and that led to movies like *In the Heat of the Night* and *In Cold Blood* and Goldie Hawn's first picture, *Cactus Flower*. And all of Bill Cosby's early shows—fifty-six episodes of a series starring him as a high school coach and twenty-six episodes of a variety show.

But by 1969, I wanted to go back in the studio and record something that was designed to be listened to as a piece of music, not as background for another medium—and the first album I produced, *Walking in Space*, won a Grammy. And two years later, I won another one.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it some time after that that you got married again?

JONES: Yes. My daughter Jolie introduced me at a party to a very elegant and attractive lady named Peggy Lipton, who happened to be an actress. She had been starring in *The Mod Squad* for several years, and she was fed up with the business, and that was very attractive to me, after having met every ambitious young starlet in Los Angeles. Peggy was very sensitive and intelligent, and she was from a very solid family background, with these wonderful parents who had been married for something like thirty-seven years. Well, the idea of two people being together for thirty-seven years was totally alien to my experience—and that was another attraction. Maybe it would rub off on us if *we* got married. So we did, and we had two children, and we stayed together for twelve years, and for a long time, it was everything I hoped it would be.

PLAYBOY: Your three wives have been white. Have you taken any heat for that?

JONES: From both sides. But it was never a choice I made on account of color. You just never know who you're going to fall in love with. I love ice cream, man, and I don't care if it's French vanilla, chocolate chip, maple walnut, lemon sherbet or black cherry. When I look at a woman, race is the *last* thing I'm thinking about. It's the last thing I think about when I look at anybody, unless they're looking at *me* that way. And my kids are the same way about it. They're all of mixed blood, but they choose to think of themselves as black, and they're proud of it—not because they don't want to be white but because they relate most deeply to the rich heritage of black culture, with all the heartache and all the joy that go along with it.

PLAYBOY: You were at the top of your profession in 1974 when you suffered a massive aneurysm that almost killed you. What do you think brought it on?

JONES: I was pushing myself too hard, as usual. I'd been up three days working, and I was at my home in Brentwood, in bed with my wife, when all of a sudden, I felt this blinding pain, like somebody had blown a shotgun through my brain. It was just the worst pain I'd ever felt in my whole life, and I was screaming, and I didn't know what was happening to me. Peggy called the paramedics, but by the time they got there, I had blacked out and gone into a coma. They thought it was a heart attack, and my wife said, "He's strong as a mule, that can't be it." And she called my doctor, Elsie Georgie, who said, "I think I know what it is, but I hope it's not too late," and she took me down to the hospital for a spinal tap and, sure enough, she was right: I'd had an aneurysm. The main artery to my brain had popped and blood was pouring into my brain, which had swollen up so big they had to wait eight days before they could operate on me. Finally, they did, and I woke up and I was still alive.

That was the moment I realized for the first time that I didn't have a three-pronged cord plugged into my body that I could turn on at any time, whenever I

wanted. I'd never imagined that I could fall apart like that. And coming through all that—there were actually two aneurysms and two operations a month apart—being blessed enough to come through all that alive, it really was a miracle.

PLAYBOY: You didn't go back to work for several months after the aneurysms. Had they affected your thought processes?

JONES: I was afraid to find out. So for a long time, I didn't even try to work. I was also very weak from the surgery. But finally, I was faced with a decision that would put my recovery and my courage to the test. I had a commitment to tour Japan with a small band and I wasn't sure I should risk it, but Elsie Georgie told me, "You're anemic, but if you baby yourself now, you'll never be OK. So go."

But the surgeon who operated on me warned me not to play the trumpet. He had put a clip on my artery to keep it closed, and he told me that I'd blow off that clip and kill myself if I tried to blow that horn. I didn't believe him, of course, and I decided to take the tour, and I started blowing the horn, and one night, I hit one of those high notes and I felt something crack inside, like my head was gonna break right open. I was scared to death, and I went to the doctor and, sure enough, I'd almost blown off the clip. Well, the doctor didn't have to warn me again. I stopped playing the trumpet and I had to leave the band.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to go back to work as a producer?

JONES: Not long. Surviving a second time made me realize that I didn't have anything to be afraid of—except maybe giving up on myself. So I got together with two of the guys who'd gone on the tour with me—the Johnson brothers, who had a great sound on guitar and bass—and produced a record with them. We wound up with four hits in a row, and there I was, smack dab back in the record business. It was in the middle of all this that I was at a party in L.A. and ran into this beautiful brother from San Francisco who was writing this book about the story of his family and the history of black people in America, all the way back through slavery to Africa. He called it *Roots*, and it was just about the most moving and powerful story I'd ever heard. Well, it so happened that at the time, I was on a journey of my own, doing research on the evolution of black music, so I felt like it was fated that you and I should meet, Alex.

PLAYBOY: Is it fair to say that you were fanatic about historical authenticity in scoring *Roots* with your African collaborators?

JONES: Letta Mbulu and Caiphus Semenya, yes. Anybody else might say I was fanatical, but to me, it was just trying to tell it like it was, trying to rediscover a heritage that was taken away from us. African music had always been regarded in the West as primitive and savage, but when you take the time to really study it, you see that it's as structured and sophisticated as European classical music, with the same basic components as you'll find in a symphony orchestra—instruments that are plucked, instruments that are beaten and instruments that are blown with reeds. And it's music from the soil—powerful, elemental. Life-force music. Composers from Bizet to Stravinsky have drawn on African influences. And in slave-ship times, it started spreading into the New World, from Brazil all the way up through Haiti to Cuba, through the West Indies, until some of the ships started landing in Virginia and New Orleans. The original African influence had been watered down and assimilated with other sounds along the way, but it was still strong enough that in 1692, the Virginia colony decided to ban the drum, because the slaves used it as a means of communication, and that was threatening to the plantation owners. But that didn't stop the slaves: They started making music with hand claps and foot stomps, anything to keep that spirit alive. The slaves weren't allowed to practice their own religions, either, but the black Christian churches became the keepers of the flame for black music in America. From Gospel, blues, jazz, soul, R&B, rock and roll, all the way to rap, you can trace the roots straight back to Africa.

PLAYBOY: During the five years after *Roots*, you produced a string of hits for Chaka Khan, George Benson, Lena Horne and Donna Summer. And you began a collaboration with Michael Jackson that culminated in 1982 with the production of the biggest album of all time, *Thriller*. Did you know it was going to be a hit?

JONES: I knew from the first time I heard it in the studio, because the hair stood straight up on my arms. That's a sure sign,

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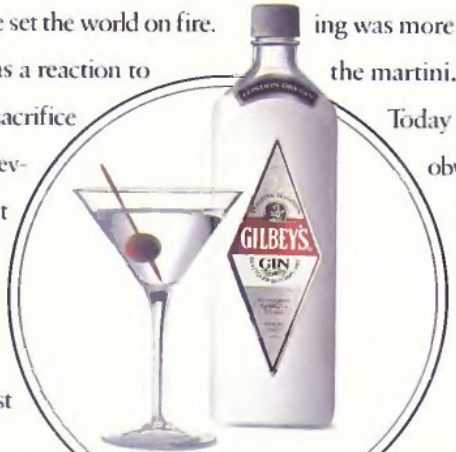

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and it's never once been wrong. All the brilliance that had been building inside Michael Jackson for twenty-five years just *erupted*. It's like he was suddenly transformed from this gifted young man into a dangerous, predatory *animal*. I'd known Michael since he was twelve years old, but it was like seeing and hearing him for the first time. I was *electrified*, and so was everybody else involved in the project.

That energy was contagious, and we had it cranked so high one night that the speakers in the studio actually overloaded and burst into flames. First time I ever saw anything like that in forty years in the business. And that's just what the album did when it hit the charts. Biggest-selling album in the history of music hyped by the biggest-selling video of all time—a fourteen-minute film that had the impact of a hit movie. There's never been anything like it.

PLAYBOY: Jackson has a reputation for eccentricity that rivals the brilliance of his creative talents. Are both justified?

JONES: There's no question that he's brilliant—the most gifted composer and performer in popular music today. But I think it trivializes Michael to call him eccentric. He's an incredibly rich and complex human being with both the wisdom of an eighty-five-year-old sage and the magical, childlike curiosity and wonder of a Peter Pan. And the intensity of his creative energy is awesome, like a force of nature.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that you work yourself up into a kind of fever pitch when you're composing and producing.

JONES: Well, I do have a tendency to become obsessed. When I've got a creative mode going with my composing partners, Rod Temperton and Siedah Garrett—I don't want you to get the idea I do this all alone—my mind gets so fired up that I can't turn it off and go to sleep at night. I can actually hear a song in my mind, completely orchestrated from start to finish, before we even go into the studio with my sound engineer, Bruce Swedien, to record it. But I've got to wait until the last minute to be at my best. It's the fever of the recording session that gets my juices going, and I ride it straight through to the end.

PLAYBOY: That's the way you recorded *We Are the World*, wasn't it—in one long marathon session?

JONES: We had to. With all those superstars involved, it was like organizing D day to get them all in the same studio on the same day. We had only ten hours to do the whole thing, and we had to get it right in one session, because there wasn't going to be a second one. Lionel [Richie] and Michael and I knew all the things that could go wrong, so we planned it right down to where everybody in the chorus would be standing and where every microphone would be positioned so that we'd pick up each voice distinctly. And we didn't know what to expect with all those egos in the same room together. But they must have checked them at the door, because the mood in the studio was like a living embodiment of the idea behind the song. As one after another showed up—Tina Turner, Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, Stevie Wonder, Ray Charles, just about all the top people in the business—the voltage in that studio kept rising and rising. For the first hour, they were signing autographs for each other. And that spirit of brotherhood communicated itself very vividly on the sound track and in the video.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to people who characterize *We Are the World* as corny and commercial?

JONES: I say it takes a strange kind of mind to find fault with a project that raised fifty million dollars to feed the hungry. Thanks to Harry Belafonte, who planted the seed for the whole project, and to Ken Kragen, who got it off the ground, *We Are the World* raised the public consciousness about world hunger, and that helped push the Government into coming up with millions more. Bob Geldof's Live Aid show paved the way, but *We Are the World* helped trigger a whole series of fund-raising events, like Hands Across America and Farm Aid and Comic Relief, that woke the kids up from their I-me-mine Yuppie mentality and got them involved in caring about what happens to somebody else for a change. Anybody who wants to throw stones at that can get up off his ass and go do something better. There's still plenty of starving Africans.

PLAYBOY: After such megahits as *Thriller* and *We Are the World*, do you feel any pressure to hit a home run with every record?

JONES: You can't do that, because the business we're in as human beings is the *efforts* business. God is the only one in the *results* business. All we can do is the best we can. If you start thinking about sales while you're making music, man, you'll short-circuit your brain and the music won't have a chance of being any good.

PLAYBOY: You made a big reach when you took on the role of coproducer for *The Color Purple*. How did you come to head up that project?

JONES: When Peter Guber brought me Alice Walker's book to read, it was such a powerful experience for me that I could see it unfolding like a movie right inside my mind, and I knew that I had to bring that vision to reality. So I asked Steven Spielberg to direct it, because he's one of the finest film makers we've ever seen, and *The Color Purple* deserved the best there is. I knew there would be a certain blackness that would be missing, and I took a lot of flak from some people for picking a white director, but I think the results more than justified my faith in him.

But it was probably the most difficult and taxing project I've ever worked on. It should have taken about a year to produce the movie, but Steven's other commitments

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made it necessary to get the whole thing done in five months, and then I had to hole up with my crew to write an hour and fifty-four minutes of music for it in just six weeks. Well, somehow I got it all done, and the picture won eleven Oscar nominations that year. But the whole experience took a terrible toll on me. And there were a lot of other pressures going on in my personal life at the same time.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

JONES: For a long time, Peggy and I had been drifting apart. With so much of her life going into my career and my family, I guess she kind of lost track of herself somewhere along the way, and I'm sure I could have been much more sensitive and attentive to her needs. But by the time I was ready to, it was too late.

PLAYBOY: All this undoubtedly contributed to your collapse in 1986 with what the newspaper accounts called "adrenal syndrome." What were the symptoms?

JONES: Memory lapses, lack of concentration, irritability, sleeplessness, everything. And finally, I just caved in. Adrenal syndrome is what the doctor called it, but I think that was just kind of a fancy name for nervous breakdown. I asked him what to do, and he told me to pull the plug and get away, go straight back to nature. So Marlon Brando offered me his place in Tahiti, and I took him up on it. Alice Walker gave me some spiritual books—*Rays of the Dawn* and *The Essene Gospel of Peace*—to take along with me. I thought these introspective books would help me dig inside myself to see what was really going on. I wanted to have a long talk with myself and get it right this time, maybe even build a platform that I could grow on for the rest of my life.

PLAYBOY: Did you find what you were looking for in Tahiti?

JONES: I think I did. But I got a lot of help, and I needed all I could get, because I was in such bad shape, I was as helpless as a baby. It was just me and thirteen Tahitians on that island. They devoted themselves to making me better, and they knew just how to do it. They fed me what they ate themselves. They would pick a papaya right off the tree and cut it up and then serve it on a coconut shell, dressed just like a chef would do it. We'd eat it with our hands, and then drink the milk from the coconut. And we'd share raw fish right out of the ocean. And that's all I ate, or felt like eating, for the thirty-one days I was there.

All the beauty of Tahiti was right outside my door, but I would have stayed in my room all the time if they hadn't come and taken me outside. One of the cooks would take me on long walks with him and tell me about the spirits of the ancient Tahitians. He told me, "Don't you worry, everything's gonna be all right, because I've connected you to the coconut radio, and they all know you're here." And this very talented writer and sculptor who called himself Huihini Bobby came by and took me down to this natural pool that was filled with these huge moray eels—some of them big enough to take your head off—and we sat there and watched while this guy went in the water with them and fed them right out of his hand. Another time, Bobby helped his friend's wife deliver her baby right there at home, and they were such close, loving friends that she gave him the placenta and the umbilical cord as a gift for birthing the baby, and he planted them underneath his window.

What I'm trying to tell you is that this was a magical place. These people were *connected* to the natural world around them, and the world inside them, in a way I had never known was possible and can't explain even now, but I know that just being there with them began to *heal* me. Not physically but spiritually. Because whatever was wrong with me had just struck me down and left me for dead. I felt utterly drained, vacant, empty, like my soul had left my body. I stopped looking in the mirror, because it was like looking at somebody I didn't know—a zombie—and I was afraid to look at anybody else without my sunglasses on, because I didn't want them to see that I wasn't there.

Then, one night, this sweet, beautiful girl named Vaea—she was a painter—looked into my eyes and said, "Your *kundalini* is gone." I didn't know what she was talking about, so she explained that according to Eastern philosophy, your *kundalini* is the core of your sexual energy, the core of your whole being. And mine was

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gone. But she said there was an ancient cure, and two of her friends came to my bungalow with this paste that comes from the bark of a tree, and they made me lie down and they snatched off my clothes and put the salve all over my back. Then they laid leaves on top of it, wrapped me all up in gauze and sat me in this big tub on a wooden block. Beside the tub, they had this huge pot full of herbs that had been cooking in water for about three hours, and they put this big towel over my head so that it hung off me like a tent, and they began pouring this steaming-hot stuff over me right through the towel, just like a homemade sauna.

Well, I started to inhale, and I'm telling you, I never felt anything like that in my life. That vapor went cleansing and healing its way right through my body into my very soul, and by the time I came out of there, I felt like a brand-new person—like I'd been reborn. I was still fragile, and for a long time, I couldn't handle noise or traffic or crowds or even television, but I knew I was whole again. And that for the rest of my life, I would be heading down another path.

PLAYBOY: In what direction?

JONES: Toward the center. When I was young, I lived on the run, trying to make sure I wasn't missing anything. But I kept running into myself coming from the opposite direction—and he didn't know where he was going, either. It took me a long time to learn that the only thing I was missing was a good night's sleep. That I couldn't keep living my life as if I were running out of time. Because no matter how much you manage to get done, you're not ever going to finish everything you set out to do.

Since I got back from Tahiti, I've learned that the only way to keep my flame bright is abandoning myself completely to every moment I'm alive. I don't know whether I'll be here for another thirty years or another thirty minutes, so I want to just *inhale* my life—smell the roses and the butter and the seashore and everything else on the planet that I dearly love. I want to share that love with my six beautiful children—Jolie, Rachel, Martina, Quincy the Third, Rashida and Kidada—and with my friends and the people who listen to my music, because what I'm trying to express in my work is how I feel about life.

PLAYBOY: Your latest hit record, *Back on the Block*, has been praised by critics for its "ecumenical spirit." What inspired you to bring together all the styles and periods of black popular music in America and orchestrate them into a single album?

JONES: They belong together, man. It's our musical legacy, like I was saying earlier, like a mighty river flowing all the way from the cradle of civilization in Africa down through the centuries to the black church in America, which has been the mother ship of black culture, musically and spiritually, ever since we came off the slave ships. I want the kids to know where they came from, to be proud of what we've contributed to American music and American culture. I'm talking about heart and soul, man. What else is there?

PLAYBOY: Rap is one of the sounds on your new album. Do you think it's a fad or an important new kind of music?

JONES: It's no fad, man. And it's not just a new kind of music. It's a whole new subculture that's been invented by the disenfranchised. When you have no place in society, you say, "Fuck it, we'll start our own." Everything from graffiti to break dancing to popping and locking, hip-hop and now rap—the voice that vocalizes hip-hop—they're all symbols of a new culture that comes directly from the street.

Rap is also a new kind of communication. The point is, what are you trying to communicate? The hard-ass groups say they're just telling it like it is, but any brother or sister can go out in the street in the ghetto and *see* how it is. But once somebody has put all that about what's happening to your ass into poetic terms, he's got to get some positive information going. We got the diagnosis, so where is the prescription? It's easy to say blow the cops away with an AK-47 and it's all about bitches and money and getting high, but that's just talkin' shit. It might be a popular stance for kids to take, but it's irresponsible and it's disrespectful to the men and women of the community for anybody to think that's the way to be, because it sucks, and it's destructive. We've got to find ways to give people hope, help them put a value on their own life.

Rap at its best does just that. It may be profane and abrasive, but I think it's a very powerful and positive force. And it's the freshest thing that's happened musically in thirty years. It's already popular in Holland and Sweden and Italy and Germany, even Tokyo, and I think it's just getting started. Black music has always been the prologue to social change. It was true in the Fifties with modern jazz and rock and roll, and I think rap is a sign of the kind of changes that are sweeping the world today. It's a forum to mobilize the people of the street in a new direction—toward pride and freedom and the elevation of the spirit—and that's happening everywhere.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the rest of the Top Forty music today?

JONES: Well, we've had great seasons, and we've had drought seasons, and—apart from rap—I think we're in a drought season now. There are significant exceptions in the case of a few individual performers, of course, but I'm not stimulated by much of what's happening right now. Most of it sounds homogenized. The problem is that technology is driving a lot of the music that's being recorded now. I'm not knocking technology, mind you. It has opened up all kinds of new horizons in pop music since 1953, when I was involved in the very first recording session with a new instrument invented by a young guy named Leo Fender. It was the electric bass, which, along with the electric guitar, has become the motor of rock and roll in the years since then. And I remember one day in 1964, when I went to visit this eccentric inventor named Paul Beaver at his house in L.A., and he was sitting at this keyboard with all kinds of wires coming out of it, and he said, "Here, try this." It sounded like a piano on acid, man. It made sounds I'd never heard before, just totally blew me away, and I asked him what the hell it was. "I call it a synthesizer," he told me. Between then and now, it's had the same effect on music that the jet plane has had on air travel. And in my own work, it's been like enlarging the alphabet from twenty-six letters to thirteen hundred.

The trouble is that electronics has the music industry completely wired by now, to the point where musicians—and certainly musicianship—are starting to be considered obsolete.

Take the drum machine. Drum machines don't have any human faults and frailties—they *never* miss the beat—and they're so sophisticated that I swear you couldn't tell one from the real thing with your eyes closed. It's very seductive to just let the machine do it; you don't have to learn how to play. There's just one problem: The drum machine is totally predictable, totally incapable of originality. And technology has been developed, or is being developed, that will make it possible to do the same thing with most of the other instruments. And that scares me, man. Eventually, we're going to have to reconcile the relationship between humanity and technology—and not just in the world of music—because if we remove people from the process, if we replace musicians with technicians, if we can't tell anymore whether it's real or it's Memorex, we're going to lose the whole reason for making music in the first place, which is to celebrate life.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you're going to keep doing with your music? Celebrating life?

JONES: As long as I've got breath in my body. But not just with my music. I'm always going to love making albums, for myself and the people I love, and I've been thinking about going on a tour. I'd like to direct for Bobby De Niro. And I'm also working on the book for a Broadway show—a musical about dealing with your dreams.

And that's just the tip of the iceberg. I'm in partnership now with a guy named Bob Pittman, who dreamed up the whole idea of MTV and got it launched. It cost about twenty million dollars to start it up, and four years later, when they sold it to Viacom, it was worth five hundred eighty million. They wanted Bob to stay with it, but he said no, he wanted to try something new, and here we are, working together.

A dear friend of mine, Steve Ross, the co-C.E.O. of Time Warner, who's been like the godfather of this whole venture, has helped us form a new company, Quincy

(continued on page 164)

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FIGHTING THE WRONG WAR

how the president's war on drugs repeats the mistakes of vietnam

article By ROBERT STONE

RARELY DO WE get a look at the process of history through the promiscuous confusion of each day's news. Over the past year, however, events have moved so dramatically that we've been able to see the thing itself. From hour to hour, we've witnessed the unraveling of that postwar world to which many of us grew up and in which we've lived most of our lives.

If there is a unifying minor key, it is the abridgment of possibility for the superpowers, a suggestion that limits are being set to the variety of their options for effective action. Against history's landscape, it's possible to imagine the echoes of Kipling's celebrated *Recessional*, the poem he wrote for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897.

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

One need not be religious to understand that fear of the Lord, so to speak, is the beginning of wisdom. Nor should the sentiments in the poem be mistaken for self-pity or despair. Kipling, as great a patriot as ever was, was implicitly pointing out that nations must be prepared to outlive their superpower status, and that a decent sense of proportion is a priceless national asset.

The poem concludes:

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Increasingly now, our concerns will be with domestic issues and our politics will divide itself around them. One of the most visible of our domestic problems is drug-taking. Because it's so visible and so easily politicized, the present Administration has seized on it as a means of ingratiating itself with a public it has reason to believe is naïve and easy to manipulate. This is not to say that George Bush, William Bennett and the rest are not genuinely concerned about the plight of addicts. It's just that the drug issue, with its sumptuary aspect and suggestion of swarthy foreign villainy, ideally lends itself to filibustering.

Why do we have this drug problem? Why is there so much more drugging going on in this country than in other industrial nations? No one has ever answered these questions. Has anyone ever tried? In any case, part of the price we have had to pay for the relentless social and economic changes since World War Two has been a certain amount of poverty and a certain degree of nihilism. In the U.S., poverty and nihilism find their expression in violent crime and drug-taking. The problem is real enough and touches many of our people. It must be taken seriously. This, I submit, has not been done, even by those who imagine they are doing it.

In place of a serious examination of the subject, we have something called the war on drugs. And what is the object of this war? Why, presumably, victory. And what is victory? A drug-free America. These words are vehicles of illusion. They suggest the same infantilizing of public discourse that made the last Presidential election campaign such a disgrace.

What we seem to be currently declaring is that if we can't get our people to stop taking drugs, we'll put them all in jail. If we can't get the rest of the world to stop selling us drugs, we'll put it in jail, too! Never mind that, short of turning the western third of the country into a penal colony, there is no way to incarcerate the numbers of people involved with illegal drugs. Forget the fact that, in reality, our courts are incapable of dealing with universal prosecution. What matter that our country, like no other country in the world, teems with high-priced criminal lawyers who specialize in springing contrabandists? Ignore the fact that our constitutional guarantees

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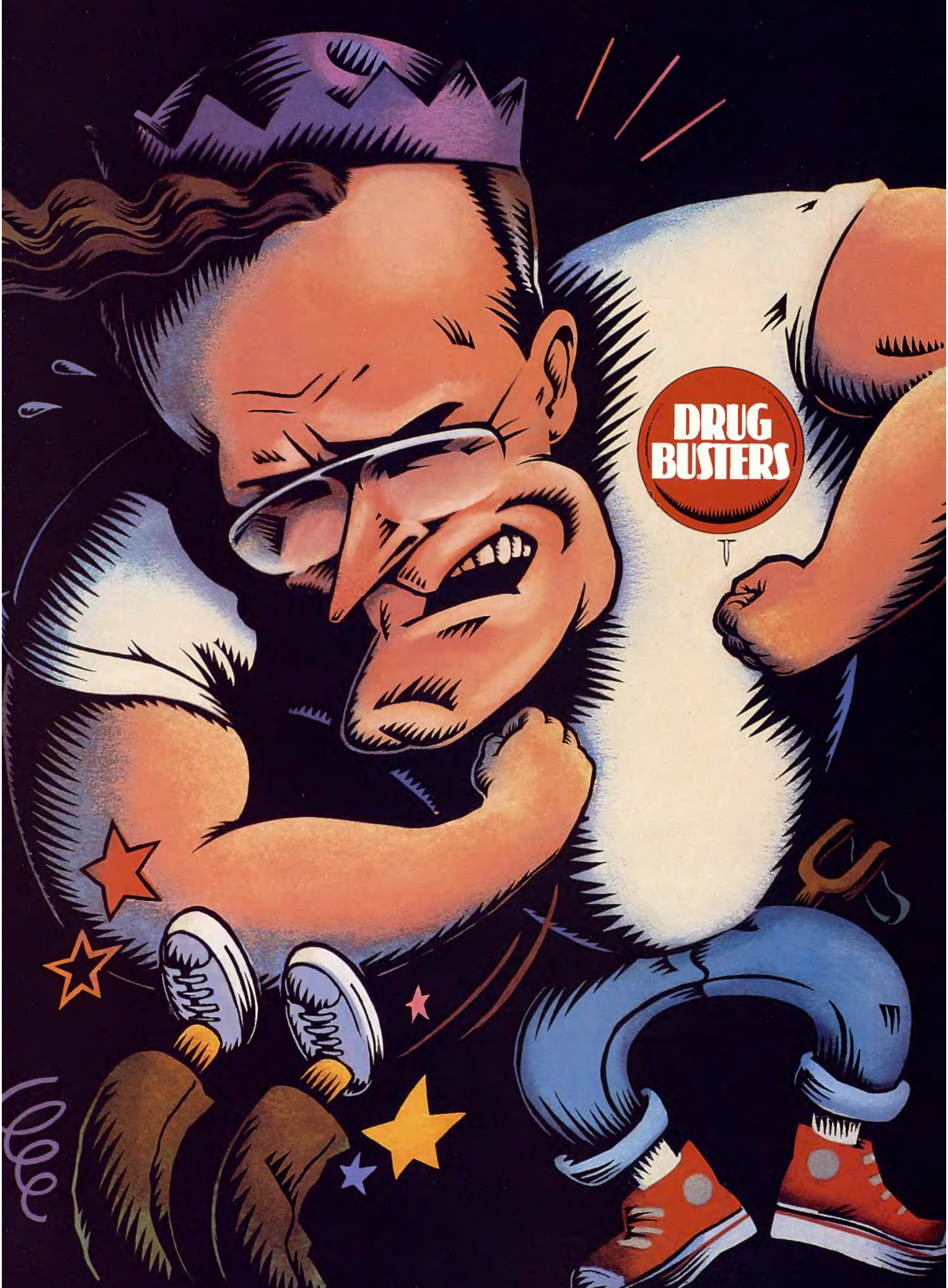
DRUG
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against improper search and seizure are the most restrictive in the world and that our scrutiny of defendants' rights is the most rigorous (with the right lawyers on the job). Paradox? The suggestion of some contradiction? Not in God's country. The Administration behaves as though its resources to combat the illegal drug market were limitless and its options endless. That is simply not so.

Apparently, it is once again necessary to haul out George Santayana's old bad news: "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." In this war on drugs, we sometimes seem to be sleepwalking into a repetition of the most disastrous event of our recent history: the war in Vietnam.

If we intend to maintain our country's well-being in the present changing world, it is essential that we examine today's events against the background of past errors. Twenty-five years ago, because the limits of national power were not understood in Washington, our country embroiled itself in a struggle that poisoned its internal political civility and damaged its international prestige forever. Those who remember the American war in Vietnam will recall the peculiar lack of insight with which it was conducted. It seemed to express a commitment to ignorance—a refusal to consider the realities of postwar Asia but also, more perversely, a refusal to consider any limit to the effective possibilities of American economic and military power. This refusal was the root of disaster.

During that war, because our options were taken to be limitless, no careful examination of our goals and interests was seriously undertaken. As we now realize, our forces were committed to battle with the most amorphous of missions. They were to destroy, under the direction of a leadership 10,000 miles from the scene, an intricate social, political and military movement that had grafted itself by hook and crook to Vietnamese national identity.

Such was the empty faith in sheer weaponry, in "reeking tube and iron shard," that, morality aside, we never asked what we required of the place. The idea was that somehow we didn't have to. Prevailing, as the contemporary term had it, nothing less, would do as a goal.

The Administrations conducting the Vietnam war soon became more concerned with appearances than with reality. Indeed, they resisted reality, resisted it fatally. The fact was that they never stopped to analyze either the range of their achievable objectives or the limits of their power. Not until the whole thing turned to dust, until the last exhausted dregs of effort limply trickled down the forearms of our war leaders, were we compelled to address the grim principle of possibility. What followed was improvised and not always honorable. That is how things go when policies of know-nothing perfectionism prevail, when the American can-do spirit is equated with an absolute refusal to examine ends and means.

We must do now what we failed to do in Vietnam. Serving the national interest in the matter of illegal drugs requires a thoughtful match-up of power and possibility. Frantic boasts of the sort emanating from Washington are the very last things we need.

In the ideology of the war on drugs, no choices, no examination of options, no determination of what can really work, no examination of the possible are allowed for. The very word possible can be made to seem defeatist, part of the diction of nervous Nellies. Once again, perfectionism, all or nothing. Once again, for those charged with doing the job, a hopelessly open-ended mission uninformed by any truck with the idea that national power has its limits.

More and more stridently, the impresarios of the war demand a national consensus. Journalists and others who question what emanates from the leadership are referred to as defectors. Consensus in America has often meant an uncritical getting on board, a refusal to consider complexity or to closely consider the national interest in other than bombastic, perfectionist terms. Now, in its name, we are being asked to forget what a previous generation learned the hard way—that making national policy means practicing the art of the possible and always involves hard choices. We are being told again that somehow, mystically, America's limitless options will keep us immune from the necessity for decisions. And how convenient for politicians when a false myth of boundless power enables them to promise everything to everyone.

Troops fighting a nonspecific, endless war become demoralized. In the case of the war on drugs, most of our troops are policemen of one sort or another. The presence in our cities and towns of large numbers of demoralized policemen, charged with enforcing unenforceable laws, may have extremely unpleasant and quickly visible results. The high prices illegal drugs command have corrupted members of nearly every police force on earth, from the DEA to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

The last mindless, guileless attempt to establish a drug-free America, Prohibition, succeeded in institutionalizing the richest and most powerful criminal syndicate of modern times, one that's every bit as close to most of us as the nearest junkie. And we might remind the public that law-enforcement officials who build their empires on tough talk and empty promises have never done the country much good. This is, after all, the country of Al Capone and of the White House "plumbers" and of the late J. Edgar Hoover, who, as much as he got around, never believed in the Mafia. Our attempts to fecklessly oversimplify our problems have always compounded them.

Internationally, we have had examples of the military aspect of the war. Special Forces teams abroad, working as they must with the local military, have descended on the jungle redoubts of *traficantes* to find the premises abandoned. They have suspected that notice of their arrival may have been given by the forces of the host country. Is that reminiscent of another land far away? We will undoubtedly be able to bribe and bully some allies into suiting up for expensive search-and-destroy operations. As any Third World general knows, a man can make a great deal of money out of counterinsurgency. That is especially true when playing one side off against another, the more so when both sides, like the *traficantes* and the gringos, have enormous sums at their disposal. The war on drugs can be good business for the right army: Just ask the fellow who was helping us out in Panama. What was his name, anyway?

Increasingly, the Administration has sought military options in its war on drugs. Right now, our military presence in Peru is being increased. "America's forward outpost in the war on cocaine," a facility that will require ever-increasing protection, is being expanded in the heart of territory controlled by the Shining Path guerrillas.

This is extremely dangerous business. Has the Bush Administration really familiarized itself with the situation in Peru, in Colombia, in Bolivia and elsewhere? It had better, if we're putting our people in there. Is our military, presently geared for a massive positional European war, really equipped to handle the trouble we may be getting ourselves into?

During the attack on Panama, a lot of us held our breath for a while. In the first daylight hours of day one, when it appeared that Noriega had escaped, when fire fights were still raging all over Panama City and heavy weapons were being brought to bear in its miserable slums, students of modern American military operations experienced a few unpleasant flashes from the past. At their worst, things looked as though some of the familiar criticisms of our military style might be grimly validated. There was fear that the operation would prove technologized to the point of unwieldiness. There was anxiety that our procedures, in an operation of some political sensitivity, might be lacking in political sophistication. Some observers suspected that our forces might go in dependent on

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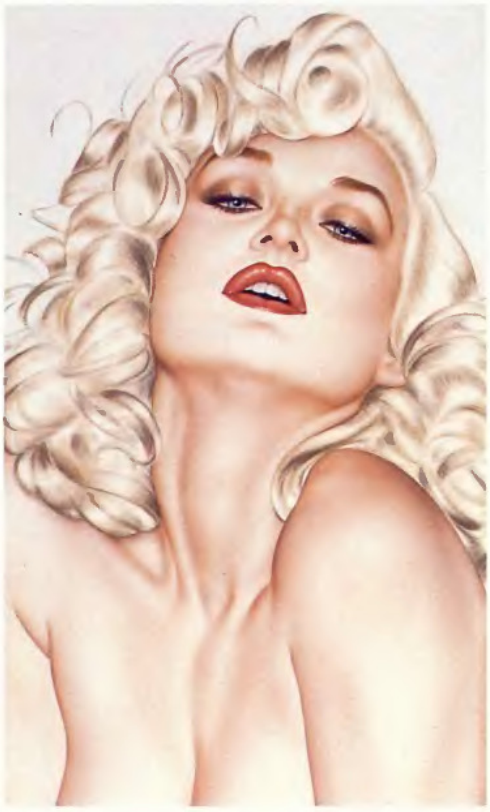
"You on the left I made in My image. . . . The one on the right, I'd like to take a closer look!"



BODY DOUBLE

rhonda's marilyn act inspires olivia's art

Platinum hair. Cherry lips. Her giggle is equal parts music box and Mickey Mouse, but it's the only mousy thing about her. And she has a devil of a time keeping her clothes on. Strolling the beach, as captured in a filmstrip by Joel Beren, she's blonde *déjà vu*. Marilyn Monroe? Almost. "People say I'm uncanny," says Rhonda Ridley-Scott, 23, who makes her living "doing" Monroe. "It's easy. I'm just like her." Rhonda dislikes the term impersonation, seeing herself rather as a reincarnation: "When I do her, I *am* Marilyn."

"I always saw Marilyn Monrae as an exaggeration of femininity," says artist Olivia De Berardinis (seen at right with her current model), whose water colors of Rhonda echo Monroe. "And Rhonda captures that laok. She shimmers. Taking a walk with her is like taking a walk with a nean sign—especially if she's wearing something low-cut. Everyone notices. It's exactly the same 'Jell-O on springs' look that Monroe had."

Rhondo fans can order her likeness in De Berardinis' work—prices range from $35 for posters to $700 for limited-edition lithographs—either by writing to Robert Bone Editions (8025 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Colifornio 90046) or by telephoning 800-325-2765.

"Marilyn was 5'5" and weighed 125 pounds," says Rhonda (seen here, as elsewhere in this pictorial, in photos by Richard Fegley and water color by De Berardinis). "Me, too. Marilyn was a Gemini. So am I." Now doing Monroe in a *Legends in Concert* show at the Imperial Palace in Las Vegas, she cites only one difference between herself and her idol. "My chest is four inches bigger," Rhonda says, giggling.

Born too late to meet Monroe in the flesh, Rhonda has spent years researching her heroine. She watches Marilyn's films and studies photos of the pop goddess, distilling the essence of Monroe's undying appeal. "There was always something in her eyes," she says. "Something that said, 'Love me.'"

here, gentlemen, are the risks we run for love

THE GAS-STATION CAPER AND OTHER TALES OF THE NIGHT

article By ASA BABER

MARTY IS A slightly overweight, bearded man of 45 who is an executive in the publishing industry. Marty's luck is almost always good: Women seem to gravitate toward him like birds to a feeder. "I think they see me as a father figure at first," he says, "sort of a harmless older man who will protect them and listen to them and not jump their bones. That's OK with me. I'm happy to play Santa Claus for a while. Things usually get better after that."

Marty is not his real name. The names here have been changed to protect the roguish. But Marty is your typical male, and he has war stories about his life and loves that will keep you laughing through lunch. His favorite? Something you might call Sex and Paralysis.

"I developed this lower-back problem," Marty says. "It got so bad I could hardly move. I went to my doctor, who is also one of my best friends. He examined me and then did his routine: a list of exercises for my back, a prescription for muscle relaxants, a cane to walk with and the advice not to put my back under any undue stress. 'You can't move too sharply or suddenly,' he told me. 'Basically, you have to avoid all vigorous exercise.'

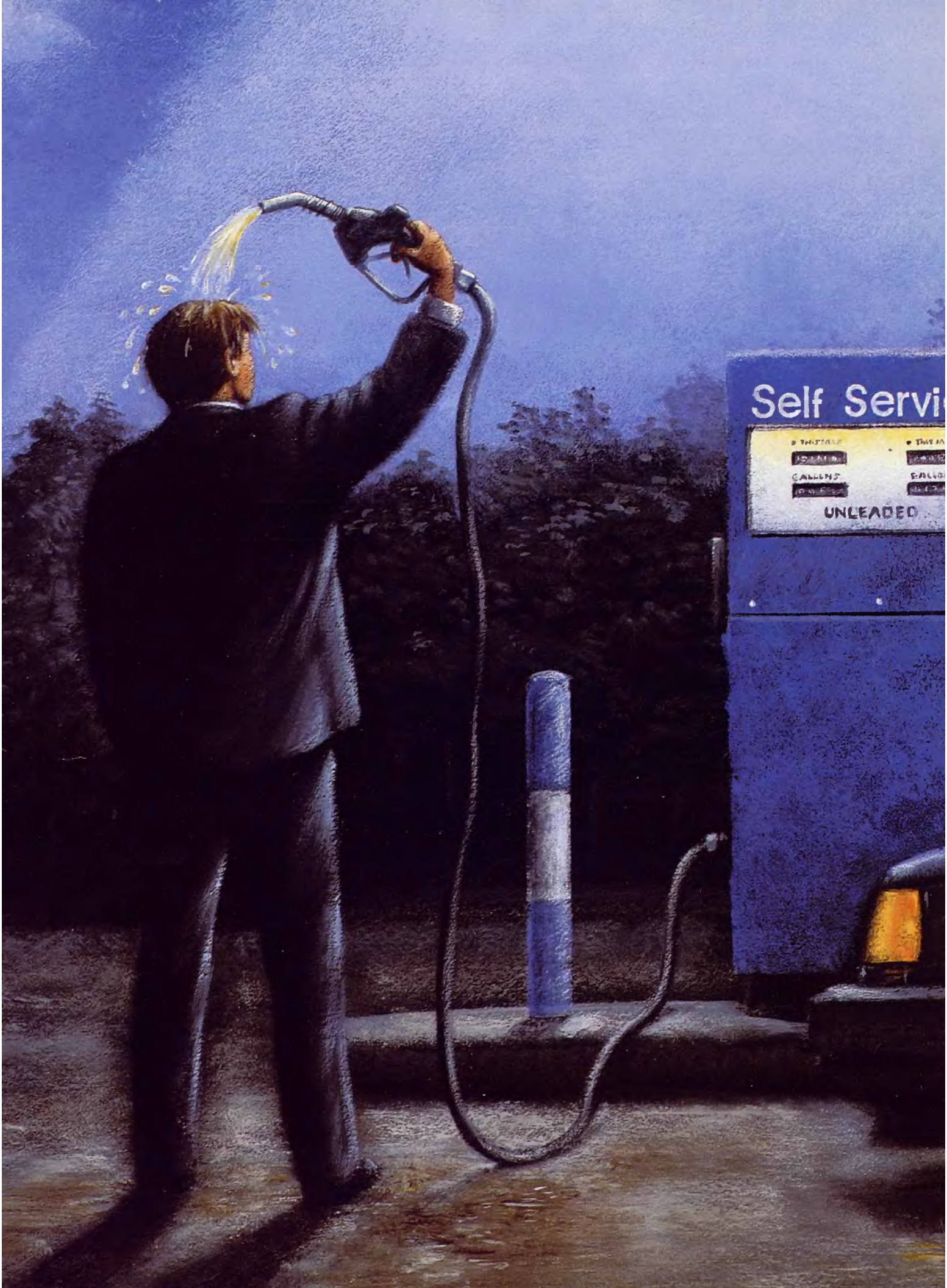
"I thought about that for a minute. 'Doc,' I said, 'you're not talking about sex, right? Tell me I can have sex.'

" 'Marty,' he said, 'you definitely have to limit your sex life for at least the next few weeks. Stay away from it as much as you can. If you have to do it, only one position allowed, your back on the floor, your partner above you, no violent movements, she does all the work. You've got a dangerously deteriorating disk condition. If you throw your back out, it can cause you serious problems for the rest of your life.'

"I'm just a regular guy," Marty says, laughing as he reminisces, "which means that if I get a stiffie, I'll do anything to get laid. So there I am, hobbling down the street from my doctor's office, walking like a goddamn bull on ice, using the cane and hating it, feeling like shit, pain in my back and pain down my legs. There on the street, I run into a former girlfriend, a woman I haven't seen for five or six years. She likes the way I'm limping. She likes the cane. She thinks it's all very sexy. She has missed me terribly.

"We stop in a bar for some drinks, we remember old times and before you know it, we're checking into a hotel. At first, I'm careful. I tell her I have to do it the way my doctor told me to do it. She cooperates. We put the bedding on the

ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI


Self Servi
UNLEADED

floor, she climbs aboard, I let her do the heavy work; she's good at it. But one thing leads to another and I want to change positions. I'm not a passive guy. I want to show off. I remember that she likes doing it doggy style best; it's the only way she can come; there's something about the position that does it for her every time."

Marty taps his temple. "Some things you never forget, you know? And here I am, in the heat of passion, wanting to be impressive. So I get up on my knees and she gets on her knees and we go at it like two mutts in the street, bam-bam-bam. She's moaning, I'm moaning, and it's terrific sex. I feel invincible.

"Suddenly, my back goes out. No warning at all. Just snap, like that! I feel this horrible pain, paralyzing, the worst pain I've ever felt in my life. I don't know if you've ever had a bad back, but let me tell you, just trying to lean over to put on a sock or tie your shoelaces is death.

"There I am on my knees behind her, and I'm screaming, 'Ow! Ow! Ow! No! No! No!'

"She hears me. She thinks it's true love. She thinks I'm coming. This excites her. She goes crazy at the noises I'm making. My screams set her off. 'Me, too; me, too,' she's yelling. 'I'm coming, don't stop, I'm coming!' She's pushing back on me, bouncing all over the place, and she won't let me go. She's reaching back and holding me by my ass. I can't escape. Every movement is like a knife in the spine. It's killing me. I'm screaming in pain, she's yelling in pleasure, it sounds like a zoo in there and I'm dying.

"Finally, I break away. I fall down on the floor on my back. 'Oh, Marty, I'm so sorry; I forgot about your poor back.' She's sobbing. I'm in tears, too. I'm having these back spasms and I can't talk. Pain is colored white; did you know that? White is all you can see, bright-white pain, like you're on the desert and staring at the sun.

"She calls an ambulance. The paramedics carry me out of there on a backboard and I end up in the hospital. 'I thought I told you to take it easy,' my doctor says when he walks in to see me, 'and you're back in here before I can get home for dinner. What the hell were you doing?'

"'You wouldn't believe me if I told you,' I say.

"'Was it worth it?' he asks.

"'I'm not sure,' I say. 'I'll tell you tomorrow.'

"I had to have a back operation and lots of physical therapy. Through it all, I kept asking myself one question: If I had a chance to do it all over again, knowing everything I know now, would I do it? Would I run the risk of total paralysis for a piece of ass?" Marty pauses. "I decided that, all things considered, I probably would. I guess that makes me a little crazy, but I admit it: I'd go for it, no matter what."

For most men, anyway, Marty does not sound crazy; he is simply one of us. Throughout history, men have gambled life, limb, reputation and physical well-being to woo and win, convince and seduce. High-risk loving is a male tradition, from Adam to Casanova, from Gary Hart to many of the men reading this. And in spite of repeated attempts by moralists and scolds to unsex the male and neuter his gender, nothing has changed. We're still the same horny fools we've always been, and we love to laugh at ourselves and our antics.

Take Brian, the commodities broker.

Brian is married. He is in his early 30s, affluent, with a home in the Chicago suburbs, a man well on his way to having his piece of the American pie. Short, manic, driven, quick of mind and gesture, Brian is a human dynamo who has a wandering eye and a happy heart.

"There was this Belgian woman, probably ten years younger than I am, a currency trader for an international banking firm, a beautiful woman, more like a girl than a woman, you know, the kind of gal who has stuffed animals on a trunk in her bedroom and posters of Tom Selleck on her wall. I met her at a party and I couldn't take my eyes off her. She seemed innocent and corrupt at the same time, and she had a great body. So I took her out to dinner one evening and we hit it off.

"I will say this for European women: They are magnificent lovers. It was one of the best evenings of my life. But sooner or later, I had to get home. 'First,' she said to me, 'before you go, in my country, the woman always gives the man a massage after lovemaking.' Well, that sounded OK to me, so I lay back and let her massage me with this special oil she had. I loved it, but I noticed something a little strange. The oil had a smell. A nice smell, sort of a combination of pine needles and roses, but a very strong smell. Not the kind of thing you want to wear as you walk in your own back door at three in the morning, if you know what I mean.

"So I showered with Belgian soap and dried myself with a Belgian towel, but I still smelled that oil. I showered again. Same smell. I had no more time to shower. I had to get home, so I kissed my Belgian girlfriend goodbye and hopped into my car and took off.

"Immediate problem: I am stinking up the car. I open the windows and hope the breeze will blow the odor away. Guess what? That doesn't work. The smell hangs around me like a dirty yellow fog. I'm panicked. What should I do? My wife will give me hell if I arrive home smelling like a Belgian forest. My mind is racing. I'm heading toward the last big intersection before my suburb. Bingo! I get an idea.

"I stop at the only gas station that's open, pull into the self-serve lane. The attendant is watching me very intently from his booth. I don't blame him. I look a little strange, because I've thought of a solution to my problem and I'm happy. It's the middle of the night and I'm bouncing around like it's noon. I don't need much gas. Hardly any at all. But that doesn't mean I turn the pump off right away. No, I have a plan. I'm humming to myself, splashing fuel on my shoes, slopping it around, sprinkling it on my trousers, washing my hands in it, flipping a little into my hair. I'm taking a gasoline shower! The attendant stares at me while I do this. He is convinced I'm crazy. He is waiting for me to torch myself. I pay him. He puts his handkerchief over his nose while he gives me my change.

"I drive home. I talk to myself all the way. 'Do not make a mistake, do not light a match, do not smoke your cigar, do not smoke a cigarette, be very careful, do not fuck up.' I park the car in the garage, go in the kitchen door, climb the stairs. 'God, you smell like a gas station,' my wife says as I walk into the bedroom. 'I know,' I say. 'Sorry about that. The gas hose broke and the guy spilled it on me.' She goes right back to sleep and I spend an hour in the shower—after I burn my clothes in the burn barrel.

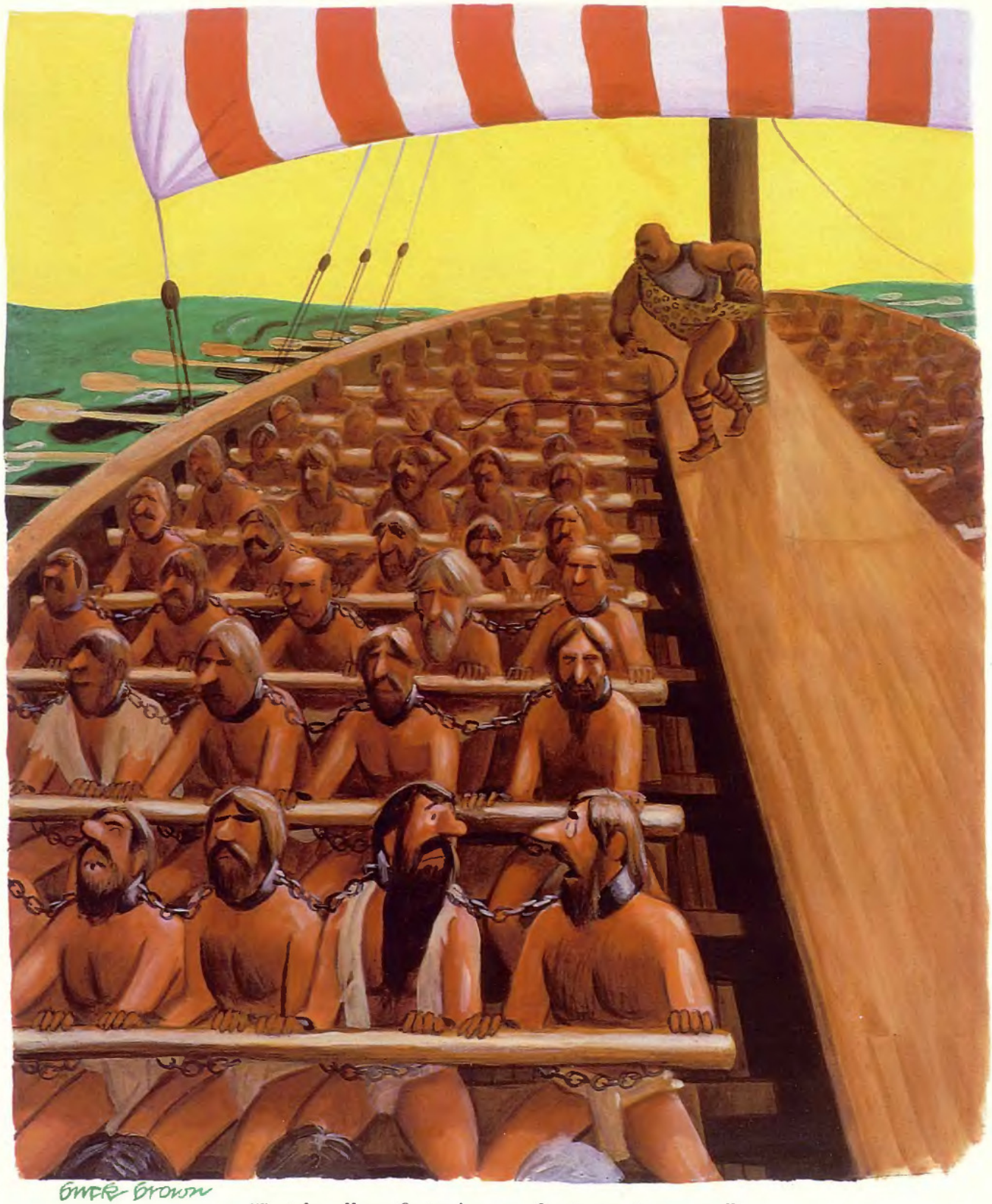
"It was a once-in-a-lifetime ploy, of course. I can't do it again. It's too risky. I could have gone up in flames like a napalm bomb. But it worked for me that night."

There is an underlying characteristic of these men's stories: clarity. Every male with whom I talked had one specific moment clearly in mind as the riskiest, craziest, funniest episode of his love life. Male memories of love and risk are on the tip of the brain, fond recollections of times we choose not to forget.

My friend Glenn, for example, remembers *the* reckless moment in his life. Looking at Glenn, you would think he was an advertisement for what we used to call Yuppiedom. He is 28 years old, an impeccably dressed business consultant, possessor of a Harvard B.A. and M.B.A., near the top of his class in business school, high-salaried now. But Glenn has a secret.

"What people don't know about me is that I was raised on a small farm in the

(continued on page 138)



"Lately, all my fantasies are about group sex. . . ."

The

he was warned against entering the deadly jungle. his only response was to laugh

ALL-CONSUMING

fiction

By LUCIUS SHEPARD

SANTANDER JIMENEZ was one of the towns that ringed the Malsueno, a kind of border station between the insane tangle of the rain forest and the more comprehensible and traditional insanity of the highlands. It was a miserable place of diesel smoke and rattling generators and concrete-block buildings painted in pastel shades of yellow, green and aqua, many with rusted Fanta signs over their doors, bearing names such as the Café of a Thousand Flowers or The Eternal Garden Bar or the Restaurant of Golden Desires, all containing fly-specked Formica tables and inefficient ceiling fans and fat women wearing grease-spattered aprons and discouraging frowns. Whores slouched beneath the buzzing neon marquee of the Cine Guevara. Drunks with bloody mouths lay in the puddles that mired the muddy streets. It was always raining. Even during the height of the dry season, the lake was so high that the playground beside it was half-submerged, presenting a surreal vista of drowned swing sets and seesaws.

To the west of town, separated from the other buildings by a wide ground strewn with coconut litter and flattened beer cans, stood a market—a vast tin roof shading a hive of green wooden stalls. It was there that the *marañeros* would take the curious relics and still more curious produce that they collected in the heart of the rain forest: stone idols whose eyes glowed with electric moss; albino beetles the size of house cats; jaguar bones inlaid with seams of mineral that flowed like mercury; lizards with voices as sweet as nightingales; mimick vines, parrot plants and pavonine, with its addictive spores that afforded one a transitory mental contact with the creatures of the jungle.

They were, for the most part, these *marañeros*, scrawny, rawboned men who wore brave tattoos that depicted lions and devils and laughing skulls. Their faces were scarred, disfigured by fungus and spirochetes, and when they walked out in the town, they were given a wide berth, not because of their appearance or their penchant for violence, which was no greater than that of the ordinary citizen, but because they embodied the dread mystique of the Malsueno, and in their tormented solitudes, they seemed the emblems of a death in life more frightening to the uninformed than the good Catholic death advertised by the portly priests at Santa Anna de la Flor del Piedra.

Scarcely anyone who lived in Santander Jimenez wanted to live there. A number of citizens had been driven to this extreme in order to hide from a criminal or politically unsound past. The most desperate of these were the *marañeros*—who but those who themselves were hunted would voluntarily enter the Malsueno to dwell for months at a time among tarzanals and blood vine and christomorphs?—and the most desperate of the *marañeros*, or so he had countenanced himself for 21 years, so many years that his desperation had mellowed to an agitated resignation, was a gaunt, graying man by the name of Arce Cienfuegos. In his youth, he had been an educator in the capital in the extreme west of the country, married to a beautiful woman, the father of an infant son, and had aspired to a career in politics. However, his overzealous pursuit of that career had set him at odds with the drug cartel; as a result, his wife and child had been murdered, a crime with which he had subsequently been charged, and he had been forced to flee to the Malsueno. For a time thereafter, he had been driven by a lust for revenge, for vindication, but when at last the drug cartel had been shattered, its leaders executed, revenge was denied him, and because those who could prove his innocence were in their coffins, the murder charge against him had remained open. Now, at the age of 48, his crime forgotten, although he might have returned to the capital, he was so defeated by time and solitude and grief he could no longer think of a reason to leave. Just as chemical pollutants and radiation had transformed the jungle into a habitat suitable to the most grotesque of creatures, living in the Malsueno had transformed him into a sour twist of a man who thrived on its green acids, its vegetable perversions, and he was no longer fit for life in the outside world. Or so he had convinced himself.

Nonetheless, *(continued on page 150)*

ILLUSTRATION BY FREO STONEHOUSE

Lycaena ladon
pupa
Feniseca tarquinius
Thecla damon
Calephelis borealis
Lema trilineata
Crioceris asparagi
Leptinotarsa 10-lineata
Haploa clymene
Isia isabella
Estigmene acrea
Euchaetias egle
PLATE LXXIII
Lebia grandis
Cicindela generosa
Agonoderus pallipes
Calosoma scrutator
PLATE LXXXI
Cotalpa lanigera
Desmocerus palliatus
Saperda candida
Chrysochus
Automeris io
larva

AW, NO, HOSE JUST CUT THE CHEESE.
NO, SIR, IT WASN'T ME, MAN! IT WAS CATTY. HE'S THE ONE WHO SMELLED IT FIRST.
CRAWLED UP YOU AND DIED!
CATTY, DID YOU SEE GROTE'S SHOES? CHRIST, HE MUSTA PULLED THEM OUT OF THE BASEMENT OR SOMETHING. THEY HAD COBWEBS ON THEM.
SOMEBODY DUMPED GREENIES INTO THE COFFEE, BUT NOBODY KNEW IT. EVEN THE COACHES WERE BANGING AROUND THE DUGOUT LIKE A BUNCH OF CHINAMEN GONE LOONY.
TO BE A MANAGER IN THE MINORS, YOU HAVE TO KNOW AT LEAST TWENTY-SEVEN FOUR-LETTER WORDS, AND THOSE TWENTY-SEVEN HAVE TO INCLUDE "HORSE'S ASS" AND "YOU EGG-SUCKING MOTHER DOG."
Lite
Bee
Just

THE BIG-LEAGUE LEGENDS OF SENIOR BASEBALL LIVE BY ONE RULE: SOME GUYS JUST NEVER GROW UP

THE BOYS OF WINTER

article By Randy Wayne White

?
DO YOU PLAY ?
BRIDGE, I MEAN. WE NEED A FOURTH.
NO, SORRY....
OH, GREAT. SO NOW WE'VE GOT ANOTHER GUY NOT WORTH A SHIT. WHO THE HELL'S IN CHARGE OF ACQUISITIONS AROUND HERE ?

OPENING DAY: home; Fort Myers Sun Sox *vs.* Pompano Gold Coast Suns at Terry Park.

It is two hours before our inaugural game in Florida's Senior Professional Baseball Association. I am watching Luis Tiant, who is grinning like a kid in his blue Gold Coast uniform, clearly enjoying his first opening day in seven years.

But more than his mood is buoyant. Exchanging barbs with his teammates, Tiant duck-walks to the fence and begins to dispense his morning coffee through the chain link, the rakish sweep of his hips adding flair to his voiding. One of the ground-crew guys reminds Tiant that there are rest rooms available, just like in the major leagues. But Tiant only waves him closer and begins to charm him with the story of how, when playing for the Red Sox, he once placed this *pinga* of his in a bun, covered it with condiments, confronted his manager and said, "You call any more morning meetings, Skip, I give you a bite of this!"

Sitting in the dugout with manager Earl Weaver, Tiant watched the Sun Sox defeat his club 13–0. Commissioner Curt Flood helped welcome the crowd of 2300, while Connie Mack, Jr., son of the baseball legend, threw out the first ball—which, the announcer said, would be immediately jetted to Cooperstown for enshrinement in the Hall of Fame. (A month later, the ball still had not arrived at Cooperstown. As registrar Peter Clark observed, "If we had it, we might actually use it, but you can't display what you don't have.")

This same announcer, perhaps unnerved by so much history, then introduced the Sun Sox as the Sun *Sets*, a blooper that only those of us sitting in the Fort Myers bull pen seemed to catch. "That's us, boys, the Sun Sets," said outfielder Rick Manning. "Now, let's totter out there and knock their knobs in the dirt." His words nicely mirrored the competitive attitude not only of Manning

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NEAL ADAMS

but of the 216 other players, managers and coaches in the eight-team league who were taking to fields around the state that day.

In Orlando, Orlando Juice's U. L. Washington drove in two runs to beat Clete Boyer's Bradenton Explorers 3–1. In Winter Haven, the St. Petersburg Pelicans beat the Super Sox 9–2, despite the stratagems of Bill Lee, 42-year-old manager, pitcher, outfielder and designated Lao-tzu spokesman. In West Palm Beach, Dick Williams' Tropics beat Graig Nettles' St. Lucie Legends 8–1. And in Fort Myers, pitchers Dennis Leonard, Steve Luebber and Don Hood shared the shutout, while teammates such as Dan Driessen, Marty Castillo, Amos Otis and Tim Ireland combined for 14 hits; the first of their 13 runs italicized by a directive to Tiant from the Sun Sets' bull pen: "Bite that, Louie! Bite that!"

What most fans thought they saw that opening day were pitchers throwing 80-to-90-mile-per-hour fastballs, infielders performing with the sweet deliberation of snipers and outfielders making diving catches despite pulled hamstrings. But many sportscasters and reporters saw things differently, taking strange refuge, perhaps, in the sacred aphorisms of baseball's establishment: If the idea is new, it can't be good; if the players are old, they must be bad. A reporter from Baltimore said the quality of play was far inferior to that of the major leagues, then took the dichotomous route, adding that, still, it was amusing to watch 38-year-old outfielder Cesar Cedeño throw the ball 300 feet on a line to home plate. About the players, a reporter from Boston concluded, "Their participation shows a disrespect for the game they're supposed to love."

It could be argued that these reporters communicated what they expected to see rather than what they actually saw but for a lone derisive thread: lack of foot speed on the field. As one person in the press box put it, "They're hobbling around out there like old men." Which was true. But rather than serving as evidence that the league was a joke, it was precisely this odd, hobbling gait that was the key indicator that something extraordinary was taking place on the playing fields of Florida's old Grapefruit League.

•

These guys had had only two weeks to get in shape, and nearly half of the position players had gone into their first games with pulled hamstrings; yet they continued to play with an intensity unexpected in light of their injuries and the relatively low pay—$6000 to $36,000 for the season.

They had returned to the very fields upon which most of them, as young men, had proven themselves worthy of the major leagues; the same fields that, in later spring-training games, were party to their banishment. Now they had been given an opportunity to take a second shot at the game that had, over the years, taken so many shots at them.

Curiously, the media focused venom on the players' lack of speed rather than seeing the significance of their refusal to brake. As one reporter said, "Just about any ex–high school player over the age of thirty-five, who has stayed in shape, done some running, could play in this league. It's strictly amateur class."

Although I had been with the Sun Sets only a short time, no one was better qualified to judge how absurdly wrong that reporter was, and no one had more reason to wish that he was at least a little right—because, unknown to him, the would-be player he described was me.

When Jim Morley, the founder of the Senior Professional Baseball Association (S.P.B.A.), and his fellow investors sat down to draw up the bylaws, they left a loophole those of us never gifted enough to play pro ball could have driven a no-cut contract through: "Each team can have up to three non–former major-leaguers on its regular roster." That made eligible an entire generation of middle-aged, weak-armed former high school jocks, few of whom were actually dull enough to think they had a shot at making one of the eight S.P.B.A. teams. I take pride in having tried anyway.

The day I heard that nonprofessionals could play in the over-35 league was the day I began calling for a tryout. My rationale, though flawed, was simple: Judging from old-timers games, few major-leaguers exited into civilian life as fitness freaks, nor did many of them appear prissy about weight control. It seemed plausible that I could do now what I had been unable to do 20 years ago: beat one of them out of a position.

I ended up speaking with Pat Dobson, manager of the Fort Myers Sun Sox and also the pitching coach for the Padres. Dobson looks like a manager designed in Hollywood: tall, articulate, lean, with the Clint Eastwood habit of lowering his head slightly when he talks, so that he peers up and out at you. In that first meeting in the clubhouse, though, he did little peering at me; he seemed preoccupied until I mentioned that when not trying out for baseball teams, I made my living as a fishing guide. Suddenly, I had his attention. Light-tackle fishing guide? Yes, I told him, for 12 years. Dobson, it turned out, was a passionate fisherman and, after a discussion of tides and baits, decided maybe I could have my tryout after all. Which is why, for 29 games, I was able to join the team—if not as an actual member, then at least as a peripheral participant who was able to dress out, catch in the bull pen and, on those occasions when Dobson remembered that I was not around just to talk about the habits of littoral fish, take B.P.—batting practice.

It would be inaccurate to suggest that I had a chance of making the 24-man list of activated players—a fact obvious even to me after my first day on the field. That partition of chain-link screen, I quickly learned, does more than separate the diamond from the bleachers; it separates, as well, the fantasies of the stands from the more strident realities of the playing field. For a time, I nursed slim hopes of making the taxi squad as an emergency catcher. But as those hopes also faded, I contented myself with hanging with the team as long as I could, enjoying the cramped bus rides, the motel beer sessions and sitting in the bull pen during the games, filling five memo books with notes on life in the not-so-big leagues.

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First week: home; St. Lucie Legends *vs.* Fort Myers Sun Sets at Terry Park.

Terry Park is one of the few remaining antique ball yards in the old Grapefruit League, and its infield is tended like an Augusta putting green. Almost every spring since 1923, major-league baseball has come to this small stadium, with its green bleachers tiered beneath a tin rain roof. From 1923 to 1935, the Philadelphia Athletics trained here, followed by the Cleveland Indians, the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Kansas City Royals. Along with those teams came a glorious entourage of baseball legends, teenage phenoms and big-city news jocks. The base paths, laid down nearly 70 years ago, have carried Cobb, Speaker, Ruth, DiMaggio and Mantle, Clemente, Yastrzemski, Brett and Bo.

On my first day with the team, I arrived five hours before game time—not only because I was eager to get on the field but because I didn't want to go in when the clubhouse was full and have to react to what I feared would be 27 faces staring silently at me, wondering who in the hell this new guy was. Even though game time was far off, the clubhouse was already more than half full, with guys lounging around in sliding shorts, reading the paper. Instead of stares, I got brief smiles in greeting.

As I found my locker and began to change, Tom Spencer, a former Indians outfielder, came up to me and asked, "Do you play?" For a moment, I thought he was asking if I played baseball; it seemed extraordinary that they could spot me as a fraud so quickly. But then he added, "Bridge, I mean. We need a fourth." At a table behind him, catcher Castillo and pitcher Rick Waits looked on as I said I didn't know anything about bridge. This admission caused Castillo to grimace, and he said, "Oh, great. So now we've got another guy not worth a shit. Who the

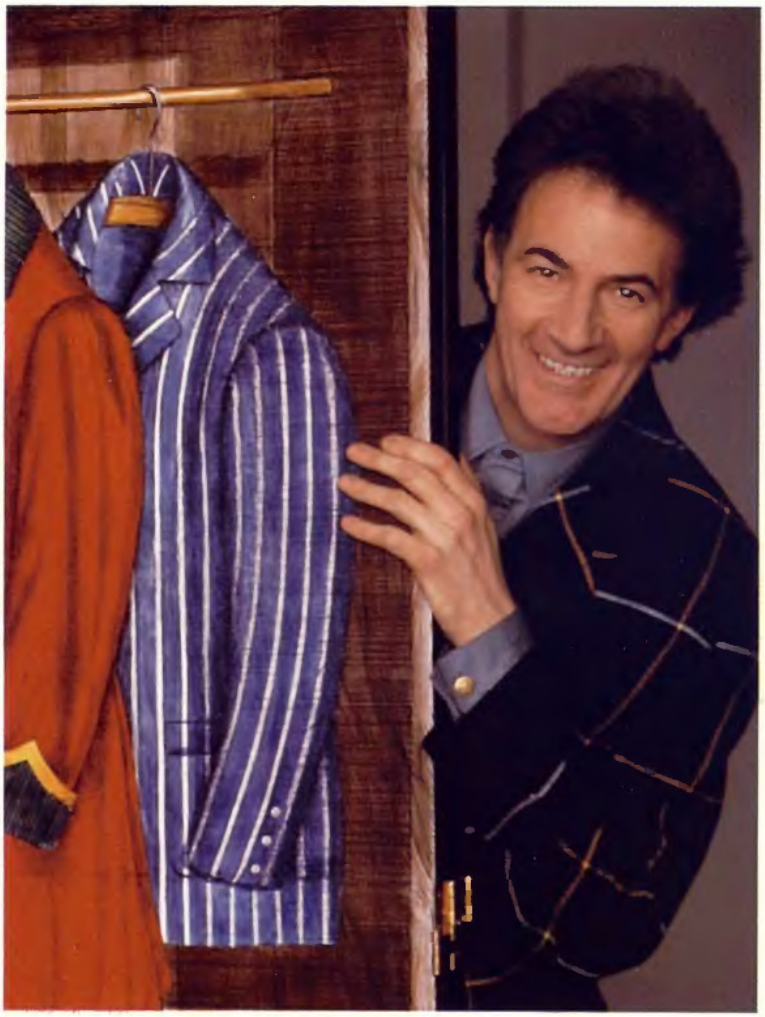
(continued on page 92)

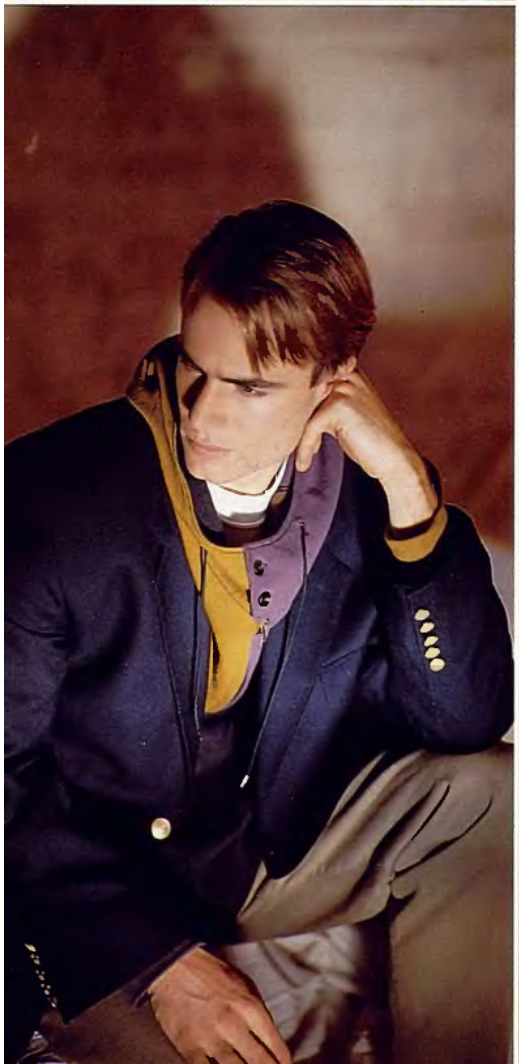
BRIT WIT

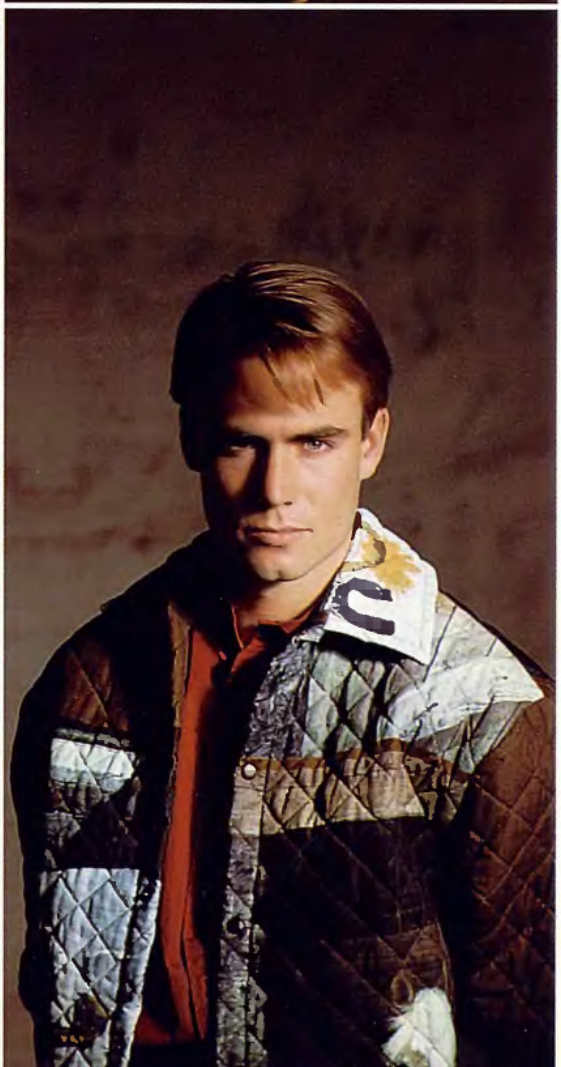
from suits and socks to colognes, here's an inside look at the wildly creative english designer paul smith

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

"LIFE IS TOO SHORT to be uncomfortable," says Paul Smith, a whimsical 44-year-old British menswear designer who sees his clothes as "a constant tongue-in-cheek joke on myself and my Englishness." Smith's latest collection includes a navy-blue blazer combined with a hooded sweat shirt, and a pinstriped double-breasted suit worn with a denim shirt and a brightly flowered tie, as well as print shirts decorated with photos of a friend's horse, taken by Smith himself, jeans with postman's pockets sewn on, plus plenty of soft, unconstructed jackets and loose pleated trousers. "If you happen to be a serious guy, I also sell striped shirts and ties with little ducks on them." When Smith opened his first clothing store in London back in 1970, his customers were mostly artists. "I wanted people to leave feeling that the store was strange or crazy or beautiful, something that caused a *reaction*." Now, with shops in Japan, plus stores in London, Nottingham, New York (108 Fifth Avenue) and a collection in Europe, Smith finds himself on the go seven months out of 12, traveling to oversee his far-flung operations. "You can wear my latest sports jackets with old chinos from a thrift shop and your father's shoes—if they fit. My clothes let you be yourself. I strongly believe that individualism will be very important in the Nineties. But one thing will be out. The total-black look. It's fading tremendously." Sorry about that, Johnny Cash, Father Guido Sarducci and all you *ninja* warriors. Smith's eclectic fall collection includes suits, sports jackets, shirts, vests and outerwear, deep, rich jewellike colors and back-to-the-earth tones, plus a tremendous variety of accessories and toiletries, including watches, socks, scarves, ties, cuff links, belts, sunglasses, underwear, hand luggage, soaps, cologne, shampoos, toothbrushes and deodorants. Paul Smith's name is everywhere. "I attract creative people who like interesting clothes that are easy to wear. People who *know*. And that's a lot of fun." We think his innovative creations are a lot of fun, too.







PHOTOGRAPHY BY BETH BISCHOFF

Top, for left: Long-sleeved cotton shirt with borber-chair-photo print, $165, worn with cotton velvet button-front jeons, $105. Top left: Wool/melton corduroy patchwork coot with drowstring hood and button front, $380, worn over wool mock-turtleneck sweater, $220. 8ottom, for left: Navy blazer with three-button front, $630, worn with cotton jersey-knit hooded sweot shirt, $175, cotton knit T-shirt, $45, ond cotton twill trousers with button-tab front, $130. Bottom left: Cotton corduroy quilted jacket with horse-photo print and satin lining, $315, worn over cotton sport shirt, $140. Right, clockwise from one: Polko-dot silk tie ond plum-motif silk tie, $80 each. Paul Smith soap, $8. Watch with gold-ploted case, $295. Long-sleeved cotton sport shirt, $160. Tooth paste, $4.50, toothbrushes, $3.50 eoch, ond ofter-shave, $40. Nubuck belt with silver buckle, $90. Patterned cotton-blend socks, $25, and polko-dot socks, also $25. In the center: Marbled-plostic-frame sunglasses, $90. All foshions ond accessories are by Paul Smith. Whot o prolific guy!

Where and How to 8uy
on poge 149.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Paul
Smith
after shave

BOYS OF WINTER *(continued from page 88)*

"We win 11–2. Dick Drago says, 'My God, and we haven't even had time to cork our bats yet.'"

hell's in charge of acquisitions around here?"

That was my introduction to the Fort Myers Sun Sets. Never once was I asked where I had played ball or even if I had played—though that all came out later in conversations in the bull pen. To men who spent much of their professional lives moving from team to team, and who were accustomed to arriving at the clubhouse to find a teammate's locker cleaned out, with a different name taped above it, no unfamiliar face was a surprise, nor even cause for much curiosity. I would be the new guy for a few days. Then I would become one of the guys. And then, when management decided it didn't need me, I'd become the guy who was here for a while but didn't make it, the one who didn't play bridge.

In a business that is essentially nomadic, the only constants are the game itself and life in the clubhouse, which is perhaps why many of these once-retired players are to be found in the clubhouse far earlier than required—some even on off days. As outfielder Larry Harlow told me, "On game days, you don't have time to really do much at home, so you might as well come in early. And on off days—well, I hate off days. I've had too many of those already."

•

The St. Lucie Legends are in town with their list of big-name players: Graig Nettles, Bobby Bonds, George Foster, Jerry Grote and Vida Blue, but they come in without a win. The Sun Sets are 2–0 after sweeping Earl Weaver's Gold Coast Suns. After catching batting practice, I hang around the cage to watch the Legends hit; Nettles and Bonds both loft home runs over Terry Park's distant outfield fence (360 feet down each line). Something catches my eye through the nearly empty bleachers, so I walk to the exit nearest the visitors' locker room and investigate. There, on the empty practice diamond, Vida Blue is sliding.

Sliding?

Yep, no doubt about it. He slides into second, then slides into third. Each time, he pauses to inspect the dirt accumulating on his game pants. A ground crewman is also watching, and I wonder aloud why a pitcher would practice base running. The ground-crew guy grins and says, "Because Vida just wiped pine tar all over his leg. Now he's covering it up with dirt. But I'm not supposed to say anything, because Vida said at this level, it's not cheating, it's just getting an edge."

With occasional visits to the pine tar on his slide-savaged pants, plus his 90-mph fastball, Blue gives up only one run in five innings with the help of two circus catches by Juan Beniquez in center. We lose 8–1. Afterward, the normally cheerful clubhouse is grim. The sound of cleats echoes off the cement floor and guys limp toward the showers wordlessly—most of them with huge bruises on their thighs, the black badges of pulled hamstrings. Even Dan Driessen, who seems always to be smiling, is subdued. For the first time, I realize how seriously these guys are taking their return to baseball and how much they hate to lose.

The second game of the series goes our way, though. Sitting in the bull pen with Marty Castillo (who has a night off from catching) and pitchers Don Hood, Eric Rasmussen, Doug Bird, Dennis Leonard, Dick Drago and Dave LaRoche, we watch Amos Otis hit a three-run homer in the first. Then Rick Manning and Tim Ireland each drive in runs in the second. Our designated hitter, Pat Putnam, is hitting ropes on his way to a three-for-four night, Wayne Garland pitches five no-hit innings and our third baseman, Ron Jackson, backhands and barehands balls, throws off his right foot, makes it look easy.

By the sixth inning, we have a 9–1 lead and the mood in the bull pen, always relaxed, relaxes even more. Bird and Leonard begin to talk about a famous American League ground keeper. "Remember when those guys started peeing in the rain gauge? Man, they just about drove the ground keeper nuts. He would come to the park and find four or five inches in the rain gauge every single morning. He'd look at that thing and scratch his head, then look at the parking lot to see if there were any puddles. No puddles. Then he'd carry the gauge around, show it to us and say, 'You know, it musta rained cats and dogs last night, but this dang field didn't hold a drop! Not a drop!' We'd just pull away, like 'Get that thing out of my face,' and say, 'You're doing a great job. You're magic, man.'"

Which reminds one of the coaches of a joke played on Cleveland's Sam McDowell, the Indians' pitching ace of the Sixties. "We took the hinges off Sam's hotel door one night, and he comes back after a long party, rams the key in the hole and the whole door gives way. He falls into his room face first, right on top of the door, and just lies there groaning. Then he jumps up, goes straight to the phone and calls the police. We're out in the hall, and we can hear him talking. 'This the police? Hey, somebody busted into my room. Yeah, no shit. I think they took my gun, too. A big gun.' The moment Sam mentions his gun, we clear out. We knew nobody had touched his gun.

"Next morning, Sam goes for a swim in the hotel pool and drops a big log right there. People all around, and Sam drops a massive floater. Then he tries to blame it on some kid. I mean, the log's as big as the kid's leg, and he's trying to blame this eight-year-old. That night, Sam goes out and throws, like, a two-hitter; this was back when he threw gas. But in the clubhouse, he's still bitching about this kid he says dropped the big log."

As they talk, Larry Harlow makes a long run and a diving catch, thudding shoulder first and skidding on his face past the foul line right in front of us. Castillo yells, "Way to hustle, Hawk; way to give it up!" then to the bull pen observes, "That's a tough way to get sober. I tried it in high school once."

We win 11–2. We win the next night, too, with solid defensive play from Harlow, Castillo, Driessen and utility man Kim Allen. Walking from the bull pen to the locker room, Drago studies the scoreboard, admiring the team's total of 17 hits, and says, with an appreciation that could be felt only by a pitcher, "My God, and we haven't even had time to cork our bats yet."

•

Life at middle age may be essentially serious, but life in the Senior League, especially during a bus trip, is not. There are 33 of us sitting shoulder to shoulder on this air-conditioned motor coach; 33 grown men who are respected in their communities, some of whom haven't ridden a team bus in more than ten years. There is a reunion atmosphere in which time appears as warped as the humor.

In a seat ahead of me, a former Yankee pitcher is telling a story about Lou Piniella: "We were on the bus outside Yankee Stadium, getting ready to go to the airport, when this girl jumps on, drops her pants and wants all of us to autograph her butt. . . ."

From the back of the bus, pitcher Steve McCatty interrupts, groaning, "Aw, no, Hose just cut the cheese."

To which catcher Tim Hosley replies, "No, sir, it wasn't me, man! It was Catty. He's the one who smelled it first."

But the Piniella story continues: "Well, that sort of thing happens in The Show, but we're gentlemen about it, and we all sign this girl's backside as she moves down the aisle. . . ."

McCatty, who looks like a muscular Captain Kangaroo, is moaning, "Aw, Hose, something crawled up you and *died*," and Dan Driessen is spraying a can

(continued on page 147)

"Do you, Gayle, take Mark to be your lawfully wedded husband and promise to obey, cherish and comfort him, to serve him at all times, to administer to his every need in sickness and in health for as long as ye both shall live?"

"Shit, no!"

jacqueline sheen is a sales rep and scuba diver who water-skis barefoot. no wonder they call her

ACTION JACKSON

JACQUELINE SHEEN—Jackson to her friends—is about to go water-skiing, barefoot, on the crystal-blue inlet that is her back yard, a finger of water off Clearwater Harbor on the Gulf Coast of Florida. Jackson learned to ski barefoot from the best, she says—a man named Cooke—"Pronounced Cookie. If you're going to write about my barefooting, he should get the credit." Just what does it take to glide across the water on her heels? For starters, she begins by grabbing the tow rope while floating on her stomach and pushing to her feet when the boat picks up enough speed. "One of the most important things about barefooting is that you have to go fast—the faster the better." That comes naturally to Jackson, who, since 1985, has made the fast track her home. That was the year she began selling condos for a living in Oklahoma, having moved there from her native Texas. One year later, she took a job with a sporting-goods manufacturer and within five days was nurturing an account worth some $150,000 to the firm. Since 1988, she has been prospecting for

"When a road opens up for you, you don't break the momentum," says Jacqueline, in a rare moment of repose at left. "No, you keep going and see where it leads you." Luckily for us, that road led her to these pages.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

"When I was seventeen," recalls Jacqueline, "my best friend, Peggy, told me to try out for *Playboy*, but I never did. I was too modest, I guess. 'Well, if you ever do try out and make it,' Peggy said to me, 'you'd better not forget to mention me.' And look how things turned out! Here's to you, Peg—I'm keeping my promise."

more customers in Florida. "I took one look at Clearwater, fell in love with the beach and decided to move. That's all it took." These days, her life is a veritable balancing act, with a THINGS TO DO pad that looks like the Manhattan Yellow Pages. In addition to Jackson the saleswoman, there's Jackson the scuba diver ("I'm now certified"), Jackson the family girl ("I'm back in Texas at least once a month") and now Jackson the Playmate. "I was in California on business and decided to give *Playboy* a call. By the next morning, I was already doing my test shots." Enough of this talk stuff: Jackson wants to show us how she skis sans slats. Shouting to us over the rumbling engine of a sleek Baja speedboat, Jackson tells us, "What I love about barefoot skiing is the freedom! It's the most exhilarating feeling!" Suddenly, she's interrupted by the roar of the boat's engine; the Baja lurches forward and tears off. Jackson hangs tight to the rope, cutting through the wake like some supercharged mermaid. A few quick twists of the body and she's up—zipping across the water and laughing back at a dock-bound admirer.

And now an amazing confession: "Two years ago, I wouldn't have been caught dead in a two-piece bathing suit," says Jacqueline. "But when I decided to move to Florida, I went to five stores and tore them apart looking for a bikini. I tried on dozens and finally walked away with one I liked. That changed everything."

Usually one to warm quickly to strange environments, Jacqueline admits that posing for *Playboy* took some getting used to. "When we first started working on the pictorial, [Contributing Photographer Stephen] Wayda told me I was making too many frowny faces. But by the time we began shooting on the sailboat, I was feeling comfortable. In fact," she says, laughing, "I was the only one aboard who didn't get seasick."

MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jacqueline Sheen

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 113

BIRTH DATE: 3-3-63 BIRTHPLACE: Dallas, Texas

AMBITIONS: To become more involved in the salvation of our environment.

TURN-ONS: The train scene in "Risky Business," wild earrings, a man who can cook + do the dishes.

TURN-OFFS: Credit limits, tangled hangers, litterers, my dog's bad breath, running out of gas on my jetski.

MY DREAMS: To go on a photo safari through Africa and to scuba dive with dolphins.

PETS I'VE OWNED: A chimpanzee, crocodiles, horses, dogs, cats, rabbits, a pig, a lamb, a parrot.

MY CONFIDANTS: Mom and Dad — without a doubt!

GOLDEN RULE: Never become complacent with life. Remember, You only live once!

IDEAL EVENING: Water-ski at sunset, get a good workout, relax with a glass of wine in the hot tub, then cook out on the grill.

What a charmer!

The Duke and Me.

Back in Oklahoma.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After confessing to the psychiatrist that he had an unusually active sex life with his wife, his mistress and several girlfriends, the sexaholic also admitted to frequent masturbation and wet dreams.

"Which activity gives you the most pleasure?" the shrink asked.

"Wet dreams."

"Why wet dreams?"

"Hell, you meet a much better class of people."

Have you heard about the new male birth-control pill? Men take it the day after and it changes their blood type.

Washington insiders report that the drug summit in Colombia produced one unpublicized result. Bowing to Colombia's concerns that a total crackdown will create economic hardship, President Bush agreed to allow a limited amount of cocaine to be delivered to the U.S.—provided it is shipped on Exxon tankers.

A 75-year-old retired banker decided to satisfy a lifelong desire to join a nudist colony. The admissions clerk welcomed him and suggested he look around before signing on.

After leaving his clothes in a locker, the old man found a bench where he could discreetly admire the passing scene. Before long, a striking blonde ambled by and, noticing his appreciative stare, wordlessly knelt down and gave him the best blow job of his life.

The old fellow was so thrilled, he ran back to the admissions office, wrote out a check on the spot and received immediate membership.

He quickly headed back to the bench but, before sitting down, dropped his cigar. As he bent to retrieve it, a tall, muscular fellow came up from behind and mounted him.

The outraged man pulled away and hurried back to the office, demanding his money back. "What happened?" the clerk asked. "You wanted to join so badly."

"Miss, I get excited once every four months," he explained to the perplexed woman. "But I drop my cigar five times a day."

How can you tell if a male WASP is sexually aroused? By his stiff upper lip.

Nearing the end of her sex-survey questionnaire, the researcher said, "One more question, sir. How long has it been since you last had sex?"

Her subject looked startled, then turned around and fumbled with his trousers. Turning back, he replied, "Oh, about four inches."

Three winos huddled under a bridge and broke open a couple of jugs. After drinking for several hours, they passed out. In the morning, two woke up to find that the third had died during the night.

At the funeral home, the two surviving friends stood by the coffin of their departed buddy. "Boy, ol' George sure looks good, don't he?" the first remarked.

"Well, damn, he *should*," the second replied. "He ain't had a fuckin' drink in three days."

Recently, a friend of ours went to a trendy, hot dance club in L.A. Everyone there was into S/M. You know, stand and model.

A scruffy biker decided to spring for an expensive dinner out for his girlfriend's birthday. After being seated, they overheard the fellow in the next booth say, "Pass the sugar, please, Sugar."

A moment later, they heard a man in the opposite booth say, "Pass the honey, please, Honey."

The biker cleared his throat, looked his girlfriend in the eyes and murmured, "Pass the bacon, please, pig."

The third-grade teacher asked all of her students to tell the class what kind of work their fathers did. "Jason, what does your father do for a living?"

"My father is a carpenter."

"Jennifer, what does your father do for a living?"

"My father's an electrical engineer."

"Gabe, what does your father do for a living?"

"My father's dead."

"What did he do before he died?"

"He went, 'Aaarghhh.'"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

Laugh along with Playboy *on The Party Joke Line,* ***1-900-740-3311.*** *Or tell a joke of your own! The charge is only two dollars per minute.*

"I'm sorry, I can't talk to you now, but please leave your name and number after the sound of the tone and I'll call you back a little after twilight!"

POWER PLAY

from a classic mahogany chris-craft to a wave-pounding aronow alpha 45, here's a roundup of the hottest boats afloat

modern living

By JOHN WOOLDRIDGE

FIRST YOU FEEL the power. The intensity and thrill rise and fall as you move the throttle. Beneath you, the boat is almost alive with movement, slashing across the waves, throwing up brilliant white plumes of spray. You feel the wind in your face, tugging gently at the corners of your eyes. But first you feel the power.

Powerboating is back, and if you've ever imagined yourself at the helm of a sleek needle-nosed craft cutting a swath through the Gulf Stream or nailing the throttle of a nimble runabout as you head for your favorite fishing hole, now's the time to go for it.

For those of you who feel a twinge of guilt at the thought of running some gas-guzzling, noisy stinkpot—lighten up. There's no denying powerboats burn gas and diesel fuel, but the fuel crunches of the Seventies sent marine-engine makers and boatbuilders hurrying

Top: Aronow's 45' Alpho 45 is on easily identified low-flying object with a high-flying price—about $315,000 ond up, depending on the engine ond the custom interior you select. Top speed is 90 mph. Hang on, Sloopy! Center: Donzi's 16' runabout, the Sweet 16, also has o sweet bose price: $15,995. Top speed is obout 50 mph. Bottom: Rugged, stoble ond virtually unsinkoble, thot's Boston Whaler's 25' Outrage 25 Cuddy. Its price: $35,666 without the power plont. Add twin 200-hp outboords for obout $20,000 ond you're ready to fight fish on their own turf.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY KELLEY

back to the drawing boards to create lighter, stronger hulls, and back to Detroit for gas-stingy power plants. The result: Today's four- and six-cylinder stern drives crank out more power per pound than ever; they run quieter, cooler and cleaner; and they're a lot more reliable.

The same holds true for outboards. Long gone are the days of blue smoke and messy oil-and-gas mixing containers. On-board computers integrate fuel injection, fire the ignition and monitor operating temperatures and pressures—adjusting all the details so your engine starts easier, runs quicker and idles more smoothly.

Today's marine engines are also the quietest ever. Sure, there are still *macho* grandstanders who think that revving up dockside is a real turn-on or that unmuffled through-transom exhausts are a high-performance necessity. But more and more boat owners are equipping their boats with systems that keep down loud noises until they're well away from highly populated areas.

The following are six boats selected for comfort, ample storage, reliable operation and abundant power for nimble performance. Welcome aboard!

CHRIS-CRAFT 1930 MODEL 103

Among the powerboating pioneers who created the pleasure factor in boating, one name is legendary—Christopher Columbus Smith, a turn-of-the-century master builder of wooden rowboats and duckboats. His decision to install a naphtha-gas engine in a duckboat to improve its range and speed fostered a company that carried his name to international markets and gave birth to a multibillion-dollar industry. Chris Smith designs were also well known in the boat-racing world. *(continued on page 145)*

Top: Life in the fast lane joins living well as one of the best revenges when you climb aboard Glastron's 33' Carlson 33CSS that's equipped with twin MerCruiser 454 Magnum engines. Top speed is 70 mph. Base price: $88,140. Center: Wellcraft's innovative 20' Excalibur Phantom 20 features a unique double-cowled deck with a fighter-pilot dashboard. Its base price is $25,865, including a MerCruiser 350 Magnum engine. Bottom: Chris-Craft has hand-crafted a mahogany limited-edition version of its 24' 1930 Model 103. The price: $75,000, including a trailer.

AARON NEVILLE'S AMAZING GRACE

he was the lost soul of music—an angry, drugged-out thug with a beautiful voice. finally, he has reason to sing like an angel

By STEVE POND

THE CLUB is crowded, but people automatically step out of the way to let him pass. He's a big man—massive, barrel-chested, ominous—and he walks with a deliberate and slightly threatening strut. If he crossed the street while you were stopped at a light, you'd instinctively lock your car doors.

His enormous bare arms are covered with street flash—a chunky gold watch on one wrist, a thick silver bracelet on the other—and crude tattoos. It says MOM on his left forearm, and above that there's a heart, above that a cross, above that his name. Covering most of his right forearm is a larger, more intricate, somewhat mysterious design; above it are the ragged, faint outlines of others. The tattoos are faded, but you can tell that he got them not from a pro but in a dingy back room somewhere. They must have been painful, but then again, this doesn't look like a man who'd be much bothered by pain.

Finally, he climbs onto the small stage, settles his bulk onto a stool and nods to the crowd. He doesn't smile; not now, not for the next hour. His face, expressionless, gives nothing away and lets no one in. There's a gentleness in that face, but you have to look hard to find it—past another tattoo, a curved dagger covering his left cheek, and past a large, dark mole over his right eye. You can see why Taylor Hackford cast him in *Everybody's All-American* as "Man with Gun," the scariest inhabitant of the black slum where Dennis Quaid goes to test his mettle. He hardly needs a gun. Armed with only a microphone, he looks dangerous.

And then Aaron Neville leans forward, opens his mouth and sings in the voice of an angel.

Or maybe this is the voice that the angels would *like* to have: pure, tremulous, fluttering into a tender falsetto and almost impossibly beautiful. Years ago, when Bette Midler went to a New Orleans club and heard it, she slid out of her chair and melted onto the floor. Among his other fans and friends are Keith Richards, Dennis Quaid, Bonnie Raitt, John Goodman, Tim Reid—and Linda Ronstadt, who enlisted him to sing four duets on her *Cry like a Rainstorm, Howl like the Wind* album and, in the process, kicked off a career resurgence that found him appearing on *Saturday Night Live* and the Grammy Awards (where he won two awards), singing the national anthem at this year's Super Bowl and winning *Rolling Stone* magazine's critics' poll as the year's best male singer.

At the age of 49, it seems that Neville is finally hot. He has been one of American music's finest and most distinctive singers for most of three decades, both on his own and with his family in the Neville Brothers, New Orleans' first family of rock and roll. But, strangely, he has made his living as a singer for only a fraction of that time.

He had his first big hit, *Tell It like It Is*, back in 1966, but he made no money from it. That pretty much was the story of his career—he had a legendary voice and bad luck. He was cheated and bilked, making records but not money. His life spiraled downward into drugs and crime, his music was unreleased or unheard, his mistakes and frustrations mixing together to destroy everything except that unmistakable voice. But the voice sustained him. When he was in jail, he sang like an angel. When he was broke, on drugs and angry, he sang like an angel. And now that he's on the charts again, he's still singing like an angel.

So that's what he does tonight at Snug Harbor, a jazz club on the fringes of New Orleans' Vieux Carré. The piano player, who's his only accompanist, is a bit heavy-handed, and Neville's repertoire is odd: He'll sing a classic Fifties tune such as *Pledging My Love* or *Earth Angel*, then a standard such as *Stardust* or *Danny Boy*, then a tune as overexposed and schmaltzy as Billy Joel's *Just the Way You Are*. And it doesn't matter—not the pianist's shortcomings, not the spotty song selection—because in his voice, everything sounds sublime.

"He just loves to sing," says Daniel Lanois, who produced the last Neville Brothers album. "Aaron sees music as, 'Oh, I love this country song, and I like that Bob Dylan song, and I'll happily sing a syrupy ballad.' There doesn't seem to be a difference in his mind. He's still innocent."

At the end of the night, this unlikely innocent launches into *Tell It like It Is*, and the crowd sings along to a classic ballad that sounds as pure and unsullied *(continued on page 160)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

Budweiser
Budweiser
Budweiser
Pepto-Bismol

ED O'NEILL is flat-out on a couch in a Sunset Boulevard rehearsal hall, one leg draped over the sofa's broken back, a rumpled jacket puddled around him. It's Monday morning, half an hour before the cast and staff of *Married . . . with Children* will sit at a long table and read this week's script for the first time. And here's O'Neill, looking for all the world like Al Bundy, his sitcomic persona. He looks weary. He looks beaten but unbowed. He's sunk into the only piece of comfortable furniture in the room, one long, loose sprawl of ex-jock bulk.

As viewers know, Al Bundy played football in high school. Ed O'Neill played in college and had a tryout with the Pittsburgh Steelers. Both Al and Ed worry that they're going to seed. O'Neill talks with the director about football and boxing—pure Al. But before the double image fuses into focus, the actor reaches into his pocket and pulls out a prop of his own: dental floss.

married . . . with children is tv's most outlandish hit; but if you want to meet some real characters, go backstage

The director scoots around the echoey hall with what will seem, by the end of the week, like no more than a daily dose of hysteria—this is a technically tough episode, he says. It's gonna rain *inside the Bundy house*. Each leak is diagramed and numbered on the set plan, and water is one of the toughest things to photograph, especially on video tape, but it's gonna be great! It's brilliant formula! It's "Al gets the shit kicked outa him!" It's "Al the boob!" Look what the poor schmuck's doing now—he's falling off the roof! Oh, man, *great stuff!*

O'Neill listens, O'Neill doesn't listen to what will seem, by the end of the week, no more than customary cheerleading. And he flosses, which we know Al would never do. Al once held a vicious crowd at bay with his two ripe shoes. The man's armpits—take it from Peg, his wife—are "the doorway to another dimension." Bundy, as his fans know so well, is not hygienically inclined.

In come the other actors, the writers, sundry assistants, a jeans-and-high-tops crowd, plus a suit from Columbia, the studio that makes and owns the series, and a suit from Fox, the network that broadcasts it. If you didn't know better, you might think these two suits were important to the show. You might

article By PAMELA MARIN

HANGING OUT WITH THE BUNDYS

ILLUSTRATION BY PAMELA HOBBS

even think they ran things around here. That would be a mistake. The power in this room belongs to the show's birth parents, executive producers Ron Leavitt and Michael G. Moye—The Guys. If you didn't know better, you might think The Guys pumped gas. Leavitt describes himself and his partner as "just two funny guys, a black guy and a Jewish guy who write jokes." They do a lot more than write jokes, and what they do has earned each of them a small fortune, none of which is apparent at first glance.

Here's Leavitt, Jewish guy, 42, in a battered gray T-shirt and jeans. His clothes look as if they've been through the dry cycle once too often, though they don't exactly look fresh-as-a-daisy clean. His hair is longish and neglected. His cheeks sprout two days' growth. His partner, Moye, 35, wears a sleeveless Harley-Davidson T-shirt and black jeans, an outfit that showcases his weight-trained body. He is compact, shorter than Leavitt and a notch more stylish in a fisherman's cap and diamond-stud earring. He uses the word outlaws, somewhat ironically, to describe his and Leavitt's relationship with various forms of authority; at first glance, it's not hard to picture these two starring in another Fox hit, *America's Most Wanted*.

When it's time for the actors to read aloud from the script for "Who'll Stop the Rain?"—better known around the set as The Leaky Roof Show—Leavitt stands. He waits for a moment, but the chatter doesn't subside. He raises his arms in a halfhearted gesture for attention, looking rather like an umpire signaling a base runner safe. "Hello," he says, almost as an aside. "Hello?"

Gradually, the group quiets and Leavitt, in his soft-pedaled stand-up-comedian's delivery, rolls out a few lines about ratings and the competition—it's sweeps month, so last night's show was up against "Farrah getting naked or something scary," plus it was bumped back 15 minutes in Los Angeles because of a football game. "But fuck it, we're rolling," he says, and everyone laughs, and the two suits laugh loudest, and then it's time to start the reading, so Leavitt sits down.

"Anyhow," he says, opening his script, "let's see what we got."

•

What they've got is slash-and-burn TV. They have a show that sloshes mud and spews bile and stomps through a china shop of clichés—a sitcom that inverts sitcom conventions and succeeds where so many clones have failed. *Married . . . with Children* pokes its fingers in the eyes of a quarter century of benevolent dads and dutiful moms and cloying kids. It's aggressively low-forehead, maliciously funny. It's the antidote to Cosbyization. In a medium that increasingly wants to teach us little life lessons—look! There's Doogie Howser, M.D., learning about death and getting his first boner!—*Married* revels in frivolity. Nothing is taught, revealed, espoused. No issues are spilled and solved. Al will never get seriously ill. Peg will never debate whether or not to have an abortion. If Al comes home stinking drunk, Peg will not say to him, "Al, you have a drinking problem. Maybe you should do something about it." None of that kind of stuff will ever happen. The Guys promise.

•

When Fox was just an itch in media maven Rupert Murdoch's wallet, sitcom vets Leavitt and Moye were seriesless. They were "in development." They were "languishing in hell," says Leavitt. The Guys had been partners for a while, having met on *The Jeffersons*, a show they executive-produced together in the early Eighties. Their combined résumés included writing or producing credits for *Happy Days*, *Laverne & Shirley*, *Silver Spoons* and *Sanford and Son*. They'd had a bellyful of situation-comedy formula, a pabulum Moye describes as "wrapping everything up in a neat little package each week so the cast can group-grope up the stairs at the end of the show." They were sick of "the niceness, the sugar, the saccharine." You know, Moye says, "the bullshit."

Leavitt and Moye are in Leavitt's office on Monday afternoon. Piles of paper litter the floor. A six-foot inflatable Frankenstein's monster looms in the shadows. A faded *piñata* dangles from the ceiling. Plastic weapons crowd a cabinet marked SANDINISTA PRO SHOP. The place looks more like a dorm room than like an executive office, its collegiate atmospherics enhanced by the hussy-on-a-hog biker poster and especially by Leavitt's desk, a small, shabby lump buried in paper and topped with a dirty ashtray, a bottle of mouthwash and a king-size jar of antacid.

It's in this murky squalor that the show's six staff writers and two executive producers cobble their anti-sitcom together. Next door, Moye has his own office, a tidy spread that hardly looks used, and along the hall are the writers' nests, but this is the creative cell's home base. This is where they nail down the idea for each show and work each script scene by scene, line by line even. From here, one writer departs to bang out a first draft, which is then revised, before and during rehearsals, by the gang of eight. The Guys also sit in the control booth during the Friday-night tapings before a raucous studio audience, and they fine-tune the edit that becomes 22 minutes of completed show. Theirs is an uncommon schedule for executive producers, but then, unproducerly Leavitt and Moye do not "do lunch." They do not "take meetings." They do not cruise around town blabbing on their car phones—they don't have car phones.

"We hate that Hollywood shit," Moye says. "It's boring."

"We like to work," says Leavitt.

Their work has surely made them M.V.P.s at Fox. It is a source of delight for them now, a measure of success, that when *Married* debuted in April 1987, Fox's network of affiliated stations was so marginal, "we were on, like, C.B. radio in half the country," says Moye.

"Yeah, you brought in your radio, then you got a coat hanger for reception," says Leavitt.

"Horrifying," Moye says.

But there they were, in development hell. ("That's when the studio pays you for thinking, so you're supposed to think," says Leavitt. "You come into the office and you turn on the TV and watch *The People's Court*. Then you go out and buy gum.") And into their offices came Garth Ancier, head of Fox programing at the time. He got down on his knees. He begged for Leavitt and Moye.

From his knees, Ancier made the one and only seductive promise he could, and it sealed the deal: "You can do what you want," he said. "We'll leave you alone."

"It sounded lofty, an alternative network, all this freedom," says Leavitt.

"It was a good carrot," says Moye.

It was time to bust a move.

From the pens of these two outlaws came Al Bundy, shoe salesman, sports fan, beer drinker, slob, hitched for 16 years to Peg, who doesn't work or cook or clean, who shops, watches Oprah, eats bonbons, smokes. Al and Peg have two kids: a wily young son named Bud—after the beer—and a slutty daughter, Kelly. Next door live a Benz-driving banker couple, Steve and Marcy—Bundy foils.

Married stormed into a cathode-lit world of cuddly babies, cocooning Yuppies and beatific Michael J. Fox. It hawked once to clear its throat and spat out a blob of dialog. There was no niceness, no sugar, no saccharine. There were just jokes, razor-edged, pitch black.

Morning in the Bundys' Chicago home, act one, scene one, episode one. Al clomps downstairs and peers into his empty fridge. No juice, he tells couch-spud Peg. She says, Buy some on the way home from work.

Al: "I'm sorry. Why didn't I think of that? Sure, I don't mind doing the shopping, too. Anything else I can do to make your life a little easier?"

Peg: "You could shave your back."

Al: "Hey, that hair's there for a reason. Keeps you off of me at night."

The sex and sloth themes will endure for Al and Peg, as they have for other shows before and since. The Bundys are descended from the Kramdens and the Bunkers; they've spawned a mainstream

(continued on page 128)

"You are conversant, I assume, with the laws of salvage. . . ."

DISHING WITH SHARON

miss stone revealed in more ways than one

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON

Sharon Stone has a voice like honey poured over a night of whiskey and smoke. She makes an answering-machine tape—"Leave me a message and I'll get back to you"—sound like an invitation to seduction. Now that she has finally grown into it, she likes that voice but candidly admits that it was somewhat embarrassing when she was a teenager in a two-traffic-light town in Pennsylvania. An appetite for adventure and better food than she could get at the local diner drove her from Meadville to New York City. Her drop-dead good looks and that seductive voice didn't hurt. She modeled for Eileen Ford, studied with an acting coach—and waited. Not, as it turned out, for long. Woody Allen cast her in a small but pivotal role—that of the blonde goddess he glimpses on a passing train—in 1980's *Stardust Memories*. A role as the delectable waitress turned petulant movie star in *Irreconcilable Differences*, opposite Shelley Long and Ryan O'Neal, followed. Some 15 films later, Sharon still looks like an ingénue. A rich ingénue. She drops a wad of cash in Giorgio Armani's the way other people in L.A. drop names. It's a town where, as she's the first to admit over dinner, "people are more concerned with being fashionable than with being decent." Sharon says what she thinks—and she thinks a *lot*. "Just when I think I've reached capacity—ploop!—another bizarre concept drops into my head, where I was positive I had no more room, and my mind is stretched. I'll bet the inside of my head looks like a pregnant woman's stomach. I shudder to think what I am preparing to deliver. Probably another smart remark." Some men don't understand Sharon. Others adore her. Buck Henry says, "Sharon has the kind of face I'd leave my wife for. Since I'm not married, I'll have to leave someone else's wife." Sharon is a piece of work. Great long legs. Clairol-commercial blonde hair. White, sparkling teeth. But she laughs off compliments. "Some men used to think I was a bit formidable. Unfortunately, I was too young to realize it at the time. But I've reached the age at which they're starting to look at me as a breeder. They say, 'I *want* those genes. I *want* those long legs and that blonde hair and those white teeth. I want them now!' Of course, those men are usually short, dark and nearsighted, which is lucky for me, because that happens to be my type." Meanwhile, there's her acting career, which has always gone well but somewhat unevenly. She characterizes the two pictures in which she co-stars with Richard Chamberlain—a remake of the H. Rider Haggard thriller *King Solomon's Mines* and its sequel, *Allan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold*—as "those awful African movies."

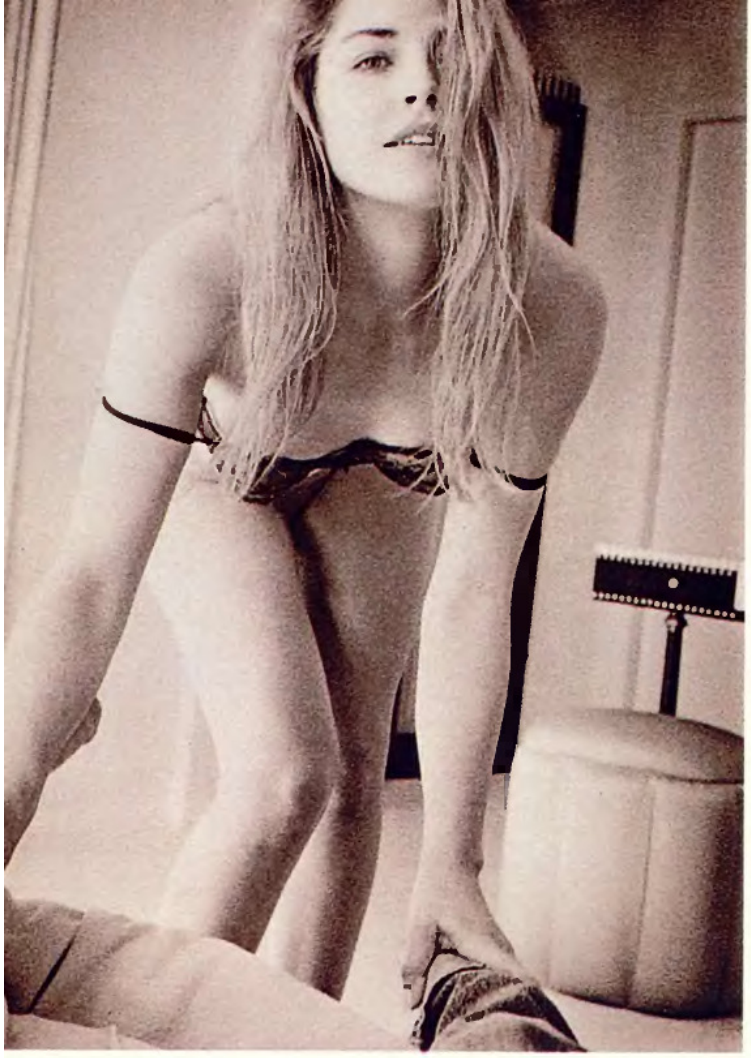
Coming soon to a theater near you: Sharon Stone as Arnold Schwarzenegger's wife, Lori, in *Total Recall*. That's Sharon in two scenes from the movie above; more of Sharon (on the next few pages) may have *you* climbing the walls.

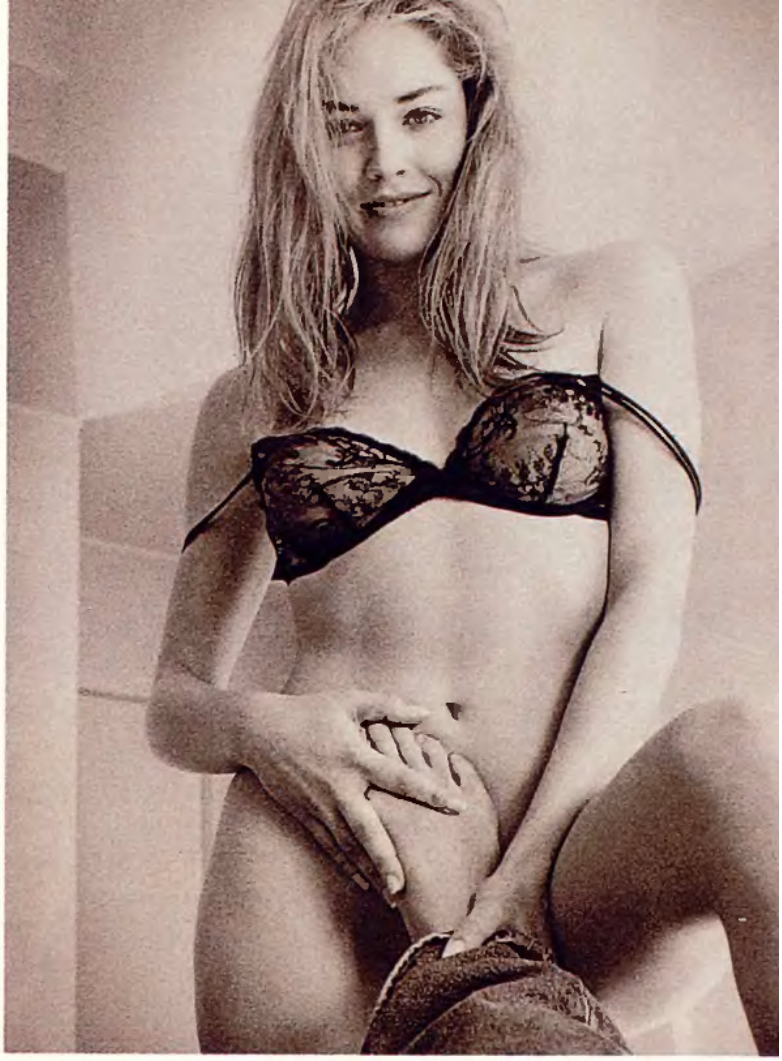
CHANDON

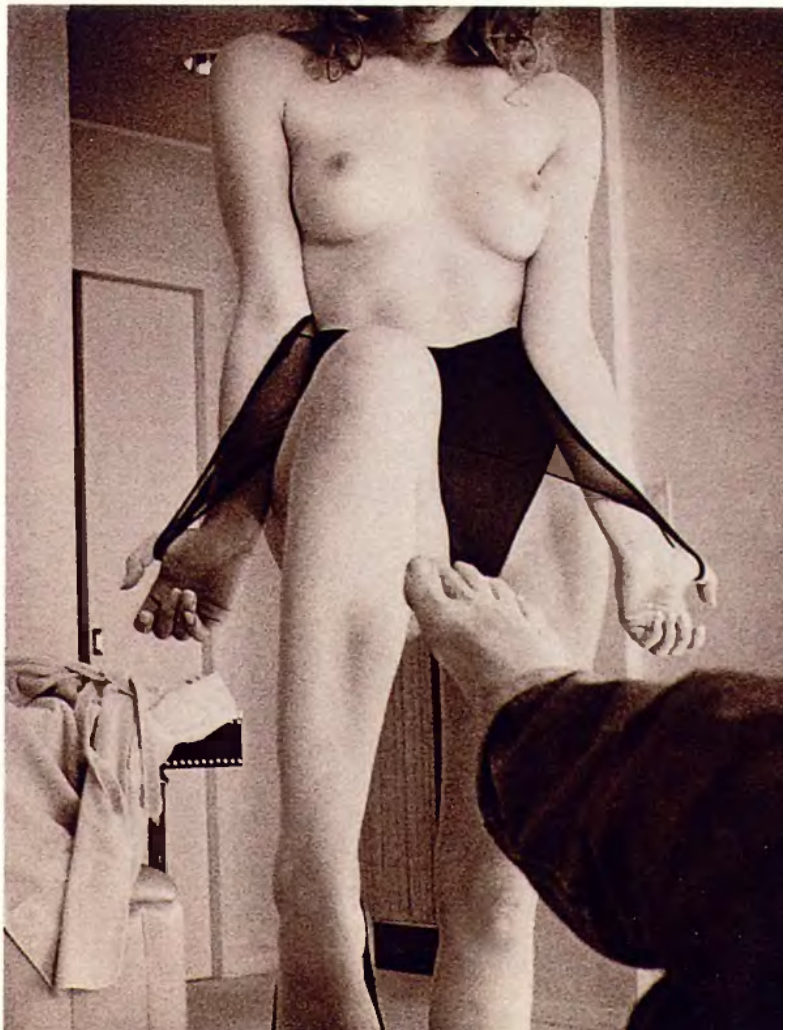
Although Sharon has worked with such stars as James Caan and Martin Sheen, she has also shown up in some middling fare (*Police Academy IV*, *Action Jackson*, *Above the Law*). After winning plaudits as Robert Mitchum's philandering daughter-in-law Janice Henry in the ABC miniseries *War and Remembrance*, she has started rising, like cream, to the top. *Total Recall*, in which Sharon plays Arnold Schwarzenegger's wife, is due for nationwide release June 15, and she has three more films—*Personal Choice*, *Scissors* and a remake of *Blood and Sand*—wrapped or in progress. As if that weren't enough, she has also landed a cosmetics account—for which, typically, she interviewed sans make-up. "I didn't wear any for the *Playboy* shoot, either," she says. "The photographer wanted me as I am, and that was just fine. Wet hair, no make-up, no clothes. That's about as naked as you can get. A director once said to me, 'The reason men want you to wear make-up is that when you don't, they feel they have to be honest with you because you're honest with them.'"

Sex is so much more in the mind than in the body," Sharon says. "I like a man whose brain is more expansive than his penis. Lips really do it for me: big, full lips. When I was fourteen, this boy told me he'd teach me how to kiss if I'd meet him in the auditorium during our free period. He sure taught me how to kiss, how to *feel* it, how to give someone room to kiss you back. I was very young and sexually immature then." Mischievously, she adds, "I was always a great student, however." She tosses that blonde mane. "Masculine men are an endangered species. *We've* endangered them by not experiencing our equality as women but by trying to be like men. It's an enormous mistake. And we're so afraid that if we reveal ourselves sexually to a person, he will steal our soul. So we pick people who could never possibly do that, people who are bad for us." She sighs. "I heard that Kathleen Turner's husband told her, 'I may not be the best lover in the world, but I know what *you* like.' That's being the best lover in the world!" Twirling her fork, Sharon laughs. "This is a pretty sexy conversation. Do we get to have a smoke when it's over?" —MARILYN GRABOWSKI

HAIR AND MAKE-UP BY JOHNNY HERNANDEZ FOR CELESTINE CLOUTIER, L.A.







THE BUNDYS (continued from page 116)

"'God,' Peg says, as Al's convulsions give way to a stunned slump. 'It smells like ham in here.'"

ratings queen named Roseanne. But where your standard sitcom dribbles innuendo, the Bundy bunch slam-dunks.

A father-daughter moment.

Al: "Come here a minute, sweetheart. I want you to tell Uncle Steve what your guidance counselor said were the careers you'd be best suited for."

Kelly: "Lumber-camp toy or the other woman."

In-laws.

Al: "Peg, I wonder why you never went after a guy like your father. Or weren't there any chronically unemployed social parasites around the month you were in your prime?"

Scheduling.

Peg: "Saturday, eleven P.M.: Make love. Eleven-oh-five: Al goes to sleep. Eleven-oh-six: Finish making love."

Memories.

Peg: "By the way, Al, am I still attractive?"

Al: "Peg, you're still the same knee-in-the-groin you were when you were sixteen."

With four seasons under its belt, *Married* has brought in numbers nobody thought possible, a wild wet dream of A. C. Nielsen tabulations spewing weekly. The last Christmas show copped the highest ratings of any program in the Fox network's brief history. Some episodes have even won their Sunday-night time slot, beating the doddering old alphabets—ABC, NBC, CBS—at their own game. In November, sweeps month, *Married*—competing with scary, naked Farrah, et al.—averaged 18,600,000 viewers nationally, meaning that about a sixth of all TVs were tuned to Al and Peg. This on four-year-old Fox, which is still sometimes referred to in news stories as a "network," the quotation marks meaning "not really."

Remember *The Late Show Starring Joan Rivers*? How about the show with George C. Scott—*George C. Scott!*—as the President? What was that thing called?

George and Joan enlisted in Fox's first battalion of network challengers. They clambered from the Foxhole and were cut down. Their shows were commercial flops, critical disasters. They were good bets that quickly became bad business.

Also on the front lines that premiere season was this starless little sitcom by Leavitt and Moye. Setting the mood, right there with the opening credits, was Sinatra singing *Love and Marriage*. While Ole Blue Eyes crooned, glassy-eyed Al slumped on his couch and passed cash to each member of his family, including his dog. MARRIED, the credits read—then, slammed on screen with a prison-cell clank—WITH CHILDREN. The show soon became one of the very few reasons for Fox's air raids to continue despite a crimson bottom line.

•

Tuesday in the rehearsal hall. The cast is loose, teasing and touching like a bunch of Cleavers or Bradys or Keatons. O'Neill clowns with the actors who play the Bundy kids, David Faustino and blonde sirenette Christina Applegate. David Garrison and Amanda Bearse, who twitch to life the neighbor couple, Steve and Marcy, mix with their colleagues and circle back to tête-à-tête at the perimeter of the makeshift set. Katey Sagal, a.k.a. Peg Bundy, romps around the big hall munching carrots, picking at a bagel, smoking, singing. Sagal spent the late Seventies and early Eighties as a Harlette in Bette Midler's stage show and as a backup singer for Bob Dylan, Etta James and Tanya Tucker. In The Leaky Roof Show, she does a few lines from *My Girl* in time with raindrops falling into buckets in Al and Peg's bedroom. "I got sunshine," she sings sweetly, "on a cloudy day." Her clear soprano is a startling contrast to her throaty speaking voice and booming laugh.

Sagal brought full-figured sultriness to a role conjured for a frump. "A woman lying around the house in a bathrobe" is how The Guys imagined Peg. Someone who never got dressed. Sagal—who never studied acting—read the pilot script and said, "For two people who talk to each other this way, there has to be some hidden element of hotness." The elements come out of hiding in make-up and wardrobe, where the earthy Sagal is transformed into a K mart tart in bouffant hairdo, push-up bra, spandex pants and spike-heeled slippers, the last producing Peg's tottering trot.

Sagal plops down on the rehearsal-hall couch, where O'Neill was last seen flossing, and pages through her script. Nearby is an overstuffed chair and a coffee table, the key props of the Bundy living room. A couple of mattresses will be used for Al and Peg's bed, where, as viewers know, Peg sleeps with her hands clenched around Al's neck and her knees in his back.

This week, Al will battle not only the weather and his damaged roof but also, inevitably, his doubting family. Why not just call a professional roofer?

"There, right there, Peg, is the problem with America," says Al. "We've lost our spirit of self-reliance. Something's leaking, call someone. Something's broken, call someone. One of the kids suffers a ruptured appendix, call someone. Whatever happened to the old American spirit of 'I can fix it myself'? What happened to rugged American manhood?"

"We don't know yet, Dad," says Bud. "Kelly's tests aren't back from the lab."

Al Bundy will patch the leaks, but it will be a Pyrrhic victory. Twenty-two minutes and two patio-bound nose dives later, the errant shoe clerk hangs upside down from his roof, mumbling a pitiable "Help me."

The script reads funny, even in rehearsal, with actors flubbing lines they haven't memorized and breaking character to laugh at the better jokes. Sagal has a tough time getting through a line in the second act. It has been raining on Al's side of the bed. He's damp but determined to take to the roof in the morning. While Peg fusses with her nails, Al reaches up to turn off his bedside lamp. When the show airs, Al is seen in this moment framed with bolts of white light, a corny production effect for the electrical current surging through his soggy body. And when the show airs, Sagal delivers her line without giggling.

"God," Peg says, as Al's convulsions give way to a stunned slump. "It smells like *ham* in here."

•

When they signed on, The Guys thought Fox would fold after 13 weeks. They figured they'd spike the ball a few times, vent some professional frustration, then get back to the bullshit. "We thought it would be just a neat thing for the novelty pile in video stores," Moye says. The novelty, as it turned out, was their success.

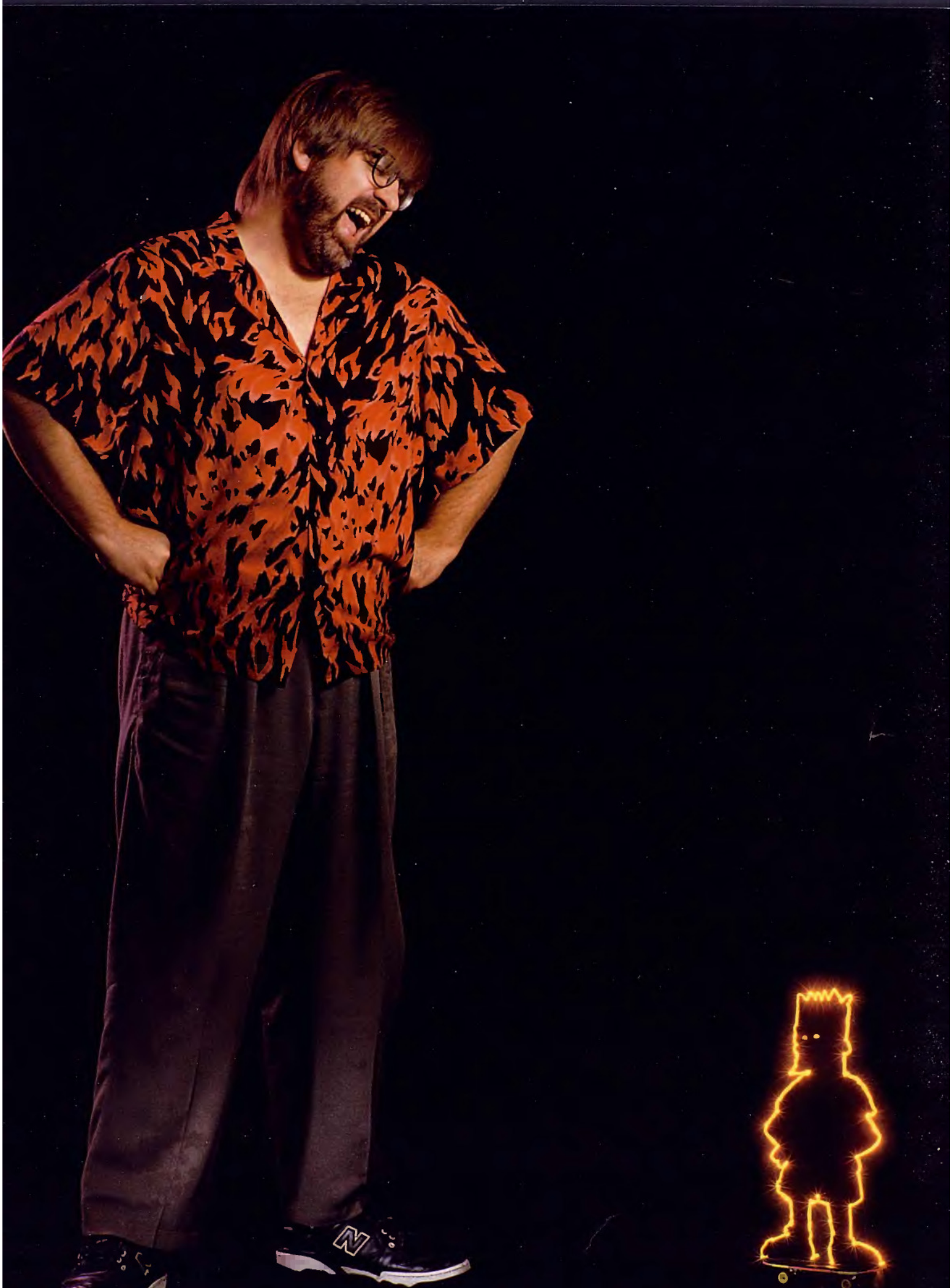
Nielsen numbers multiplied each season: 5,800,000 curious viewers tuned in to the first episode; more than 13,100,000 were watching a year and a half later, in December 1988. One among those millions was a wealthy housewife in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan: the show's most vocal antifan.

Terry Rakolta was described in press accounts, including a front-page story in *The New York Times*, as the wife of a construction-company owner, a country-club member, a mother of three. She sat down with her tykes one Sunday night and watched *Married . . . with Children*, and what she saw was not at all to her liking. She was "appalled," she told the *Times*. The show was "soft-core pornography."

The episode that shivered Rakolta's timbers was titled "Her Cups Runneth Over." It's known around the set as The Bra Show. Peg's in a funk because the bra

(continued on page 140)

"I guess I'm just a trendy kind of guy . . . you know—the disco scene, then jogging, white wine, oat bran. . . . Right now, I'm mainly into fucking. . . ."



20 QUESTIONS

MATT GROENING

the simpsons' creator on the serious business of cartoons, the dignity of children and the corrupt but lovable nature of man

Ten years ago, Matt Groening was making money by delivering copies of the Los Angeles Reader, *an alternative newspaper that had begun running his talky, simplistically drawn comic strip called "Life in Hell." Today, he delivers just the strip—to more than 200 newspapers, whose readers ignore their own feelings of victimization long enough to sympathize with such unlikely protagonists as a rabbit named Binky, his one-eared illegitimate son Bongo and two possibly gay identical twins named Akbar and Jeff. (The strip also contains a host of nameless and deleterious authority figures.) Late last year, a new family of Groening characters—the Simpsons—debuted on TV, giving the Fox Network a Sunday-night hit that has cemented its immediate future.*

Groening (rhymes with "braining") is a reasonably sloppy bear of a man given to wearing big loud shirts and making ruthlessly funny observations on the mess we've gotten ourselves into. Growing up in Portland, Oregon, as the son of distressingly sympathetic parents, he vowed "never to have to write a résumé," a goal facilitated by his attendance at Evergreen State College in Washington. "It had no grades and no required courses," he explains. "It was a magnet for every creative weirdo in the Pacific Northwest"—including cartoonist/humorist/writer Lynda J. Barry, who credits Groening as a major influence on her own work.

These days, Groening can be found at either Acme Features Syndicate or an unassuming rented house in Pacific Palisades, where the Groenings and their one-year-old son, Homer, are living until their new home is completed in the cartoonist's spiritual homeland of Venice, California. Neil Tesser found him at home. He was most impressed by the work space, "which strikes a precarious balance between high-tech wizardry—top-of-the-line Macintosh, copier, fax machine—and piles of comic books, obscure records, 'Simpsons' paraphernalia and just plain junk. It's like a garage, except it's inside the house. Matt calls it his Batcave, but I don't think there were quite enough bugs to actually support bats."

1.

PLAYBOY: You've named the Simpson adults and their two daughters after your own parents and sisters. So after each episode, who calls you first? And what do they have to say?

GROENING: My parents call me Sunday night right after the show is over. They always love it and then their favorite lines of their corresponding characters come out of their mouths. But the Simpsons aren't really my family. They're only a fraction of my family's wild behavior. My family is not as stupid or as ugly as the Simpsons. They're very funny, but unlike the Simpsons, they *intend* to be funny and they're all witty. There are elements of my family in the cartoon, but I also have a brother and a sister I have *not* humiliated by naming cartoon characters after them. I don't know who in the family is more offended.

2.

PLAYBOY: You've always spoken so well of your father. What does it mean to you to be his son—apart from blood type?

GROENING: My dad is a cartoonist, film maker and writer who has lived by his wits. By example, he showed that you could do whatever you wanted to do in life—that a certificate didn't matter and that you could do creative stuff. I know I must drive my father crazy, because I've gotten a lot of attention with my cartoons, which reflects on him, but I've given one of my doltish cartoon characters his first name, and that has to annoy him just a little bit. His friends call him Homer Simpson now. I didn't think it through, because I originally did *The Simpsons* as short cartoons for *The Tracey Ullman Show*, and although I hoped it would become a TV series, I didn't really think it would. If I had it to do over again, I probably wouldn't have called this character Homer. It was just an inside joke for my family that has backfired in a very big way. That's why I had to name my son Homer, to make up for it.

3.

PLAYBOY: Here's a brief history of prime-time television cartoons: *The Flintstones*, *The Jetsons*, *The Simpsons*. Is this progression a sign of our times?

GROENING: I have a feeling that one of the reasons *The Simpsons* got on the air as a prime-time animated series is that the executives who were able to make that decision grew up on *The Flintstones* and *The Jetsons* and were aware that it's possible to have cartoons on at night—though I think there really isn't that much that we have in common with those old shows. I have to grant that there was a clarity of design in the old Hanna-Barbera cartoons, and the voices were pretty good. But the writing was atrocious.

4.

PLAYBOY: What is Bart Simpson's destiny—grade school to retirement—in seventy-five words or less?

GROENING: It's very hard to picture Bart beyond the onset of acne. I think he's in for a very troubled adolescence and ultimately a pretty sad life. He's probably at the height of his joy and exuberance at this moment. There are few consequences to his actions right now—he paints graffiti and makes prank phone calls. But when he graduates to petty theft—no, it doesn't look good for Bart.

5.

PLAYBOY: What was life like growing up in Oregon?

GROENING: I lived between the old Portland Zoo and the new Portland Zoo, in an arboretum. It was a giant park and the arboretum was on one end of it, with very peculiar trees in the middle of the woods. It was idyllic. The old zoo closed when I was about five years old and my friends and I used to play in the abandoned grizzly-bear grotto and swim in the pools and sneak into the caves on the side of the hill; it was great for a kid.

6.

PLAYBOY: That all sounds so nature-oriented, so rooted—and so unlike Binky [in *Life in Hell*] or the Simpsons, or any of your other characters. What prompted your descent into urban and suburban madness?

GROENING: *Life in Hell* was inspired by my move to Los Angeles in 1977. I got here on a Friday night in August; it was about a hundred and two degrees; my car broke down in the fast lane of the Hollywood Freeway while I was listening to a drunken deejay who was giving his last program on a local rock station and bitterly denouncing the station's management. And then I had a series of lousy jobs here. I wanted to be a writer, so I answered an ad *(continued on page 136)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY COSTA

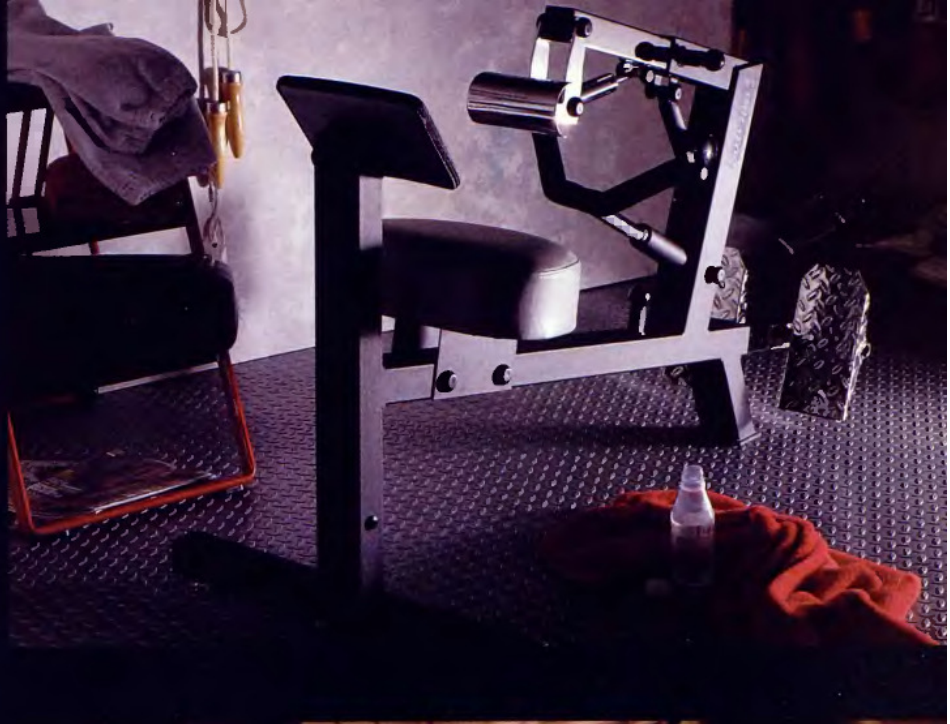
PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

These face-hugging SAS 4000 sunglasses have unbreakable polycarbanate lenses that screen out 95 percent af blue light and 100 percent af UV rays. The leather weather shields and lanyard are remavable, from Swiss Army Brands, Sheltan, Connecticut, $115, including a snap case.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Isofit Systems' Isolator is a gut-toughening machine that works on building and tapering the abdamen without lower-back stress, from Design 1, Vista, California, $1295.



Created in the spirit of the late Thirties, the Gotham phone, by Wwtton, features inset touch-tone dialing and last-number redial, distributed by Cicena, New York, about $100.

From merry old London comes Czech & Speake of Jermyn Street's No. 88 line of men's toiletries: soap, $18, after-shave gel, $24, after-shave lotion, $40, and cologne, $65.

It's doggone simple. The Hot Diggity Dogger Machine broils two hot dogs and toasts two buns simultaneously, by Welbilt Appliance, New Hyde Park, New York, $70. Hot dog!

Pioneer's CT-M6R Multi-Play Cassette Deck, $450, holds six audio cassettes and it can be coupled with the new PD-M730 six-disc CD player, about $600, to record in sequence.

Developed by Cartell Inc. and engineered by Chrysler and OKI Telephone, The Visorphone will be available soon in many new Dodges and Chryslers, about $1000 installed.

Carbon-composite EOS woods and irons have a larger sweet spot, by Yamaho Professional Golf Equipment, $315 for o set of EOS woods, $1334 for eight irons.

MATT GROENING *(continued from page 131)*

"One of the great thrills is I now get paid for doing what I used to get sent to the principal's office for."

in the *L.A. Times* that read, "Help wanted: writer/chauffeur." I was the last in a long line of writer/chauffeurs for an eighty-eight-year-old retired movie director. I'd drive him around during the day and listen to his stories and in the evening work on ghostwriting his autobiography, which was already a foot high. It was just like out of the movie *Sunset Boulevard*. This was nobody you ever heard of. He had done some B Westerns and was very much on the periphery of Hollywood. The whole book was centered on his mother, with whom he lived until she died at the age of a hundred and two. A typical line in his autobiography was, "And that day, I met Cecil B. De Mille. I immediately ran home to tell Mother. 'Mother,' I said, 'I met Cecil B. De Mille today.'"

7.

PLAYBOY: You had a succession of lousy jobs. What was the worst one of them all?

GROENING: It's a tossup. I wrote slogans for horror movies at some little advertising agency, but it never used any. For one of the *Living Dead* movies, I wrote, "First they want to meet you, then they want to eat you." You have to ask which is worse—working as a dishwasher in an old-folks' home or doing landscaping at a sewage-treatment plant. I mean, these were pretty bad jobs. But you know what? Those plants grow really well.

8.

PLAYBOY: So in spite of the neuroses crawling out of your work, you actually had a fairly well-adjusted childhood?

GROENING: In some ways. I revolted against my school, my teachers and various administrators, because it was impossible to revolt against my perfect parents—who were very supportive; they thought the teachers were idiots, too. I got in trouble in school for drawing cartoons. Yeah, they used to get confiscated. In fact, one of the great thrills of my life is that I now get paid for doing what I used to get sent to the principal's office for. So, anyway, I spent many, many long hours in the principal's office staring at the ceiling and counting the little dots in the tiles. And at a very early age, I decided I had to somehow make this time that was being wasted pay off. And so I wrote about it. I kept a diary, and I eventually turned part of it into a series of comic strips, and then I wrote a book called *School Is Hell*. If I had known that I was really gonna do it—go off and be a cartoonist who got to write a book called *School Is Hell*—I would have been a much happier kid. In fact, to this day, I get a thrill when kids write to me and say they wore a SCHOOL IS HELL T-shirt to class and got kicked out. I say, "All right, I'm still annoying those teachers!"

9.

PLAYBOY: Your wife, Deborah Caplan, is your business manager, and by all accounts, she's largely responsible for your success. What happens in the case of a really serious disagreement about career direction, in which the artist has to stand up and defend his instincts against the demands of business?

GROENING: I defer to her. In all cases. She handles the business, because I'm slow and naïve when it comes to that. My artist pals and I used to just hang around, scrape up change out of the seat cushions to go split a burger at Astro Burger, and we used to wonder whether, if we ever made it, we were going to live the exact same lives and just have thousands more comic books and records. And if it weren't for Deborah, that would indeed be the case. We've done very well by each other, going back to the days when I lived in an apartment in Hollywood that was so dangerous that she wouldn't visit me after dark. It was a neighborhood full of drug peddling, random fights, police helicopters and, worst of all, the guy below me and his irritating rock music all night. I had a war with this guy that lasted for months. The weapons were speakers. I put my speakers face down on the floor and played very loud, throbbing *reggae* and tried to vibrate him out of that apartment building, and that didn't work—until one day, I took a cinder block out of my book shelf and dropped it on the floor. All of a sudden, his music went off, and then I heard footsteps charging up the stairs, and he was pounding on my door, saying, "Did you just drop something?" And I said it was my boot or something, and he said, "My light fixture just fell out of the

"On the other hand, if they're not interested in my body, I think there's something wrong with them."

ceiling." I never had a problem with him after that.

10.

PLAYBOY: We live in a time of declining literacy rates, when big-city kids aren't really learning to read, and it seems plausible that comics could attain a new significance as the shorthand literature of the future. Just how do you plan to handle this responsibility?

GROENING: My cartoons aren't really for the people who can barely read; they're more for the people who *can* read prose and get tired of all those long, straight, boring gray columns. There are other comics for the dumb kids.

11.

PLAYBOY: Reflecting on your comic strip, one is forced to ask, Why rabbits? And were you always planning to make all the other characters different animals, or did that just sort of evolve?

GROENING: I used to draw many other kinds of animals in high school. I drew doglike bears and bearlike dogs. None of my friends could tell what they were, except for the rabbits. They saw the two big ears and they understood immediately. Also, there's an honorable history of rabbits in pop culture: Peter Rabbit, Bugs Bunny, *Rabbit Redux*—the John Updike stuff. Crusader Rabbit. And, of course, the Playboy Rabbit Head. I actually modeled Binky after the Playboy Rabbit Head caps—you know, those tractor caps that those guys wear who look like they've never seen *Playboy* in a million years. I wonder how Hef feels about those guys.

12.

PLAYBOY: Let's have the complete low-down on Akbar and Jeff, those two clowns with the fezzes. How did you end up creating them? Why do they look like that? And by the way, they're now officially out of the closet, right?

GROENING: I don't know what you mean. Akbar and Jeff, as I have maintained from the beginning, are brothers or lovers or possibly both. Whatever outrages you the more, that's probably what they are. Actually, when I was a kid, my friends and I used to try to draw Charlie Brown; we couldn't do it very well, he's a very hard character to draw—second only to Popeye, I think, to get right. And most of what we'd draw would come out like these macrocephalic mutants. Eventually, we just turned them into these giant-nosed creatures, and we thought it was hilarious to have both eyes on the same side of the nose. They still have Charlie Brown's little striped shirt, and then later, I added a fez. It was just a sartorial touch. In fact, I keep hoping that fezzes will become popular—I keep looking in *Playboy* fashion spreads for young men wearing fezzes.

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13.

PLAYBOY: How many words of pop-culture trash would you estimate you read in a week?

GROENING: Well, I skim a lot. I vowed from an early age not to let anything be beyond me; that is, nothing is too low or too high. So I love Chinese martial-arts movies and—let's see, what's on the low end?

14.

PLAYBOY: Forgive us, but we were going to bring up the ugly specter of existentialism in your work. Did you perhaps read a lot of Sartre when you were young?

GROENING: When I was six, I warped myself by reading a book called *The Child from Five to Ten*, which delineates behavior of children month by month. I knew what I was supposed to be doing, and the sex questions I was supposed to be asking—they didn't provide the answers, they just said these are the questions. And of course I did none of that. My mother was mystified by me as a result. My parents read this book and they said, "Y' know, you never acted like the book said." That's because *I read the book*. Then, in college, I studied Kierkegaard and Nietzsche. You study that in the winter, in a rain forest in Olympia, Washington, and you get very moody.

15.

PLAYBOY: Here's a scenario. It's 1996, you're forty-two years old, *Life in Hell* is a staple of every paper in America; Groeningland, the theme park, has spawned Groening World and Akbar Center down in Florida; and little Homer, your son, is about to enter the first grade. What advice do you give him about the hell that is school?

GROENING: Well, I'd take him up into the giant five-hundred-foot statue of Lynda Barry, where we'd eat in her revolving head—because I'm going to have giant statues of all my friends—and I'd hand him a copy of *School Is Hell* and say, "Read it and weep." I'll find the best school that I can for him, one where there's a minimum of busywork and an emphasis on learning and maintaining children's dignity. I don't think it's necessary for education to be miserable.

16.

PLAYBOY: We know that a lot of your favorite cartoonists are women, and that you've given Homer and Bart Simpson essentially stupid, defensive and braggadocian personalities. One wonders, Do you, in fact, hate men? Is *The Simpsons* an antimale program?

GROENING: No! No! Though, now that you mention it, I try to take a stance with the people who have power, and men generally have power, or more power. But *The Simpsons* pokes fun at the entire human race, everybody in authority. Basically, the

Simpsons are lovable but corrupt, as is everybody in their universe.

17.

PLAYBOY: Why did you start doing the segments on *The Tracey Ullman Show*? Had you always wanted to turn your creations into animated characters?

GROENING: Yeah, I'd always wanted to do animated cartoons, because it just seemed, from watching Rocky and Bullwinkle and *George of the Jungle* when I was a kid, that there was room on TV for primitive animation that had great writing. And I had some theories about animation movement, stuff that is very hard to articulate, but when ya see it, ya see it. So I experimented with that on *The Tracey Ullman Show*, and it proved to be successful: You could do very funny visual humor with a minimal expenditure of energy. I love virtuoso animation—the great Disney cartoons and the great Warner Bros. cartoons—but the stuff that's *near* virtuoso I find merely tiresome. And given the nature of the time limitations and budget for *The Simpsons*, we can't do any of that stuff. Besides, as great as Disney animation is, that rubbery, blubbery, constant wishy-washy movement is not appropriate to *The Simpsons*.

18.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any difficulties with the transition to animation?

GROENING: When James L. Brooks [an executive producer of *The Tracey Ullman Show*] gave me the opportunity to start in animation, I hooked up with some animators from a small company, Klasky-Csupo, in Hollywood. They had never done a TV series before, and we operated on the same wave length almost immediately. I didn't realize how lucky that was, because since then, I've come into contact with other animators, and a lot of them are so locked into their styles it's really hard to dislodge them. We had some very bad experiences early on with some animators involved with the show. The very first episode we worked on, the Simpsons were watching a show called *The Happy Little Elves Meet the Curious Bear Cub*, and one of the animators, in a flight of fancy, thought it would be funny if in the background of one scene, the curious bear on the little TV screen would rip the head off an elf and drink the blood out of its neck. And although we were trying for an oddball, offbeat cartoon show, I was surprised to see this. It never aired, and as far as I'm concerned, the negative has been burned. So animators are an unruly bunch and they're out of their minds. Anybody who would be willing to work on so many of the same drawings day after day. . . .

19.

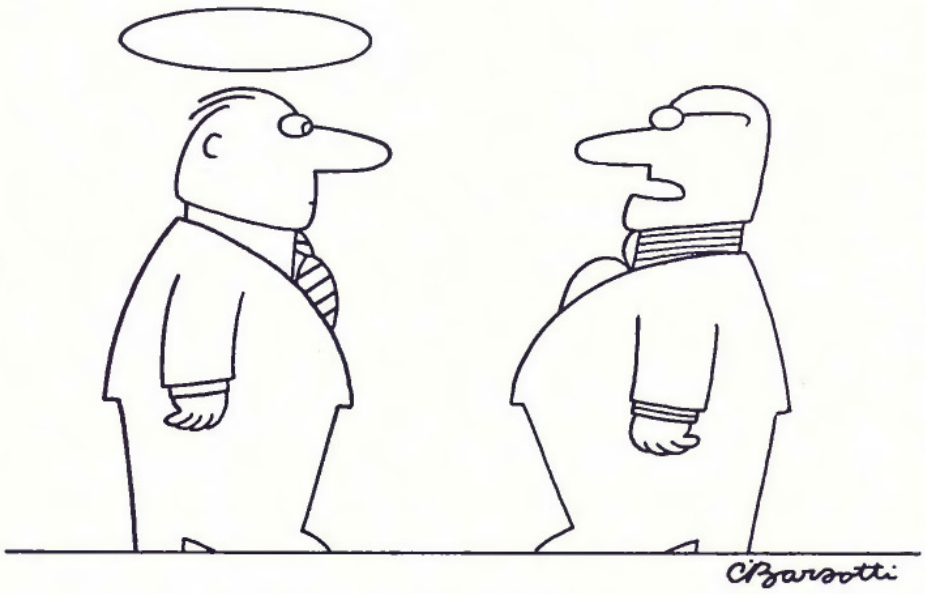
PLAYBOY: We'll never see something as repulsively mercantile as, say, a Bart Simpson talking action figure, will we?

GROENING: Actually, there's one in the works. It says a number of things, though there are two things the toy company would not let the doll do. One is say, "I'm Bart Simpson. Who the hell are you?" which I can't understand—it's one of his big catch phrases—and they wouldn't let him belch. They didn't think either was appropriate coming out of the mouth of a doll. But he does say, "Whoa, Momma!" "*¡Ay caramba!*" and "*Au contraire, mon frère*"; it will be the only trilingual talking doll on the market.

20.

PLAYBOY: Can we attach any significance to the prevalence of overbites in all of your characters?

GROENING: Well, it's part of my tragic view of life.



"It's OK with me, Peterson, if you've had a religious epiphany; just stay away from the sales staff."

GAS-STATION CAPER

(continued from page 82)

South. My family had no money at all. Everybody assumes that because I went to Harvard, I come from an Ivy League family, but that's not the way it was. My dad died when I was twelve. I worked an outside job all the way through high school, got some financial aid for college, scrimped and saved. The first day I arrived in Boston was my first day in any big city.

"Frankly, the way I learned to survive at Harvard was by being a chameleon. I tried to melt into the wallpaper and copy what other people did. I was a chameleon with women, too. I'd be whoever they wanted me to be. I loved almost all of them deep in my groin and I just wanted to please them. Were they politically liberal? Hey, I could be liberal. Were they right-wing conservatives? No problem for me. Did they like to go to art museums? Me, too. Concerts? Sure. Baseball games? Why not?

"Some of my attitude was based on finances. If I did what they wanted to do, it was easier to go Dutch, and I was in no shape to pay for a lot of entertainment. But I also realized that women like men who agree with them. Today, those may be the *only* men they like. So I became a really agreeable guy, and they liked me and sometimes loved me.

"I used to hang around a coffeehouse near campus. My father never saw a coffeehouse in his life, and here was his son, Glenn Junior, ordering cappuccino and looking at contemporary art on the walls. But I had a good reason for doing that: Waiters don't usually hassle you in a coffeehouse. You can order one cup of coffee and then sit there for hours.

"I get ambushed in the coffeehouse one winter's morning in my sophomore year. This beautiful woman walks in, blonde hair in braids, Bo Derek features, parka and ski boots and glowing skin. I am immediately in love. I have to talk to her. I will die if I do not talk to her. So chameleon Glenn starts up a conversation. I ask her where she got her ski boots, she tells me, we talk.

"She seems to like me. I'm trying to scope her out, get her profile, just fit in, you know? She loves Switzerland; I love Switzerland. She paints in oils; I paint in acrylics. She loves skiing at Vail; Vail is like my own back yard, I've skied there since I was six years old; I knew it before it got fashionable, Robin Leach has nothing on me. I'm very noisy about my history at Vail and my tryouts for the Olympic ski team and the way I'd like to wait tables and party and sauna and ski for the rest of my life. 'Really?' she asks. Really, I nod. I try to look honest and sincere, but it's hard to do that with my own bullshit piled up to my kneecaps. 'So let's go.' Julie grabs my hands. 'Let's get out of here this afternoon,

let's go boogie in the snow.' It is an amazing offer that I cannot refuse.

"'W-w-well,' I stutter.

"'Come on,' she says. 'My father has a condo at Vail. We can stay there. How about it?'

"I've got the first credit card of my life in my wallet, I've just been challenged by a beautiful woman, I've told her how great I am, I'm in love, what do you think I'm going to do? I go with her, of course.

"Her father's condo is great. When we get there, I suggest we take a whirlpool and get some rest. She's too smart for that. She knows that I don't really mean rest. She says no, she wants to hit the slopes. So True Grit here goes out and rents some skis, asks the clerk at the shop some really basic questions and meets Julie at the lift. Off we go, me almost breaking my butt just getting into the lift chair, up to the top of the toughest hill.

"Julie's talking all the way, but I hardly hear her, because I'm convinced I'm going to die. I assume I'll probably fall off the lift; if that doesn't get me, the downhill trip will. I've seen movies about skiing, but I am your basic country boy who has never been on skis in his life. I am clearly crazy. My hormones are leading me to my death.

"I remember standing there on the crest of that mountain, feeling like my chest was about to cave in, terrified, still playing *macho* man but ready to quit, ready to sit down in the snow and cry and ask for a snowmobile ride back to town.

"You know what did it? You know what got me down that hill? My nose. The smells. I don't mean the trees and the pine needles and all that shit. I mean the smell of Julie's suntan lotion, her lip balm and hand cream, her shampoo, her wonderful skin. She took off, dropped out of sight, and my nose had to follow her. She was like a magnet.

"Did you see the movie *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?* Remember the first ten minutes of it, the baby in the kitchen, crawling all over the place and almost getting killed but not getting killed? That was a movie of my trip down the mountain that day. I bounced, I fell, I rolled from pillar to post. I slammed into trees, I ate tree bark and snow, I fell every twenty meters, I shimmied on my butt and crawled on my knees. Julie said I looked like a wounded grizzly bear when I got to the bottom. But I made it.

"Only a man in love could have survived that run. And you know something? I can smell that woman to this day. I can put myself back on the top of that mountain in my mind any time I want. Us guys, we're fools for love. Absolute fools."

Those are just three of the scores of sagas I've heard from the men I've interviewed for this article. Unfortunately, over the past quarter century, men have become more reticent about telling adventures like these. This reticence is born of fear, the fear of being labeled sexist by a culture that has become squeamish about male behavior. Men have learned to bury their sexual histories deep, and it is a new experience for them to openly discuss their shenanigans. But one thing held true in my research: I never met a man who didn't have at least one moment in his life when risks were accepted and love was then fanatically pursued.

There is the computer programer who drove his motorcycle 500 miles through snow and freezing temperatures to reach a beautiful American Indian woman who had hinted in a phone call that she might permit him a dalliance. In his precoital haste, he blew a tire at 85 miles per hour, broke a clutch cable and shifted thereafter with a vise grip. He almost crashed when he fell asleep on the highway, pulled into a truck stop and was shaking so badly from cold and fatigue that he spilled four cups of coffee before he could get a cup to his mouth. He arrived at his destination only to see his intended lover waving to him from a raft in the middle of a very cold lake, swam out to her and said, essentially, "Here I am!" He met resistance because she didn't want to make love where someone might be able to see them, got pushed off the raft and back into the icy water, lost momentary capability for an erection when a fish bit his toe and entertained the frightening vision that he might be swimming in a lake stocked with piranhas. He retired in defeat from the hoped-for seduction with a pledge to himself that from that moment on, he would, as he put it, "ride in greater comfort toward more assured ends."

And then there is the journalist, now middle-aged, who remembers a wild night on Okinawa in the early Sixties. At the time, this man was an active-duty Marine, a member of a secret task force that had been hastily assembled on Okinawa and was preparing for a possible invasion of Laos, an invasion that America's new President, John Kennedy, was seriously considering. Convinced that deadly combat lay ahead, this Marine wanted to see his own true love for a final reunion before he went off possibly to die for his country.

At the time, his own true love happened to be a bar girl named Michiko, a slim and graceful young woman who worked as a hostess at a bar in Naha, the island's largest city. But our Marine ran into an unforeseen problem on the night he went to see his bar girl for the last time. Michiko suddenly had been spirited out of Naha and hidden away by her jealous proprietor—the owner of the bar and one of Okinawa's small-time mobsters. She was being held in captivity in a rural section of Okinawa into which no Americans, particularly military personnel, were welcome.

Okinawa, the last island of the Ryukyu Island chain south of Japan, site of one of the great battles of World War Two, was in the early Sixties a place of smoldering resentment between the Okinawans and the overwhelming American military presence there. The last American military man who had tried to go into the village where our Marine planned to go in pursuit of Michiko had been caught, beaten, his ankles tied to the rear bumper of a taxi, his battered head the consistency of tomato pulp after being dragged for miles over rough roads.

None of this stopped our Marine in rut. He talked Michiko's sister into telling him her exact location and prepared for a long-range patrol. He taped his dog tags together so they wouldn't rattle, put on camouflage clothing and camouflage paint and a black knit hat and drove his jeep as close as he dared to the village in question. With his K-Bar between his teeth—he swears it's true—he crawled several hundred meters across rice-paddy dikes, past open sewage ditches, through mud and slime, past chickens and dogs, so that he could infiltrate, reconnoiter, lie in wait in the bushes until the place seemed asleep, then silently invade Michiko's room through the window of the shack in which she was being held prisoner.

Once in her bedroom, he luxuriated for a couple of hours in love and still-remembered lust. He tried to get her to escape with him, met refusal, said several sentimental goodbyes, finally crawled out the same way he had crawled in and made it back to the jeep and safety just before dawn. "It was crazy, but I did it," he says today. "I just kept telling myself that I was doing what the Marines had trained me to do. As I saw it, I was on a mission from God. I loved it."

These adventures may sound apocryphal. They are not. They are representative and true stories, testimonies to the male spirit, to male energy and ingenuity. Risk is often good, frantically pursued love is frequently warm and wonderful, release in the midst of danger can be exquisite. Men know this in their genes. Almost all of them have participated in some risky sexual business. It comes with the male territory.

Love and risk are not incompatible for men. Not by a long shot. They represent a potent and memorable mix, a combination of self-expression and reaffirmation, a way of living and loving that will never die and cannot be wished or legislated away.

What do men risk for love? Sometimes everything. And they never forget it. Shortly before his death, Tolstoy glanced at his bare feet and suddenly remembered Aksing Bazykina, a young peasant woman who had been the mother of his oldest son some 50 years previously.

Tolstoy, the old rogue, was smack in the middle of an honorable male condition that is usually composed of revery and lust, seduction and remembrance.

And most of us know exactly how he felt.

THE BUNDYS *(continued from page 128)*

"Marcy is on the witness stand and the motel's lawyer holds up a pair of handcuffs. 'Look familiar?'"

style she has always worn—her "fancy-figure 3-2-7"—has been discontinued. To calm his troubled wife, Al goes to a specialty lingerie shop in search of the elusive 3-2-7s, and there he sees the sights that outraged Rakolta. A mannequin in tasseled leather pasties. A geezer in a garter belt. A young stud modeling a tiara. Several scantily clad creamies—one of whom removes her bra. Viewers saw a naked back and a sidelong wedge of tit. Rakolta was not amused.

After she saw The Bra Show, Rakolta dutifully took notes on subsequent appalling episodes. Then she wrote a letter and mailed it to 45 of the show's advertisers, whom she accused of "helping to feed our kids a steady diet of gratuitous sex and violence." She got headlines, a talk-show tour, 15 minutes of fame. And she cost the show one sponsor, Tambrands, the makers of Tampax tampons.

Fox's reaction? "Everybody did the manly thing," says Moye, "which was immediately dive behind desks and point fingers at us. You couldn't get your legs under a desk for all the executives under there. You have never seen such wussing. And we're going, 'One letter? *One letter?*' I mean, this is an example of what a bored housewife can do with her husband's computer."

That one letter was taken to heart at Fox and Columbia, says Garth Ancier, because it was "intelligently written." It was "typewritten." It was "well thought out." And it could cost them big bucks. A 30-second commercial on *Married* now sells for about $200,000. That's nearly five times what it cost when the series debuted, and more than twice the price for commercial time on Fox's less popular shows. "Advertisers pay attention to people who write intelligently and thoughtfully."

This peek through the corporate keyhole comes from Ancier, who now works at Disney, because no one at Columbia or Fox would go on record—about Rakolta or Leavitt and Moye or anything else. Not one executive would talk, not even the Columbia somebody who gave Leavitt the inflatable monster he keeps in his office, a birthday gift from years ago. Not even the Fox censor. "You can't talk to him," I was told. A censored censor.

Leavitt and Moye knew they could weather Rakolta's onslaught. What pissed them off was the gag order served them by Columbia, the folks who sign their pay checks.

"We played that game at first," says Moye. "We figured, OK, they don't want us to talk to the press. I mean, look at us. I guess we look like a couple of barbarians—the 'Outlaws of Comedy,' y' know? God knows what'll happen if you put a camera in front of us. They probably thought we'd moon the world. But we figured that if we weren't going to be allowed to defend ourselves, somebody was gonna do it. We didn't do anything wrong, and for us to sit here mute gives the illusion that we did something wrong, that we're sorry for something, which is not true. So if you're not going to let me defend myself, *somebody* damn well better do it. And when nobody did, I just said, 'Fuck the muzzle.'"

Moye is pacing around Leavitt's office. It's Wednesday, two days before they tape The Leaky Roof Show, but Moye isn't thinking of Al Bundy's home improvements. He's thinking about the Fox censor and he's thinking about the tape of The Lost Show he's about to load into Leavitt's VCR. He's agitated. These things make him crazy.

By the time she went back to mothering and country-clubbing, Rakolta had probably boosted the ratings of the show she tried to sink. Headlines are publicity, after all, and all that talk about gratuitous sex probably added a few fans to the fold. It also brought the censor down on The Guys. Fox had had a standards-and-practices man in place since the network started, but he'd let the producers roam on a pretty loose leash. That was the deal. They lost a joke here and there, hassled over an occasional line. Nothing major. Then after Rakolta's epistle came a script called "I'll See You in Court." The Lost Show.

Moye says they got 15 censor notes on the script, meaning 15 words or lines the censor considered "too graphic" or "over the edge" or "offensive to certain groups." These were the things they'd been hearing from the censor all along—at the rate of two or three a script—but 15 notes was a whole new game.

"We were gonna play ball," says Moye. They made some changes and sent the script back. The censor was on the phone. They made some more changes, caught some more flak. "It got to the point where we had given them all but four notes, which to us was bending double. We were really doing a contortionist job." Still, the censor wasn't happy.

By the end of the week, they'd made 13 changes and "the integrity of the show was shot to hell," says Moye. "They were asking us to change things that two months earlier would have been just fine, except all of a sudden, we're supposed to clean it up because one woman wrote a letter. The show had just started to catch on and the attitude was, Oh, God! What if somebody sees us? Suddenly, we're popular and everybody wants to play it close to the vest. My feeling was, if you wanted a clean show, you should have bought *My Two Dads* in the first place. I mean, is this not my show anymore? Do I all of a sudden not understand my show?"

Moye cues up the video tape in Leavitt's office and sits on the edge of a chair, drinking decaf, chain smoking. He watches the one episode of his show that got away from him: 13 censor changes, integrity shot and still it never aired. Ancier says it's the only sitcom episode he's heard of in his 11 years in television that did not air because of censorship.

The Lost Show is about sex. Although Rakolta would no doubt disagree, it's a show that reaffirms, in a convoluted, Bundyesque way, Al and Peg's family ties. It begins with Peg and neighbor Marcy's discussing ways to spice the Bundy sex life. How about a change of venue? Cut to the Hop On Inn motel. See Al and Peg watch porn. Watch Al and Peg lean back in bed. Know they've done the wild—and, as always with the Bundys, brief—thing. Later, we learn that Al and Peg were video-taped at the motel, as were Steve and Marcy before them. Cut to a courtroom, where Steve plays prosecutor in the couples' lawsuit against the Hop On Inn.

Unfortunately for the Bundys, Steve screens the video tapes in court. Steve and Marcy win $10,000 for their multihour performance; Al and Peg's one-minute boogie is judged inconclusive. Or, as the jury foreman says, "No sex, no money."

"It's a cartoon, y' know?" says Moye, fast-forwarding through a commercial break. "*A cartoon.*"

Moye is mostly silent as he watches, but there are script changes that still grate. One is when Marcy is on the witness stand and the motel's lawyer holds up a pair of handcuffs. "Look familiar?" the attorney asks. In the original script, those handcuffs were radishes. "A bunch of radishes—they went wild," Moye chimes in during the scene. "This was an example of where you open the window and do a planet check. I mean, radishes? It's not even sexual. It's *just a joke!*"

In the convoluted paranoia of the day, the censor ruled for bondage toys over a nonsense visual joke. Handcuffs he understood. Radishes were the great unknown.

Moye flashes to another episode—planet-check time again—when the censor balked at the word crewcuts. In that show, a dykish P.E. coach was to say to a group of cheerleaders, including Kelly Bundy, "After the game, we'll go over to my house and give each other crewcuts. You seniors know what I mean."

"We got a phone call," Moye remembers. "Wild. 'You gotta take out crewcuts.' 'Why?' 'Well, Guys, everybody knows what

MARILYN

By Jack Cardiff

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that means.' 'What does it mean?' 'It means they're going to shave each other's pubic hair.' We said, '*What?* You got that out of crewcuts?' 'Well, everybody knows what that means. . . .'

"I looked in every book," Moye says, holding his temper in. "I looked in dictionaries from other countries. I wanted to see if anywhere in the world crewcuts was slang for pussy shaving. Nowhere. Nowhere! But they really, truly believed this, so we took the line out."

Moye restarts The Lost Show tape and leaves the room. He knows how the episode ends. He doesn't want to see it again. He wants to calm down.

On the monitor, the motel's lawyer doubts Peg's claim that in their one filmed minute, she and Al had sex.

Peg: "All right, it may not be sex to you, but it is to me. Just because you all have husbands who can last long enough to time an egg doesn't mean what Al does doesn't count. . . . Is a crumb not a banquet for a starving person? . . . Is a fig leaf not clothing for the naked?"

Now Peg's off the witness stand, she's being dragged back to her seat, and she's begging with every step. "You can't do this to Al! He'll lose what little confidence he has! You were great, baby! Please, oh, please, don't listen! Don't give up!"

The courtroom clears. Al and Peg are alone. He leads her behind the judge's bench and does what we all hope we'll still be doing after 16 years of marriage. The hands of the clock spin. Then we hear voices from behind the bench.

Al: "Now, was that sex, or was that sex?"

Peg: "That was *sex*, Al."

Peg lights a cigarette and exhales a cloud of smoke.

It's no news flash to viewers that the Bundys play rough. But Al and Peg, for all their griping, will never cheat on each other. The Guys promise. Al may dream about it. He may drool over each passing piece of nubile scenery. But when he gets turned on by a blonde, he buys his redheaded wife a bleached wig and hauls her upstairs. Peg may go to Chippendales and stash dollar bills in jockstraps, but when she gets the hots for the stripping cowboy, she goes home and shoves a Stetson on Al's head.

The simple, unsentimental fact is that Al and Peg Bundy love each other. They nag and rag and spit insults and fume; that's their game. It's fun. And friction by any other name still throws sparks. Many an episode has ended with Al and Peg gliding arm in arm up those well-worn Bundy stairs.

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Later on Wednesday, Moye and Leavitt and the writers watch a run-through of The Leaky Roof Show. Between scenes, the rehearsal-hall phone rings. A production assistant disappears into the phone booth, comes out, tells O'Neill his wife has called. O'Neill excuses himself and steps into the booth. The Guys and their gang wait. The actors glance through their scripts. Sagal—who was about to begin a scene with O'Neill—stands with her hands thrust into her jeans pockets, eyebrows up, eyes wide, staring at the phone booth. "This is not a good time for that," she says quietly to the director. He shrugs. An awkward minute ticks by, then somebody jokes that this is a commercial break.

"Buy a douche!" chirps Leavitt, in the perky voice of a TV pitchman. "Get those cunts smelling clean and fresh!"

•

Strangers shout at O'Neill. He might be standing in line for a movie, or buying a hamburger, or grocery shopping. "Yo, Al!" they yell. "Al *Bun-dee*!" Strangers go up to O'Neill and tell him he's shorter or taller than they expected, younger or older, or just what they imagined. They talk to him as if he were Al and they talk to him in the voice he uses when he's playing Al; they do Al for Ed.

"Weird," says O'Neill. But this is part of it. This is what happens when your mug is plastered on T-shirts (A MAN'S HOME IS HIS COFFIN) and fans paste bumper stickers on their cars (FLUSH IF YOU LOVE THE BUNDYS) and your show is a hit. It goes along with the new home on the beach and the new black Porsche and the guest shot hosting *Saturday Night Live*. This is life as a bona fide small-screen star.

Like the other *Married* actors, O'Neill approaches his newly minted celebrity with modesty, with surprise. They all have shiny new toys now. Brentwood-raised Sagal, daughter of the late movie director Boris Sagal, jokingly traces her TV career as a Hollywood climb up the automotive ladder: First season, she drove a 1976 Eldorado convertible; second and third seasons, a Mercedes; fourth season, a Jag. "Cars are cool," she says with a crooked smile. And buying the cliff-hung hacienda she used to rent was nice, too. "But it's just stuff," she says. "Y' know? It doesn't fix your life."

O'Neill borrows a word from Moye. They all still feel like "outlaws," he says, like they felt the first season, when they were unknowns. Nobody dreamed of the T-shirt-and-bumper-sticker days to come. O'Neill never imagined he'd go to his 25th high school reunion in Youngstown, Ohio, and spend the night signing autographs. That happened last year. So did his and Sagal's appearance on the Emmy Awards show—passing out statuettes, not receiving them. O'Neill liked that, in an outlaw sort of way.

"Katey and I walked on stage and there was this reaction of, 'Oh, geez, here's these two. They're not going to get anything—they're not even nominated for anything—but they're here, and they're funny. . . .'"

He pauses for a minute, remembering. It's Thursday, dress-rehearsal day in the studio, and O'Neill's standing near the empty bleachers, killing time between scenes.

"The show is very popular," he says finally, "but we get no kind of nominations, no kind of awards, no recognition in the television community. I like that. I think in a strange way, it's a compliment. Maybe it's just the Devil in me, but I think it's kind of cool."

Some weeks, dress rehearsal lasts only a

"Oh, Margo, the pain! Will I ever get over losing you? Probably not. But that's not why I called. Is that hot-looking roommate of yours anywhere around?"

few hours, but on this Thursday, for this technically tough Leaky Roof Show, it takes all day. The action stops every couple of minutes so techies can adjust the leaks or the lights or the cameras. O'Neill spends the down time shooting the breeze with the crew. Sagal, an avid reader, sticks her nose in a book. Christina Applegate talks with her mom; David Faustino huddles with his tutor. The director, The Guys and the writers zip back and forth between the control booth and the set.

Word from real life leaks into the Bundy world in the middle of the afternoon. The studio's plainclothes cop reports a shooting out on Sunset Boulevard, just up the street from the lot. Moye is on the set at this point, hanging out with the crew.

"Man, everybody needs to relax a little bit," he says. It's hard to tell if he's kidding. Was that a deadpan delivery? Is a joke en route?

"What the world needs now," sings one crew member sarcastically, playing along, "is love, sweet love."

"I'm serious, man," scowls Moye. "I try to spread it around."

The techies and Moye's secretary burst into laughter.

"You laugh," says the outlaw exec, "but I'm serious."

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Sagal's in the make-up room on Friday, getting her face smeared with ocher-colored gunk. Her hair's in hot rollers and her sneakered feet are propped up on a counter laden with jars and tubes of industrial-strength cosmetics. The make-up lady applies the foundation to Sagal's cheeks with a small sponge, then brushes deep purple on her eyelids and glues on fake lashes. She hands the actress a tube of lipstick. "Raspberry Ice," Sagal says, reading the label. "Is that perfect?"

Outside, in the parking lot, Leavitt opens the trunk of his white BMW and strips off his T-shirt. He reaches into a tangle of tennis rackets and wadded clothes and pulls out a buttondown shirt. He puts it on—it's a little tight across his incipient barrel gut—buttons it, leaves it untucked. A passing suit fawns. "Dressed up for the taping, eh, Ron? Whoa! Lookin' good!" Leavitt runs one hand through his greasy hair and smiles.

At 5:30 PM., and again two and a half hours later, Al Bundy takes to his roof while his family, warm and dry inside, ridicules him. Al gets the shit kicked out of him, like the director said. His effigy crashes to the ground twice; a stunt man dressed like Al dangles outside the living-room window in the last moments of the show. There's a new line in the script, a late addition by the writers. Al slinks into the living room on hands and knees after his second tumble.

"Al. You're tracking mud on the carpet," says Peg.

"Well, it's not *all* mud," Al whimpers. "Some of it's colon."

The colon line grosses out the studio audience. It grosses out the actors and even the roughneck crew—"So we know we've done our job," says Leavitt.

It's a line you wouldn't hear on any other network show, certainly not on another family sitcom. And while it may not be everyone's idea of humor, some of us love it for its bravado. It assures us that *Married . . . with Children* will never preach or teach or slime us with loving goo. It tells us this is just a cartoon.

The Friday-night tapings are rowdy as always, every seat taken. The audience is a few decibels louder than usual, due to a group of Marines in attendance. "Yo, Al Bundee!" they yell. "Yo, Peg! Divorce him and marry *me*!" Moye will say later that he thought of the Fox censor when he saw those Marines in the bleachers. He imagined pointing to the censor and saying to the grunts, "See that guy right there? That guy thinks you shave each other's pubic hair when you get crewcuts! He thinks you're a bunch of *sissies*."

Moye will also say later, while he and Leavitt edit The Leaky Roof Show—Moye laughing at the scripted jokes, Leavitt scribbling notes—"We love a good punch line, y' know? We're just a couple of slap-happy guys."

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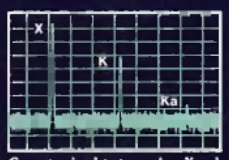

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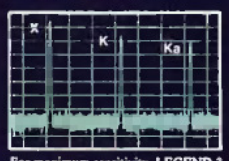

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CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS *(continued from page 55)*

"Barry was threatened with 20 years and $1,250,000 in fines. The whole thing stinks of a vendetta."

Times columnist William Safire to call Stephens a "publicity-grubbing U.S. Attorney [who] goes on television to characterize the charge as 'corruption,' as if it were a Federal offense to be a poor role model." Safire added that Attorney General Dick Thornburgh had allowed this "trap" in which "the Federal Government, for the first time, has used the expectation of sexual intercourse to lure a target into committing an illegal act in front of television cameras."

The prosecutor's defense is to wave the Holy Grail of the war on drugs, in which matters are perceived so desperate as to justify any means of fighting it. Some war on drugs. To get Barry, the prosecutor made a deal with Charles Lewis, the drug dealer, who had been nabbed by the FBI in a sting operation. That bust was set up to get something new on Lewis in order to turn him into a witness against Barry. Lewis the pusher, who copped a plea and got 15 months for distributing, was considered less important than Barry the customer, who was threatened with 20 years and $1,250,000 in fines for what started as a smoking rap. The whole thing stinks of a vendetta.

Barry may have a problem with drug addiction and, if so, needs help, but couldn't the Feds have come to his assistance in a kindlier way? No, because the fit of puritanical rage that has come to dominate the Government's approach to the drug problem defines drug use as a criminal rather than a health problem. "Narcotics abuse is not a victimless crime," thundered prosecutor Stephens, as if to explain the costly undercover campaign to capture the mayor in the act.

Clearly, uncontrollable addiction of any sort victimizes the addict, but why the national preoccupation with only certain drugs? Barry admits addiction to alcohol and the prescription drugs Valium and Xanax. Was he not a victim then, as are tens of millions of other abusers, of legal drugs? The Government, by its mind-numbing crusade against certain forms of self-abuse, has apparently exonerated all others.

The Barry case illustrates more than anything else that the antidrug crusade has simply gotten out of hand. If excessive police power is to be used to clean up Government, which scares me, then why clean only one dirty nook?

Which is the point made by NAACP executive director Benjamin L. Hooks. Charging the Feds with "selective enforcement of the law," he noted wryly that "the search had finally paid off. We spent all of these years trying to find him with a grain of cocaine, and by God, we did it, didn't we? . . . We haven't found all the people who've stolen all the money from the savings-and-loan associations and are driving Rolls-Royces and Jaguars, so obviously, many of us in the black community will have some peculiar feelings as we go further."

I don't know if black Democratic politicians are hounded unfairly by white Republican prosecutors, as Hooks implies, though that is not the wildest of suppositions. But one can't ignore Hooks's questioning of Government indifference to the savings-and-loan scandal, with losses of 19.2 billion dollars last year alone, when the Feds have ample time and money to pursue Mayor Barry in such a detailed and leisurely manner. Perhaps the FBI should recruit a seductress to entrap bank officials as effectively as it did the hapless Barry.

No matter what transpires in the trial of Washington mayor Marion Barry, it's clear that the FBI should be found guilty. So maybe Barry is a pompous hypocrite—aren't they all? Politicians, that is. Who was he hurting other than himself if he did use drugs? Until the FBI and drug agents sandbagged the man, Barry was a popular mayor of one of the toughest cities you can run. Maybe he blew it and therefore deserves no pity. But what the FBI did smacks of secret-police goonsmanship of the kind J. Edgar Hoover used to encourage. And that is a far more troubling problem than Mayor Barry's libido.

"We may be last in on-time service, but we're first in fewest customer complaints."

POWER PLAY *(continued from page 110)*

"The latter installation will take you up to speeds of 90 miles per hour if you dare to open the throttle."

The boats won big and they won often, helping spread Smith's fame and secure his place in history.

Those who want to flaunt a piece of that history are in luck. Although fiberglass replaced wood as the boatbuilder's material of choice in the Fifties, causing even the staunchest innovators, such as Chris-Craft, to convert, a handful of entrepreneurs held fast, unwilling to forsake the warmth, character and beauty of varnished planks. Thus, the timeless designs of Chris-Craft are still available and still hand-crafted one at a time, but with some interesting technological innovations.

Grand Craft Corporation of Holland, Michigan, builder of fine runabouts, currently has a contract with Chris-Craft to build a limited edition of 24 reproductions of the 1930 Model 103, a stunning 24-foot mahogany runabout. It boasts a beautiful varnish finish just like the original one, but the wooden structure is encapsulated in epoxy resin to protect it against the harsh marine environment. Aside from additional reinforcements to accept the 351-cubic-inch OMC/Ford engine, it's virtually identical to the 1930 model, right down to the red-leather seats and Chris-Craft name etched into the glass of the windwings.

ARONOW ALPHA 45

Another well-known boatbuilder who subjected his designs to the rigors of international competition was the late Don Aronow. During the Sixties, Aronow owned offshore racing. Formula, Donzi, Magnum, Cigarette—all were founded and raced by him, often in collaboration with noted designer Jim Wynne, who also invented the inboard/outboard, or stern drive, propulsion system that's standard on many powerboats.

The Aronow Alpha 45 is one of his best designs, an eight-foot-wide needle with a triple-engine stern-drive power plant and an aggregate power output ranging from 1100 to more than 2100 horsepower. The latter installation will take you up to speeds of 90 miles per hour if you dare to open the throttle.

The lines of the Aronow Alpha 45 are decidedly knifelike, with a deep V-shaped bottom to cut waves and cushion impact at high speeds. The helm console is a study in functional simplicity. Throttles and gear shifters are to your right, lined up so that you can make a fist around the throttle heads and control all three engines as one. You fly this bird by the nose. When it begins to rise or when the props leave the water at high speed, a quick pull on the throttles chops power, and as the stern settles back in and the bow levels off, a quick shot of power keeps you at speed.

Below decks, Aronow Powerboats builds cabins to specification. You can have it your way, from a stripped-out speed machine to a luxury cruiser with burled-hardwood paneling and gold-plated hardware.

BOSTON WHALER OUTRAGE 25 CUDDY

Can you fish from an Aronow Alpha 45? Sure, but who'd want to? Fishing is far more pleasant when form follows intended function, such as taking you to some potentially inhospitable places—30, 40 or 50 miles offshore, out where the big ones are. To get there, you'll want a boat that's totally reliable. You'll want a Boston Whaler.

When Boston Whaler founder Dick Fisher designed the first Whaler 13, and pronounced it unsinkable, he knew he'd have to prove his claim. So he arranged a demonstration, photographed by *Life* magazine in 1961, that showed him sitting

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in a Whaler that was being sawed in half. Both halves floated perfectly, and the Boston Whaler name suddenly became synonymous with safe boat design.

The Whaler's foam-filled hull was rigid and strong. It sported a cathedral-shaped bottom, which gave it walk-right-out-to-the-edge stability. Varnished-mahogany plank seats and side steering consoles added a touch of warmth, and low stainless-steel grab rails provided secure handholds.

Today there are 34 Whaler models, ranging from nine to 31 feet in length. The Outrage 25 Cuddy is a fine example of the practical fishing machine. It's nearly all cockpit, perfect for fighting fish on all sides. The helm console concentrates all operational, navigational and fish-finding equipment in one central structure. Seating for two behind the protective console can be either a padded leaning post with built-in rocket-launcher rod storage and space below for a 94-gallon cooler or dual-swivel pedestal seats that let you face aft when slow-trolling. If you want more room in the cockpit, order the Whaler Drive, a special transom extender that will accept two high-horsepower outboards. When you're planning to run offshore, two motors can ensure that you'll have one to return on, just in case.

To escape the sun—or for, perhaps, a more pleasurable pursuit—you can always take refuge in the Whaler's forward cuddy that's complete with a portable head and a forward V-berth that will sleep two adults. There's also cabin lighting, bunk cushions, shelf storage and even a forward hatch and two aft-facing windows for ventilation and light. For a dedicated fishing machine, it's also a pretty good platform for catching some rays or just kicking back and cooling off with a beer.

DONZI SWEET 16

Another real comeback story, this time in the performance field, is the return of the Sweet 16, Donzi Marine's low-profile 16 Ski-Sport. For most of the Sixties and Seventies, the Sweet 16 was the toast of small bays and lakes all over the country. But the power-hungry Eighties did the Sweet 16 in. Larger performance boats became the boats to own, so the pocket-rocket 16 was retired in 1981.

Now it's back, virtually unchanged.

The same stainless-steel grab rail wraps the cockpit. There are the same clean look and lines, no windscreen breaking the smooth flow of deck from bow to stern. The controls are elegantly simple, from the Momo steering wheel to the single-lever shifter and throttle. Slip a slalom ski and a jacket out from under the forward deck, hook a rope on the towing eye and head for the smooth water.

WELLCRAFT EXCALIBUR PHANTOM 20

If you're looking for high-performance excitement in a slightly larger, contemporary-styled package, the new Excalibur Phantom 20 from Wellcraft definitely fits the bill. The company that gave us Scarab and Nova performance-boat lines as premiere muscle boats for the past two decades went one better with this design. Instead of boxy windows, the Phantom 20 has side-by-side deck cowlings, reminiscent of some state-of-the-art offshore-racing cockpits. This may be one of the cleanest, most aerodynamic styles on the water, with lines that flow uninterrupted from the bow to the integral swim platform that's sculpted out of the transom.

There's substance to all this style. A MerCruiser 350 Mag is the top power option for the Phantom 20, with a nominal cruising speed of 39 mph (sure, you can go slower, but who in his right mind would buy this beauty to go slow?) and a top end of 65 mph.

Like any efficient runabout, the Phantom 20 has ample storage space under the front deck and jump seats aft for friends. But it also has some other nice touches—courtesy lights to illuminate the cockpit after dark, comfortable swivel pedestal seats forward, a custom sport steering wheel and full instrumentation—not just the basics. Resemblances to aircraft operation are intentional. At 65 mph on the water, the helm of the Phantom is like a fighter plane's cockpit. And you'll appreciate the clear view, the power steering and the finger-tip controls that the Phantom 20 offers.

GLASTRON CARLSON 33CSS

Now that you're ready to fly one of the best-looking muscle boats ever to hit the water—a sports boat with equal emphasis on style, performance and creature comforts—take a demonstration ride in the Carlson 33CSS.

Thundering along with two MerCruiser 454 Magnum motors pouring out a respectable 70 mph, the 33CSS is a sight to behold. On the outside, the emphasis is on aerodynamics. Stainless-steel safety rails, mooring cleats and opening hatches are recessed neatly into the foredeck, available for instant use but tucked away, out of the air stream. The radar arch is kept purposefully low to reduce drag and relate to the sculpted transom. It's a thing of beauty that inevitably draws comparisons to top sports cars.

The cockpit is a well-padded playpen. Two convertible padded bolsters allow you to stand or sit. A bench with headrests that conceals two ice chests spans the cockpit's aft end, and it's a short distance across the sun-lounging area (when the boat's at rest, of course) to the wide swim platform. Belowdecks, there's standing headroom, a galley and a head, two plush padded facing seats and a large V-berth all the way forward for an overnight couple.

That's *Playboy*'s power fleet. All of our selections are fast, sleek and fun. Some are eminently affordable; others are the stuff that a lottery winner's dreams are made of. Come on in, the water's fine!

BOYS OF WINTER *(continued from page 92)*

"Piniella says to Steinbrenner, 'Aw, George, if you'da been on the bus, you'da signed her ass, too.'"

of Right Guard as air freshener, yet the story progresses: "So Steinbrenner hears about this chick later, and he jumps us about it in the clubhouse, really pissed off. . . ."

Infielder Pepe Frias, who has the strange habit of repeating nearly everything he says three times, yells to Hosley in support, "Hose, man, you can fart, you can fart, you can fart!" and the Piniella story ends: "So Piniella listens to this bullshit until he can't take it anymore and says to Steinbrenner, 'Aw, George, if you'da been on the bus, you'da signed her ass, too.'"

Sitting next to me is Rick SaBell, the only player without major-league experience to make the team. SaBell played one season of Class A ball before the Pirates released him to his current career as a flight attendant. He has taken a leave of absence from his job with Continental Airlines, he says, not just because it's a chance to redeem what he perceives as his failure to make it in baseball but because it's an opportunity to be part of a team again. He points out, correctly, that those of us on the bus have a generational tie: We all played little league and high school ball about the same time, but only those with exceptional gifts went on to play in the major leagues, leaving the rest of us behind.

"Just being on the taxi squad," he tells me, "it's an honor to be on the same field with these guys. At first, I was worried I wouldn't be accepted because I never made it out of A ball. But they've been great to me; there's no snobbery at all, even from the big-name guys. There's nothing fake about it, no bullshit. They're just happy to have a chance to play again."

Not only has SaBell been accepted; in many ways, he is a pivotal figure in our team unity. Because he is not tall (5'7"), looks like beer pitchman Joe Piscopo and is a flight steward, many jokes revolve around him. From the back of the bus, McCatty calls out, "Hey, stewardess, we need more Diet Coke back here." Then: "Heads up, you guys, Piscopo's going for Coke. Get your knees out of the aisle or you'll break his nose."

Grinning, SaBell yells back, "Get your own Coke, you big dumb shit."

McCatty, who is also a color commentator for the Oakland A's, rises: "It's Mr. Big Dumb Shit to you."

•

Second week: away; Fort Myers Sun Sets *vs.* Pompano Gold Coast Suns at Municipal Stadium.

We lost last night 7–6, despite a ninth-inning three-run homer by Otis, and this morning, coach Tony Torchia has brought us early to this bleak old field for optional hitting. I hit first, then go to put on the catching gear, but Torchia surprises me by telling me to pitch instead.

I like pitching, but the other guys seem to enjoy it even more, teeing off on my flat fastballs, hitting these screaming shots, some of which would surely kill me were it not for the protective screen in front of me. The fourth or fifth hitter is Pepe Frias ("You can pitch, you can pitch, you can pitch!"), but his cuts are interrupted by someone yelling from the home team's dugout, "What the fuck are you doing out here?"

I look to see a small man in a Gold Coast uniform marching toward me, and he says again, "What the fuck are you doing out here?"

Clearly, he is yelling at me, and in the confusion of the moment, I wonder if he is one of my disgruntled fishing clients. But then I realize he is Earl Weaver and assume he has spotted me as a nonpro player. He stops at the mound and, wagging his finger at me, demands, "What are you guys doing out here so fucking early? We take B.P. first."

Adding to the mayhem is a Spanish-accented voice, yelling, "Give me a peech, man! Just one peech!" I look to see 54-year-old former Yankee Pedro Ramos, standing next to the batting cage and begging for one of my flat fastballs.

Weaver says, "You guys aren't fucking supposed to be out here yet!"

I can't tell if Weaver is actually angry, but just in case, I point to Frias and say, "It was his idea—talk to him," figuring that Frias will tell Weaver to bite it, bite it, bite it. As Weaver walks toward Frias, Ramos is still calling, "Just one peech, man. Just one peech!"

To me, Weaver yells over his shoulder, "Christ, just throw him the fucking ball. It's the only thing that'll shut him up."

•

Standing at the batting cage, I watch a new pitcher trying out for Gold Coast. He is throwing to Paul Blair, and Weaver is calling to the pitcher, "Just toss it in nice 'n' easy, Jim. This is just B.P., doesn't mean shit. This ain't your tryout." Blair hits a half dozen screamers and Weaver yells, "OK, Jim, now try a few curves. Just spin it up there; don't worry about it breaking. This doesn't mean diddley." Blair knocks the next two off the wall in left center, and Weaver turns to the man standing next to him and confides, "Christ, this guy Jim can't throw a fucking curve ball, either."

•

At night, this ragged Pompano field glows with the strange fluorescence of a deserted bus station. Before nearly empty stands (attendance 400), with palm trees rattling in a gusting sea wind, we beat Gold Coast 14–4, with Amos Otis hitting his second and third consecutive three-run homers. Otis, 42, is having the best start of his professional career, hitting .455 with 17 R.B.I.s in only seven games, and the baseball-card collectors are waiting for him as he exits the locker room. But Otis' attention immediately turns toward three little-league-age boys who are at the park late and alone, still carrying their schoolbooks. He says to them, "You guys shouldn't be up so late. Your homework done? Open those books and let me see your homework. You better head straight home and get this work done—then get to bed!"

Otis' paternalism is not uncommon on a team, or in a league, where nearly every player is a father. But as I sit next to him on the darkened bus, he begins to talk about his relationship with his youngest son, Cory, 15. His concern for those ball-park kids comes into sharper focus.

"My last year in baseball, 'eighty-four, I was with the Pirates, hitting about .160, no home runs, and they released me midway through the season. Cory was just ten, but he remembers how it was. The Pirates told me I was released when I was at the airport, getting ready to board for an away series. Seventeen years in the majors and they tell me like that, with my bags packed. So the last five years, the only baseball I played was with Cory. We'd play catch in the yard, and he'd tell me, year in, year out, I could still play. I'd say, 'Naw, Cory, I can't play no more.'

"When I got the opportunity to play here, I wanted to do good. That last season with the Pirates has always kind of been a thorn in my side; I just hated going out like that. Thing is, I had no idea how I'd do on the field now. I didn't want to embarrass myself, but mostly, I didn't want to embarrass my family. I think it was like that with a lot of guys." He grins. "So far, though, things are working out. Last night, I called home and Cory answered. He didn't say, 'Hello, how ya doin'?' nothing. All he says is, 'I told you you could still play, Dad, I told you.'"

•

One falls easily into the routine of baseball life on the road. After mornings spent jogging or giving Tony Torchia fly-casting lessons, the bus carries us to the park, where we take B.P., stretch, play long toss, then take infield. Because we arrive so far in advance of the game, there's plenty of idle time for the running jokes that are part of the fabric of this team and probably all teams. Tim Hosley, who is fearless on the field, has a horror of insects, so it is not unusual to see him being stalked by someone palming a freshly caught grasshopper. Marty Castillo enjoys lunging for throws, slapping his glove to your head and acting as if he has saved your life, a stunt he pulls on me almost daily now. "That woulda knocked your damn

side doors off," he always says. It has gotten to the point where, if Castillo is near and the shadow of a bird passes by, I instinctively duck, fearing for my side doors. This afternoon, I watch him sneaking up on Putnam, who, just before being attacked, jogged off smiling as if Castillo did not exist. Castillo turned toward me, hands on hips, and said, "Crap, now I've lost my Indian skills, too," in clear reference to the early media criticism the players took.

It is my impression that, while skill parity may be judged from the bleachers, the tools that make up those skills can be appreciated only on the field itself. Castillo holds up a ball, says, "Let's play some," and we begin to back away, throwing easily, until we are about 50 yards apart. Castillo probably has the best arm on the team, perhaps the best arm in the league; and as he begins to throw harder, I am puzzled, as I have always been, by this strange phenomenon, the major-league arm.

Castillo and I are about the same size and build, yet when he turns the ball loose, it jumps from his hand and rises, seeming to gather velocity. It's the same playing catch with outfielders Larry Harlow, Bobby Jones or Champ Summers. It's as if there is some elemental transfer of power when they throw; as if, through some blessing at birth, their hands are conductors in a weird kinetic process by which the ball is infused with energy and nearly glows with a voltaic if temporary energy. For those of us who do not have the gift, it is a real pisser.

Castillo's throw jumps toward me and my glove pops, emitting a slight searing sound, the whine of leather. I throw the ball back, hard, but it seems suffocated by friction, its trajectory collapsing as if a tiny parachute has been pulled.

Amos Otis yells to me, "Hey, man, put some color in that rainbow!"

Kim Allen walks by, listening to Gospel music on his cassette player. "You're choking the ball," he says. "Hold it higher in your fingers. Get on top of it."

My next throw seems better: The ball appears to rise slightly; there is a brief flicker of life. I call to Castillo, "Did that move any?"

Castillo grins and answers, "Yeah, it moved—from you to me," and guns the ball back.

Castillo, who played for Detroit from 1981 to 1985, was a hitting star in the 1984 World Series but spent most of his career playing behind Lance Parrish. At the age of 32, the minimum age for catchers in the S.P.B.A., Castillo is beginning to make even members of the press wonder why he is not still in the big leagues. As Glenn Miller, a reporter who covers baseball for Gannett News Service, told me, "Not only could he play in the majors, he's better than a lot of catchers there now."

Although tempted to ask Castillo about it, I have learned that discussing the circumstances of a player's release evokes a momentary uneasiness, a reaction of near embarrassment more commonly associated with the discussion of a failed marriage. In a game built on pitiful margins of success—one hit in three at-bats for the best hitters, six wins in ten games for the best teams—the notion of failure is repressed. Even so, a sense of having failed, ultimately, seems to be the inescapable terminus that binds all careers in pro baseball.

After being released from the Tigers, Castillo started a profitable business but still found time to play ball in a semipro league for no pay. "For the California Earthquakes," he tells me, "because my brother was manager and I knew I'd get to start every game."

•

We won last night 2–1, beating the St. Lucie Legends, behind outstanding pitching from Rich Gale and Eric Rasmussen. Tonight, though, we lost 10–9, yet it was an extraordinary game, a pleasure to watch. Pepe Frias, Tim Ireland and Ron Pruitt made all the sweet plays, and the hitting was even better. Otis homered in the first, the third and the ninth, but Legends catcher Jerry Grote, 47, homered in the second and in the bottom of the ninth to win it. As Grote rounded the bases, people in the stands took up the chant—"Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!"—which was the most extraordinary thing of all. Although official attendance was listed at just over 400, I counted fewer than 200 faces in this huge Mets spring-training complex, and their voices made a wild sound, echoing off the naked cement stands before thinning in the night wind.

On the bus trip home, though, there is no talk of low attendance—indeed, players seem unconcerned that, on this road trip, the average attendance was closer to 500 than to the 2500 team owners say they need for the league to survive. The players seem focused only on the game; little else matters. This purity of purpose explains, at least in part, some of the great baseball I have seen these past three weeks. Magical plays are being made each night on the field, yet few fans are in the stands to witness them. Weeks later, speaking with Bill Lee (known as Spaceman when he pitched for Boston), he would liken these games to a Zen discipline in which artists perform in an empty room.

Behind me on the bus, I hear snatches of conversations, soft one-liners:

"Catty, did you see Grote's shoes? Christ, he musta pulled them out of the basement or something. They had cobwebs on them. They were fucking old Wilson Kangaroos!"

"To be a manager in the minors, you have to know at least twenty-seven four-letter words, and those twenty-seven have to include 'horse's ass' and 'you egg-sucking mother dog.'"

"Somebody dumped greenies into the coffee, but nobody knew it. Even the coaches were banging around the dugout like a bunch of Chinamen gone loony."

"Piscopo, hurry up in there, man! I gotta pee, gotta pee, gotta pee!"

"A soldier boy is a hitter who just stands there with a bat on his shoulder. And a Baseball Jones—that's what we are."

"Rasmussen's right. You have to be Bob Newhart to be a pitching coach in The Show, because the league is filled with Mr. Carlins."

Ahead of me, pitcher Jim Slaton sits with his son Jon, 14, their heads together and laughing, traveling in their own private orb. I rise to get another beer and Doug Bird holds up his empty can, saying, as I take it, "Man, it seems weird, doesn't it? Riding a bus again after all these years. . . ."

•

Third week: away; Fort Myers Sun Sets *vs.* St. Petersburg Pelicans at Al Lang Stadium.

St. Petersburg, sometimes called Cathetersburg by people who know it only as a retirement center, is one of the best baseball towns in Florida. Players who seemed not to notice the empty stands of Pompano and St. Lucie now seem caught in the party atmosphere of the Sixties rock and roll being played over the P.A. and of stands already filling an hour before game time.

Wild thing, you make my heart sing. . . .

Steve McCatty, who is using a fungo bat in the bull pen to give Tim Hosley chipping lessons, looks up briefly and says to Rick Waits, "Man, don't you hate it when they play that song before you pitch?"

Waits just grins as the Troggs sing on: *You make everything . . . groovy.*

Beyond the lights of the stadium, the sky is iridescent: A moon rind rides a fading sunset, with Venus, a bright-blue shard, suspended above. Above the moon, I see a bird gliding on straight wings and holler to Don Hood, "Hey, Hoody—an eagle!"

Hood, who is a serious amateur naturalist, stands beside me, watching, and says, "Great night to be at the ball yard, huh?" At that instant, a half dozen feral parrots scream past us, tumbling into the fronds of a palm tree. Pepe Frias sees the parrots and beams; to him, they must carry the scent of home.

Frias was born in the Dominican Republic village of Consuelo near San Pedro de Macoris, "the place where all the baseball players come from," he says. One of 14 children, he slept on the floor in his parents' house and quit school after the second grade to help support the family. But Frias had the gift of speed and the hands of a natural shortstop. At the age of 16, he was chosen to play on his country's national team, and in 1967, he signed with the Giants for $1500—money he gave to his parents before packing his clothes in a sack and leaving for spring training in the United States. But early in his first season, he broke his leg so badly that the Giants gave him an unconditional release, and he returned to the Dominican Republic, thinking his baseball career was over. He was not yet 19. But then his mother hired a voodoo shaman to pray over his leg.

"Three times she pray," he says. "After she pray three times, my foot, it was healed. Three times, like magic."

For 12 years, Frias played professional baseball in the United States. Released by the world-champion Dodgers in 1981, he traveled to the Mexican League, where he played and coached.

As I pick up my glove and head toward the bull pen, Frias yells after me, in triplicate, as usual, "Hey, Rand! You can catch, you can catch, you can catch!"

•

Catching is what I like to do—though I am clearly out of my league with the Sun Sets. They have Castillo, who is superb, plus Pruitt and Hosley, who, as Dobson says, "know how to win." That sounded like one of those meaningless baseball chestnuts ("He came to play") until I talked with Putnam one day. After realizing, to our mutual surprise, that I had caught him in an amateur-league game more than 15 years ago, Putnam went on to list the places he had played since: minor-league ball, winter ball, eight years in the majors, then two years in Japan. I tried to calculate the approximate number of games we had played since little league. I figured my total to be about 300, while his came to around 4000. The latter figure would be roughly the same, we decided, for most pro players in the league. Counting practices, 4000 games translates into tens of thousands of ground balls, fly balls, cuts at the plate and complex game situations that, to these men, must no longer seem complex. The game of baseball, which to most of us seems a wonderful randomness caged between two foul lines, must to them reduce the world to its very sharpest focus. On the field, the options are obvious, and Dobson is right: They know what must be done to win.

I like catching batting practice. I like the way the mask tunnels the vision so that all that exists is the pitcher's eyes and the spinning ball. I like watching these guys hit, taking outside pitches to the opposite field, taking inside pitches deep, laughing and joking as they demonstrate a level of craftsmanship even *they* don't appreciate.

Better than B.P., though, is catching in the bull pen. My first day, the pitchers seemed wary and made sure I heard their stories about pitching to enthusiastic amateurs: grim tales of split noses and broken teeth. We use no mask in the Sun Sets bull pen, but my face survived—probably because of the extraordinary control these guys have. Everything is in a box, knees to belt, the nasty curve balls, the sliders and the fork balls, with their weird spin. After a few games, left-hander Dave LaRoche would tell me, "The other pitchers and I were talking. You do a good job back there." This ego boost was soon felled by Castillo, who a few nights later said, "Yeah, Randy, you might get a chance to play—if there's a real bad bus crash."

•

Waits, who has allowed only one earned run in the past 23 innings, is pitching shutout baseball for us tonight, and everybody in the bull pen settles back. Waiters is after a complete game, and it looks as if he will get it. The fans are really into it, yelling at the players, screaming at the umpires, making such a noise that people even ten blocks away must certainly know that a competitive sport is being played here.

In the bull pen, one of the pitchers is saying, "Two A.M., and my wife and I would hear this banging on our door. I'd open it, and there'd be Piniella standing in nothing but his underwear, holding a baseball bat. He'd say, 'Hey, check out this stance. You see what I'm doing here? Tell me if it helps me get my hands out quicker. . . .'"

Steve Luebber, who has been pitching very well in relief, follows my gaze to the statuesque ball girl just down the foul line from us. We look at her, we look at each other, then look at her again. "My gosh," says Luebber, "looks like she stepped on an air hose, doesn't it?"

On the field, infielders who have supposedly lost their skills are putting on a fielding clinic, and hitters who have lost their eye are hitting ropes. More importantly, the fans are on every pitch, having a great time.

At night, a crowded baseball stadium takes on a life separate from the world around it. This could be Wrigley or Candlestick or Fenway or Ebbets, but it's not, and it doesn't matter. Not only is the game being played here, it is being played well; so well, in fact, that more and more people are agreeing that the Senior League was badly named. It should have been called the Masters.

In the weeks that followed, attendance picked up (though the league's future is still uncertain). Rick SaBell was released (though another former Class A player, pitcher Steve Strickland, made the team). Tim Ireland, who never got much of a chance in the majors, went on a 24-game hitting tear and finally proved just how good he was by winning the league batting title. Frias became a home-crowd favorite, Otis continued hitting and Dobson and Torchia, both gifted managers, became acknowledged major-league prospects. Yet the Sun Sets, plagued by pitching-staff injuries, began a losing streak that did not end for days and days.

On this balmy November night in St. Petersburg, though, with Waits pitching a shutout and the fans wild with purpose, all of that is weeks away. Castillo, who has the night off, tosses me his catcher's glove and says, "There's no way Putnam has a better knuckle ball than me." We go to the bull pen, where he begins to throw that strange pitch that brings the ball to life, drifting and diving, and my concentration is absolute.

We win again, 7–0.

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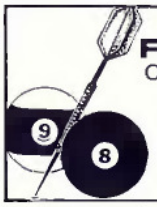

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The ALL-CONSUMING

(continued from page 84)

he yearned for some indefinable improvement in his lot, and to ease this yearning, he had lately taken to penetrating ever more deeply into the Malsueno, to daring unknown territory, telling himself that perhaps in the depths of the jungle, he would find a form of contentment, but knowing to his soul that what he truly sought was release from an existence whose despair and spiritual malaise had come to outweigh any fleshly reward.

•

One day, toward the end of the rainy season, Arce received word that a man who had taken a room at the Hotel America 66, one Yuoki Akashini, had asked to see him. In general, visitors to Santander Jimenez were limited to scientists hunting specimens and the odd tourist gone astray, and since, according to his informant, Mr. Akashini fell into neither of those categories, Arce's curiosity was aroused. That evening, he presented himself at the hotel and informed the owner, Nacho Perez, a bulbous, officious man of 50, that he had an appointment with the Japanese gentleman. Nacho—who earned the larger part of his living by selling relics purchased from the *marañeros* at swindler's prices—attempted to pry information concerning the appointment out of him; but Arce, who loathed the hotel owner, having been cheated by him on countless occasions, kept his own counsel. Before entering room 23, he poked his head in the door and saw a short, crewcut man in his early 30s standing by a cot, wearing gray trousers and a T-shirt. The man glowed with health and had the heavily developed arms and chest of a weight lifter. His smile was extraordinarily white and fixed and wide.

"*Señor* Cienfuegos? Ah, excellent!" he said, and made a polite bow. "Please . . . come in, come in."

The room, which reeked of disinfectant, was of green concrete block and, like a jail cell, contained one chair, one cot, one toilet. Cobwebs clotted the transom and light was provided by a naked bulb dangling from a ceiling fixture. Mr. Akashini offered Arce the chair and took a position by the door, hands clasped behind his back and legs apart, like a soldier standing at ease.

"I am told," he said, his voice hoarse, his tone clipped, almost as if in accusation, "you know the jungle well." He arched an eyebrow, lending an accent of inquiry to these words.

"Well enough, I suppose."

Mr. Akashini nodded and made a rumbling noise deep in his throat—a sign of approval, Arce thought.

"If you're considering a trip into the jungle," he said, crossing his legs, "I'd advise against it."

"I do not require a guide," said Mr. Akashini. "I want you to bring me food."

Arce was nonplused. "There's a restaurant downstairs."

Mr. Akashini stood blinking, as if absorbing this information, then threw back his head and laughed uproariously. "Very good! A restaurant downstairs!" He wiped his eyes. "You have mistaken my meaning. I want you to bring me food from the jungle. Here. This will help you understand."

He crossed to the cot, where a suitcase lay open, and removed from it a thick leather-bound album, which he handed to Arce. It contained photographs and newspaper clippings that featured shots of Mr. Akashini at dinner. The text of the majority of the clippings was in Japanese, but several were in Spanish, and it was apparent from these—which bestowed upon Mr. Akashini the title of The All-Consuming—and from the photographs that he was not eating ordinary food but objects of different sorts: automobiles, among them a Rolls-Royce Corniche; works of art, including several important expressionist canvases and a small bronze by Rodin; cultural artifacts of every variety, mostly American, ranging from items such as one of Elvis Presley's leather-and-rhinestone jump suits, a guitar played by Jimi Hendrix and Lee Harvey Oswald's Carcano rifle—obtained at "an absurd cost," according to Mr. Akashini—to the structure of the first McDonald's restaurant, a meal that, ground to a powder and mixed with gruel, had taken a year to complete. Arce did not understand what had compelled Mr. Akashini to enter upon this strange gourmandizing, but one thing was plain: The man was wealthy beyond his wildest dreams, and although this did not overly excite Arce, for he had few wants, nevertheless, he was not one to let an opportunity for profit slip away.

"I am listed in the *Guinness Book of World Records*," said Mr. Akashini proudly. "Three times." He held up three fingers in order to firmly imprint this fact on Arce's consciousness.

Arce tried to look impressed.

"I intend," Mr. Akashini went on, "to eat the Malsueno. Not everything in it, of course." He grinned and clapped Arce on the shoulder, as if to assure him of the limits of his appetite. "I wish to eat those things that will convey to me its essence. Things that embody the soul of the place."

"I see," said Arce, but failed to disguise the puzzlement in his voice.

"You are wondering, are you not," said Mr. Akashini, tipping his head to the side, holding up a forefinger like an earnest lecturer, "why I do this?"

"It's not my business."

"Still, you wonder." Mr. Akashini turned to the wall above his cot, again clasping his hands behind his back. He might have been standing on the bridge of a ship, considering a freshly conquered land. "I admit to a certain egocentric delight in accomplishment, but my desire to consume stems to a large degree from curiosity,

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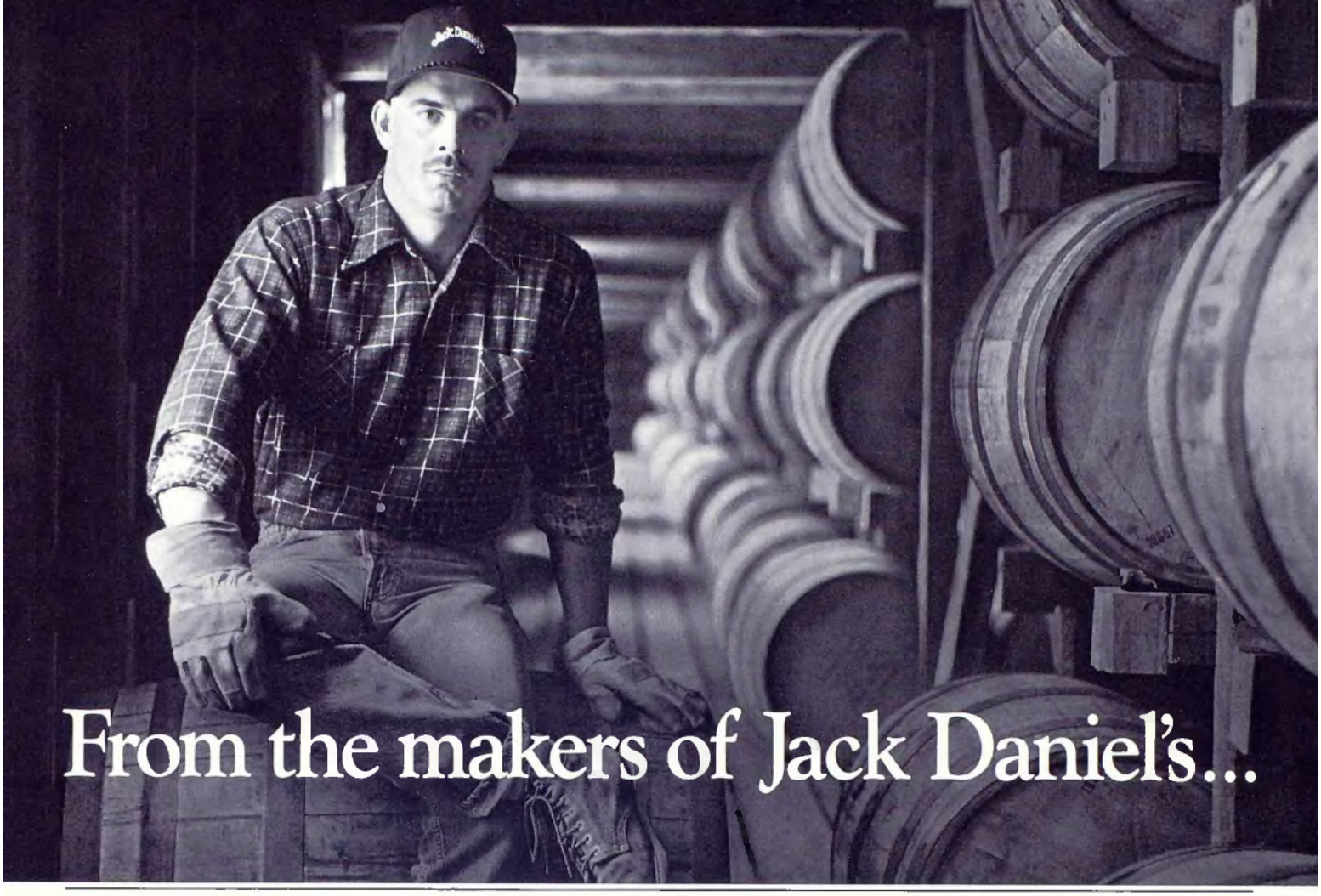

from my love for other cultures, my desire to understand them. When I eat, you see, I understand. I cannot always express the understanding, but it is profound . . . more profound, I am convinced, than an understanding gained from study or travel or immersion in some facet of one culture or another. I know things about the United States that not even Americans know. I have tasted the inner mechanisms of American history, of the American experience. I have recently finished writing a book of meditations on the subject." He turned to Arce. "Now, it is my intention to understand the Malsueno, to derive from its mutations, from the furies of the radiation and chemicals and poisons that created them, a comprehension of its essence. So I have come to you for assistance. I will pay well."

He named a figure that elevated Arce's estimate of his wealth, and Arce signaled his acceptance.

"But how can you expect to eat poison and survive?" he asked.

"With caution." Mr Akashini chuckled and patted his flat belly.

Arce pictured tiny cars, portraits, statuary, temples, entire civilizations in miniature inside Mr. Akashini's stomach, floating upon an angry sea like those depicted by the print maker Hokusai. The image infused the man's healthy glow with a decadent character.

"Please, have no fear about my capacity," said Mr. Akashini. "I am in excellent condition and accustomed to performing feats of ingestion. And I have implants that will neutralize those poisons that my system cannot handle. So, if you are agreed, I will expect my first meal tomorrow."

"I'll see to it." Arce came to his feet and, easing around Mr. Akashini, made for the door.

"Excuse, please!"

Arce turned and was met with a flash that blinded him for a moment; as his vision cleared, he saw his employer lowering a camera.

"See you at suppertime!" said Mr. Akashini.

He nodded and smiled as if he already understood everything there was to know about Arce.

•

Although determined to earn his fee, Arce did not intend to risk himself in the deep jungle for such a fool as Mr. Akashini appeared to be. Who did the man think he was to believe he could ingest the venomous essence of the Malsueno? Likely, he would be dead in a matter of days, however efficient his implants. And so the following afternoon, without bothering to put on protective gear, Arce walked a short distance into the jungle and cast about for something exotic and inedible . . . but nothing too virulent. He did not want to lose his patron so quickly. Soon he found an appropriate entree and secured it inside a specimen bag. At dusk, his find laid out in a box of transparent plastic with a small hinged opening, he presented himself at the hotel. Room 23 had undergone a few changes. The cot had been removed, and in its place was a narrow futon. Dominating the room, making it almost impossible to move, was a mahogany dinner table set with fine linens and silverware and adorned with a silver candelabrum. Mr. Akashini, attired in a dinner jacket and a black tie, was seated at the table, smiling his gleaming edifice of a smile.

"Ah!" he said. "And what do you have for me, *Señor* Cienfuegos?"

With a flourish, Arce deposited the box on the table and was rewarded by an appreciative sigh. In the dim light, his culinary offering—ordinary by the grotesque standards for the Malsueno—looked spectacularly mysterious: an 18-inch-long section of a rotten log, shining a vile, vivid green, with the swirls of phosphorescent fungus that nearly covered its dark, grooved surface; scuttling here and there were big spiders that showed a negative black against the green radiance, like intricate holes in a glowing film that was sliding back and forth . . . except now and again, they merged into a single many-legged blackness that pulsed and shimmered and grew larger still. Bathed in that glow, Mr. Akashini's face was etched into a masklike

pattern of garish light and shadow.

"What are they?" he said, his eyes glued to the box.

For Mr. Akashini's benefit, Arce resorted to invention.

"They are among the great mysteries of the Malsueno," he said. "And thus, they have no name, for who can name the incomprehensible? They are insect absences, they live, they prey on life, and yet they are lightless and undefined, more nothing than something. They are common yet the essence of rarity. They are numberless, yet they are one."

At this, words failed him. He folded his arms and affected a solemn pose.

"Excellent!" whispered Mr. Akashini, leaning close to the lid of the box. He made one of his customary throaty growls. "You may leave now. I wish to eat alone so as to maximize my understanding."

That was agreeable to Arce, who had no wish to observe the fate of the spiders and the fungus-coated log. But as he turned to leave, pleased with the facility with which he had satisfied the terms of his employment, Mr. Akashini said, "You have provided me with a marvelous hors d'oeuvre, *señor*, but I expect much more of you. Is that clear?"

"Of course," said Arce, startled.

"No, not of course. There is nothing of course about what I've asked of you. I expect diligence. And even more than diligence, I expect zeal."

"As you wish."

"Yes," said Mr. Akashini, fitting his gaze to the glowing feast, his face again ordered by that impenetrable smile. "Exactly."

•

Although for weeks he obeyed Mr. Akashini's instructions and sought out ever more exotic and deadly suppers, to Arce's surprise, his employer did not sicken and die but thrived on his diet of poisons and claws and spore. His healthy glow increased, his biceps bulged like cannon balls, his eyes remained clear. It became a challenge to Arce to locate a dish that would weaken Mr. Akashini's resistance, that would at least cause him an upset stomach. He did not care for Mr. Akashini and had concluded that the man was something more sinister than a fool. And when Nacho asked again what was the nature of his business in room 23, Arce had no qualms about telling him, thinking that Nacho would make a joke of his employer's diet. But Nacho was incredulous and shook his fist at Arce. "I'm warning you," he said, "I won't have you taking advantage of my guests."

Arce understood that Nacho was concerned that he might be swindling Mr. Akashini and not cutting him in for a percentage. When he tried to clarify the matter, Nacho only threatened him again, demanded money, and Arce walked away in disgust.

It was evident by the way Mr. Akashini used his camera that he had no regard for anyone in the town. He would approach potential subjects, all smiles and bows, and proceed to pose them, making it plain that he was ridiculing the person whose photograph he was preparing to take. He posed confused, dignified old men with bouquets of flowers, he posed Nacho with a toy machine gun, he posed a young girl with an ugly birthmark on her cheek holding an armful of puppies. Afterward, he would once again smile and bow, but the smiles were sneers and the bows were slaps. Arce understood the uses of contempt—he had witnessed it among his own people in their harsh attitude toward Americans. Yet they were expressing the classic resentment of the poor toward the wealthy, and he could not fathom why Mr. Akashini, who was wealthier than an American, should express a similar attitude toward the poor. Perhaps, he thought, Mr. Akashini had himself been poor and was now having his revenge. But why revenge himself upon those who had never lorded it over him? Was his need to understand, to consume, part and parcel of a need to dominate and deride? All Arce knew of Japan had been gleaned from books dealing with the samurai, with knights, swords and a chill formal morality, and he had the notion that the values

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detailed in these books were of moment to Mr. Akashini, though in some distorted fashion. Yet, in the end, he could not decide if Mr. Akashini were as simple as he appeared or if there were more to him than met the eye, and he thought this might be a question to which not even his employer knew the answer.

Be he complicated or simple, one thing was apparent—Mr. Akashini did not know as much as he pretended. He could spout volumes of facts concerning the Malsueno. Yet his knowledge lacked the depth of experience, the unifying character of something known in the heart of the mind, and Arce could not accept the idea that consumption bestowed upon him a deeper comprehension. The things he claimed to understand of America—rock-and-roll music, say—he understood in a Japanese way, imbuing them with watered-down samurai principles and a neon romanticism redolent of contemporary Tokyo night-club values and B movies, thereby transforming them into devalued icons that bore little relation to the realities from which they had sprung.

However, Arce was not such a fool that he claimed to understand Mr. Akashini, and putting his doubts aside, he made an interior renewal of his contract and set himself to feed Mr. Akashini the absolute essence of the Malsueno, hoping to either prove or disprove the thesis. He was beginning to feel an odd responsibility to his job, to a man who—though he paid well—had shown him nothing but contempt, and while this conscientious behavior troubled him, being out of character with the person he believed he had become, he had no choice but to obey its imperatives.

Arce's searches carried him farther and farther afield and one morning found him in a clearing three days' trek from Santander Jimenez. Mr. Akashini would be occupied for the better part of a week in devouring his latest offering, which included lapis bees and lime ants, a section from the trunk of a gargantua garnished with its thorns, an entire duende cooked with blood vine, various fungi, all seasoned with powder ground from woohli bones and served with a variety of mushrooms. Thus, Arce, being in no particular hurry, stopped to rest and enjoy the otherworldly beauty of the clearing, its foliage a mingling of mineral brilliance and fairy shape such as occurred only within the confines of the Malsueno.

At the center of the clearing was a cloud pool, a ragged oval some 12 feet in diameter, whose quicksilver surface mirrored the surrounding foliage—yellow weeds; boulders furred with orange moss; mushrooms the size of parasols, their purple crowns mottled with spots of vermilion; mattes of dead lianas thick as boas; shrubs with spine-tipped viridian leaves that quested ceaselessly for some animal presence in which to inject their venom; and, dangling from above, the immense red leaves of a gargantua, each large enough to wrap about oneself several times.

Through gaps in the foliage, Arce could see the slender trunks of other gargantuas rising above the canopy, vanishing into a bank of low clouds. And in the middle distance, its translucent flesh barely visible against the overcast, a rainbird flapped up from a stinger palm and beat its way south against the prevailing wind. Arce watched it out of sight, captivated by the almost impalpable vibration of its wings, by the entirety of the scene, with its gaudy array of colors and exotic vitality. At times like this, he was able to shrug off the bitter weight of his past for a few moments and delight in the mystery he inhabited.

Once he had carefully inspected the area, he settled on a boulder and opened the face plate of his protective suit. The heat was oppressive after the coolness of the suit, and the air stank of carrion and sweet rot, yet it was refreshing to feel the breeze on his face. He took a packet of dried fruit from a pocket on his sleeve and ate, ever aware of the rustlings and cries and movement about him—there were creatures in this part of the jungle that could pluck him from his suit with no more difficulty than a man shelling a peanut, and they were not always easy to detect. Absently, he tossed a piece of apricot into the cloud pool and watched the silvery surface effloresce as it digested the fruit, ruffles of milky rose and lavender spreading from the point of impact toward the edges like the opening of a convulsed bloom. He considered collecting a vial of the fluid for Mr. Akashini—that would test the efficacy of his implants.

Yet to Arce's mind, the cloud pool did not embody the essence of the jungle but rather was a filigree, an adornment, and he doubted that he could provide his employer with any more quintessentially Malsuenan a meal than some of those he had already served him. Mr. Akashini had eaten fillet of tarzanal, woohli, ghost lemur, jaguar, malcoton; he had supped on stews of tar fish, manta bat, pezmiel, manatee; he had consumed stone, leaf, root, spore; he had gorged himself on sauces compounded of poison, feces, animal and plant excrescence of every kind; yet he appeared as healthy and ignorant as before. What, Arce thought, if it were the very efficacy of his implants that kept him from true understanding? Perhaps to attain such a state, one must be vulnerable to that which one wished to understand.

He unzipped another pocket on his sleeve and removed a packet of pavonine spores. Arce was no addict, but he enjoyed a taste of the drug now and again, and when attempting to seek out certain animals, he found it more than a little useful. He touched a spore-covered finger tip to his tongue, enough to sensitize him to his immediate environment. Within seconds, he felt a tightening at the back of his throat, a queasiness and a touch of vertigo. A violent cramp doubled him over, bringing tears and spots before his eyes. By the time the cramp had passed, he seemed to be crawling along a high branch of a gargantua, hauling himself along with knobby, hairy fingers tipped with claws, pushing aside heavy folds of dangling leaves with ropy patterns of veins, inflamed by a dark-red emotion that sharpened into lust as he was being lifted, shaken, pincers locked about his chitinous body and, above him, impossibly tall pale arcs of grass blades and the glowing white blur of an orchid sun; and then, fat with blood, he hung dazed and languorous in a shadowy place; and then he was leaping, his jaws wide, claws straining toward the flanks of a fleeing tapir; and then his mind went blank and still and calm, like a pool of emerald water steeped in a single

"I hope you don't think I'm too informal."

thought; and then, his shadow casting a lake of darkness across a thicket of sapodilla bushes, he roared, on fire with the ecstasy of his strength and the exuberance of his appetites.

Less than three minutes after he had taken the pavonine, Arce came unsteadily to his feet and started hunting for the calm green mind that his mind had touched . . . like nothing he had touched before. Calm, and yet a calm compounded of a trillion minute violences, like the jungle itself in the hour before first light, brimming with hot potentials, but, for the moment, cool and peaceful and hushed. Whatever it had been was close by the pool, Arce was certain, and so he knew it could be nothing large. He overturned rocks with the toe of his boot, probed in the weeds with a rotten stick and at length unearthed a smallish snake with an intricate pattern of red and yellow and white tattooed across its black scales. It slithered away but did so with no particular haste, as if—rather than trying to elude capture—it was simply going on its way, and when Arce netted it, instead of twisting and humping about, it coiled up and went to sleep. Seeing this, Arce did not doubt that the snake's skull housed the mind he had contacted, and although he had no real feeling that the snake would implement Mr. Akashini's understanding, still he was pleased to have found something new and surprising to feed him.

•

On his return to Santander Jimenez, he served Mr. Akashini a meal that included a palm salad with diced snake meat. Then, leaving him to dine alone, he walked across town to the Salon Tia Flaca, a rambling three-story building of dark-green boards close to the market, and there secured the companionship of a whore for the night. The whore, his favorite, was named Expectacion and was a young thing, 19 or 20, pretty after the fashion of the women of the coast, slim and dark, with full breasts and a petulant mouth and black hair that tumbled like smoke about her shoulders. Once they had made love, she brought Arce rum with ice and lime and lay beside him and asked questions about his life whose answers were of no interest to her whatsoever. Arce realized that her curiosity was a charade, that she was merely fulfilling the forms of their unwritten contract, but nevertheless, he felt compelled to tell her about Mr. Akashini and the peculiar business between them, because by so doing, he hoped to disclose a pattern underlying it, something that would explain his new sense of responsibility, his complicity in this foolhardy mission.

When he was done, she propped herself up on an elbow, her pupils cored with orange reflections from the kerosene lamp, and said, "He pays you so much, and still you remain in Santander Jimenez?"

"It's as I've told you . . . I'm as happy here as anywhere. I've nowhere to go."

"Nowhere! You must be crazy! This"—she waved at the window, at the dark wall of the jungle beyond and the malfunctioning neons of the muddy little town—"*this* is nowhere! Even money can't change that. But the capital . . . with money. That's a different story."

"You're young," he said. "You don't understand."

She laughed. "The only way you can understand anything is to do it. . . . Then it's not worth talking about. Tell that to your Japanese man. Anyway, you're the one who doesn't understand." She threw her arms about him, her breasts flattening against his chest. "Let's get out of here, let's steal the Jap's money and go to the capital. Even if the theft is reported, the police there don't care what happens in the Malsueno. You know that's true. They'll just file the report. Come on, *Papá*! I swear I'll make you happy."

Arce was put off by her use of the word *papá*, and said, "Do you think I'm a fool? In the capital, the minute I turned my back, you'd be off with the first good-looking boy who caught your eye."

"You are a fool to think I'm just a slut." She drew back and seemed to be searching his face. "I've been a whore since I was twelve, and I've learned all I need to know about good-looking boys. What gets my heart racing is somebody like you. Somebody rich and refined who'll keep me safe. I'd marry a guy like you in a flash. But even if I was the kind of woman you say, no injury I did you would be worse than what you're doing to yourself by staying here."

He thought he detected in her eyes a flicker of something more than reflected light, of an inner luminescence like that found in the eyes of a malcoton. It occurred to him that she herself was of the Malsueno, one of its creatures, the calm green habit of her thoughts every bit as inexplicable to him as the mind of the snake he had captured. And yet there was something in her that brought back memories of his dead wife—a mixture of energy and toughness that tempted him to believe not only in her but in himself, in the possibility that he could regain his energy and hope.

"Maybe someday," he told her. "I'll think about it."

"Don't kid yourself, *Papá*. I don't think it's in you." She arched her back, and her breasts rolled on her chest, drawing his eyes to the stiffened chocolate-colored nipples. "I guess you were born to be a *marañero*. But at least you've got good taste in whores."

She went astride him and made love to him with more enthusiasm than before, and as he arched beneath her, watching her in the dim light that penetrated the fall of her hair, which hung down about his head, walling him into a place of warm breath and musk, he imagined that he knew her, that he could see past the deceits and counterfeits in her rapt features to a place where she was in love not with him but with the security offered by his circumstance. Not truly in love but—like a beast that has spotted its prey—in the grip of a

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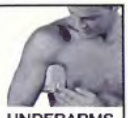
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fierce opportunism, a feeling that might as well have been love for its delirium and consuming intensity.

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The next day, when Arce visited the hotel, Nacho Perez, dressed in a sweat-stained *guayabera* and shorts, questioned him about his activities in room 23.

"What's going on up there?" he asked, mopping perspiration from his brow. "I won't have any funny business. Is he a drug addict? A pervert? What are you doing with him? He never lets anyone in the room, not even the maid. I won't tolerate this kind of behavior."

"You'll tolerate anything, Nacho," said Arce, "as long as you're paid to tolerate it. Ask your questions of Akashini."

"Listen to me . . ." Nacho began, but Arce caught him by the shirt front and said, "You bastard! Give me a reason—not a good reason, just a little one—and I'll cut you, do you hear?"

Nacho licked his lips and said, "I hear," but there was no conviction in his voice.

On reaching the room, Arce discovered that Mr. Akashini had spent a sleepless night. His color was poor, his brow clammy, his hands trembling. Yet when Arce suggested that he forgo his meal, the Japanese man said, "No, no! I'm all right." He passed a handkerchief across his brow. "Perhaps something simple. A few plants . . . some insects." Arce had no choice but to comply, and for several days thereafter, he served Mr. Akashini harmless meals from the edge of the jungle; yet despite this, whether because of the snake or simply because of a surfeit of poisons that had neutralized his implants, Mr. Akashini continued to deteriorate. His skin acquired the unhealthy shine of milk spore, his eyes were clouded, his manner distracted, and he grew so weak that it took him three tries to heave himself up from his chair. Nothing Arce said would sway him from his course.

"I feel"—Mr. Akashini had to swallow—"I feel as if I am . . . close to something."

Close to death, was Arce's thought, but it was not his place to argue, and he only shrugged.

"Yes," said Mr. Akashini, as if answering a question inaudible to Arce. He ran a palsied hand along the linen tablecloth, which—like its owner—displayed the effects of ill usage: stains, rips, embroideries of mildew. Even the candelabrum seemed afflicted, its surface tarnished. On a chipped plate were the remains of a meal: philosopher beetles thrashing in a stew of weeds and wild dog. "I . . . uh. . . ." Mr. Akashini's eyelids fluttered down and he gestured feebly at the plate. "Stay with me while I finish, will you?"

Astonished at this breach of custom, for Mr. Akashini had never before permitted him to remain with him while he ate, Arce took a seat on the futon and watched in silence as his employer laboriously swallowed down the stew. At last, he fell back in his chair, the muscles bunching in his jaw . . . or so Arce thought at first, his vision limited by the flickering candlelight. But then, to his horror, he realized that this was no simple muscular action. It appeared that a lump was moving beneath Mr. Akashini's skin, crawling crabwise across the cheek, along the cheekbone, then down along the hinge of the jaw and onto the neck, where it vanished as if submerging into the flesh. However, the truly horrifying aspect of this passage was that in its wake, the skin was suffused with blood, darkened, and the lump of muscle left—as a receding tide might reveal the configuration of the sand beneath—an expression such as Arce had never seen on any human face, one that seemed a rendering in human musculature of an emotion too poignant for such a canvas, embodying something of lust and fear but mostly a kind of feral longing. The expression faded, and Mr. Akashini, who had not moved for several minutes, his mouth wide open, let out a gurgling breath.

Certain that he was dead, Arce leaned over him and was further horrified to notice that the man's arms were freckled with vaguely phosphorescent patches of gray fungus. Closer inspection revealed other anomalies: three fingernails blackened and thick like chitin; strange whitish growths, like tiny outcroppings of crystal, inside the mouth; a cobweb of almost infinitesimally fine strands spanning the right eye. Arce's thoughts alternated between guilt and fear of implication in the death, but before he could decide how to proceed, Mr. Akashini stirred, giving him a start.

"I really believe that I am making progress," Mr. Akashini said with surprising vigor, and gave an approving growl.

Arce was inclined to let Mr. Akashini have his illusion, but a reflex of morality inspired him to say, "I think you're dying."

Mr. Akashini was silent for a long time. Finally, he said, "That is not important. I am making progress, nonetheless."

This confused Arce, causing him to wonder whether or not he had misjudged Mr. Akashini by labeling him a fool. But then he thought that his original judgment may have been correct, and that Mr. Akashini's judgment concerning his own enthusiasm must have been in error. Arce felt sympathy for him, and yet, contrasting Mr. Akashini's attitude with his own detachment, he envied him the rigor of his commitment.

"Will you continue to help me?" Mr. Akashini asked, and Arce, suddenly infected with a desire to know his employer, to comprehend the obscure drives that motivated him, could only say yes.

Mr. Akashini nodded toward his suitcase, which lay closed on the futon. "There . . . look beneath the clothing."

In the suitcase was a fat sheaf of traveler's checks. Arce handed them to Mr. Akashini, who—barely able to hold the

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pen—began endorsing them, saying, "You must keep them away from me . . . the people who would report my condition. Someone tries the door when you are away. I want nothing to interfere with . . . with what is happening."

Considering Nacho's suspicious questions and avaricious nature, Arce knew that Mr. Akashini's worries were well founded, yet he could not understand why his employer trusted him with such a vast sum of money. When he asked why, Mr. Akashini replied that he had no choice.

"Besides," he said, "you will not betray me. You have changed as much as I these past months, but one thing has not changed—you're an honest man, though you may not want to admit it."

Arce, convinced that because of his proximity to death, Mr. Akashini might have clearer sight than ordinary folk, asked how he had changed, but his employer had fallen asleep. Watching him, Arce thought it might be possible for him to know Mr. Akashini, and that they might have been friends, though only for a brief period. If they were both changing—and he believed they were, for he sensed change in himself the way he sometimes sensed the presence of a lurking animal in a shadowy thicket—then they were changing in different directions, and in passing, they were likely to experience a momentary compatibility at best.

•

Unable to care for Mr. Akashini every hour of the day, Arce recruited Expectacion to assist him, bestowing trust upon her with the same hopeful conviction with which Mr. Akashini had bestowed it upon him. Yet he was not so thoroughly trusting as his employer. When forced to be away from the room, he would leave valuables tucked into places where a cursory search would reveal them. Not once did he discover anything missing, and he took this for an emblem not of trustworthiness—he believed Expectacion had made a search—but of wisdom. He understood that she was interested less in making a minor profit than in changing her life, and since wisdom was an ultimately more reliable virtue than trustworthiness, he came to value her more and more, to dote upon the sweetness of her body and the bright particularity of her soul.

Yet as they watched Mr. Akashini being transformed into the artifact of his understanding, a strong bond developed between them, one that stopped short of untrustworthy passion and yet had many of the dependable consolations of love. It would have been unnatural had they not developed such a bond, because the event to which they were bearing witness was so monstrous it enforced union. Within the space of a few weeks, fungi of various sorts grew to cover much of Mr. Akashini's body, creating whorls of multicolored fur—saffron, lavender and gray. His visible skin became pale and puffy, prone to odd shiftings and spasms, and his right eye was totally obscured by glowing silver webs and green spiders scarcely bigger than pinheads, and more cobwebs spanned between his shoulders and neck and the walls, and a bubbled milky film coated his tongue, until finally, he had undergone a metamorphosis into a fearsome creature whose eyes glowed silver with greeny speckles in the darkened room, burning out from a head shaped like a tuber, his body sheathed in a mummy wrapping of cobwebs and moss, with stalks of mustard-colored fungi clumped like tiny cities here and there, a thing capable only of emitting croaked entreaties for food or asking that a photograph be taken. On one occasion, however, he appeared to regain something of his old spirit and strength and engaged Arce and Expectacion in conversation.

"You must not be concerned, my friends," he said. "This is glorious."

The effect of his lips, almost sealed with clots of fungus, splitting and the effortfully spoken words oozing forth, struck Arce as being more ghastly than glorious, but he refrained from saying as much.

"Why does it seem glorious?" he asked.

Mr. Akashini made a noise that approximated laughter, the heaving of his chest and diaphragm causing puffs of dusty spores to spurt into the air. The candle flames flickered; a faint tide of shadow lapped up his legs, then receded. "I . . ." he said. "I am . . . becoming."

Expectacion asked in a tremulous voice if he wanted water, and he turned his head toward her—the laborious motion of a statue coming to life after a centuries-long enchantment.

"Sitting here," he said, ignoring her question, "I am arrowing toward completion. Toward . . . everything I wanted to believe but never could. I understand. . . ."

"The Malsueno?" Arce asked. "You understand the Malsueno?"

"Not yet" was the answer. "I understand . . . not everything. But I had no understanding of anything before."

He appeared to drift off for a moment.

"What's happening to you?" Expectacion asked him.

"When I was young," he said, "I dreamed of becoming a samurai. . . ."

He gave another horrid laugh.

Expectacion looked perplexed, and Arce wondered if his employer were rambling as men would in the grip of fever; yet he could not quite believe that. He sensed a new rectitude in Mr. Akashini, one that accorded with the ideas about Japan he had gleaned from his reading. But neither could he accept that what he sensed was wholly accurate, because Mr. Akashini's horrifying appearance seemed to put the lie to the notion of beneficent change.

In that stomach where once he had envisioned cars and paintings and other oddments of culture, he now pictured a miniature jungle, and sometimes, on entering the room from the bright corridor, he would think that a demon with eyes of unreal fire had materialized in Mr.

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Akashini's chair. He and Expectacion spent hours on end sitting side by side, listening to the creaky whisperings of new growth emanating from the man's flesh, gazing at the awful pulsings of his chest and belly. Mr. Akashini was so self-involved that they were not embarrassed about making love in the room. Sex acted to diminish the miserable miracle before them and to make their vigil more tolerable, and if it had not been for Nacho's questions, knockings on the door and general harassment, they might have been happy.

•

Early one morning, before dawn, Arce went to buy breakfast for himself and Expectacion—they had slept poorly, disturbed by the noises of Mr. Akashini's body and his constant troubled movement. On returning, he heard angry voices issuing from room 23. The bulbous form of Nacho Perez was blocking the door. He was haranguing Expectacion, while two men—*marañeros*, judging by their tattoos—searched the suitcases, doing their utmost to avoid contact with Mr. Akashini, who sat motionless, emitting a faint buzzing, shifting now and again amid the fetters of his cobwebs, the shifts redolent not so much of muscular contractions as of vegetable reflex. In the dimness, due to the activity of microscopic spores, his glowing eyes appeared to be revolving slowly.

Arce drew his knife, but Nacho caught sight of him, seized Expectacion and barred an arm beneath her chin.

"I'll break her neck!" he said.

Expectacion threw herself about, trying to kick him, but when Nacho tightened his grip, she gave up struggling, other than to pluck feebly at his arm. Behind him, the two *marañeros* had drawn their knives. Arce recognized one of them—Gilberto Viera, a thin, sallow man with pocked skin and a pencil-line mustache.

"Gilberto," said Arce, "you remember the time on the Blanco Ojo? I helped you then. Help me now."

Gilberto looked ashamed but only lowered his eyes. The other man—taller, darker, with the nappy hair of a man born in the eastern mountains—asked Nacho, "What should we do?"

"Well," said Nacho, beaming at Arce, "that depends on our friend here."

"What do you want?" Arce had to exert tremendous restraint to resist aiming a slash at Nacho's double chin.

"There must be something," said Nacho archly, paying no attention to an intensification of Mr. Akashini's buzzing. "Isn't there, Arce?"

When Arce remained silent, he tightened his grip—Expectacion's feet were lifted off the ground and her face grew dark with blood. She dug her nails into Nacho's arm but with no effect.

"There's some money hidden behind one of the bricks," Arce said grudgingly. "Let her go."

Another flurry of buzzing from Mr. Akashini, accompanied by a series of throaty clicks, as if he were trying to speak. The two *marañeros* edged away from his chair, bumping against Nacho.

"Which brick is it?" Nacho asked, and Arce, thinking furiously of how he might extricate Expectacion from the fat man's grasp, was about to tell him, when—with the ponderous motion of a bloom bursting from its husk—Mr. Akashini came to his feet. With his glowing eyes and dark, deformed body, puffy strips of pallid skin showing through the fungus and moss like bandages, he was a gruesome sight. Gilberto tried to shove Nacho aside in an attempt to escape from the room. However, the other man spun about and slashed Mr. Akashini with his knife.

The knife passed through Mr. Akashini's side, its arc slowing as if encountering resistance of the sort that might be offered by sludge or mud; the dark fluid that leaked forth flowed with the sluggishness of syrup. Mr. Akashini staggered against the wall; his buzzing and clicking reached furious proportions, sounding like a nest of bees and crabs together. A tiny spider scuttled out from his right eye, diminishing its glow by a speck of green. His cheek bulged. One arm began to vibrate, his skin bubbled up in places, his chest puffed and deflated as if responding to the workings of an enormous flabby heart. Arce was repelled and retreated along the corridor, but when Mr. Akashini gave out a growly hum—of satisfaction, Arce thought—he realized that some fraction of his employer's personality was yet embedded within this vegetable demon. The man who had wielded the knife shrieked, and Nacho half-turned to see what had gone wrong, blocking the doorway entirely. Arce seized the opportunity to leap forward and stab him low in the back. The hotel owner squealed, clutching at the wound, and released Expectacion, who slumped to the floor and crawled away. Arce prepared to strike a second time, but the hotel owner lurched to the side, permitting him an unimpeded view into the room, and what he saw caused him to hesitate, allowing Nacho to stumble out of range.

Clouds of spores were pouring up from Mr. Akashini, filling the air with a whirling gray powder that reduced the flames of the candelabrum to pale yellow gleams, like golden tears hanging in the murk, and reduced the figures of the two *marañeros* to dimly perceived bulks that kicked and shuddered. One—Arce could not tell which—collapsed on the futon and the other crumpled beneath the dining table, both holding their throats and choking. Looming above them was Mr. Akashini, his luminous eyes the brightest objects in the room, the outline of his body nearly indistinguishable from the agitated gray motes around him, looking as ominous and eerie as a Fate. There was a flurrying at the edges of the body, along with a rustling sound—a horde of winged things were developing from the frays of skin, fluttering up to add a new density to the whirling spores, darkening the air further. Several danced out through the door: big carrion moths with charcoal wings. He must have inadvertently fed Mr. Akashini some of their eggs, Arce thought, and now they were hatching. And more than spores and moths were being born. Spiders, centipedes, insects of 100 varieties were burrowing up through his skin, pustules opening to reveal the heads of infant snakes and baby beetles, bulges erupting into larval flows, as the process of Mr. Akashini's understanding, a process of adaptation and fertilization and fecundity, at last reached fruition.

Within a minute or two, the room grew as dark as night, and yet still those strange silver eyes burned forth. It seemed to Arce that the body must have dissolved, that the eyes, thickly woven cobwebs, were suspended by a clever arrangement of strands. But then the eyes moved closer and he realized that Mr. Akashini was taking one unsteady step after another toward the door.

Expectacion caught Arce's arm. "Hurry!" she cried. "Nacho has gone for help!"

Turning, Arce saw that, indeed, the hotel owner was nowhere to be found, a snail's track of blood along the wall giving evidence of his passage toward the stairs.

"For Christ's sake, *Papá*!" Expectacion gave him a push. "Don't just stand there gawking."

"No, wait!"

Arce shook her off, ripped off his shirt and wrapped it about his face. Then he dashed into room 23, dived onto the floor and groped for the brick behind which he had hidden the money, trying not to breathe. Once he had secured the packet of checks, he scrambled to his feet and came face to face with Mr. Akashini—with a gray deformity, with newborn moths breaking free from a glutinous grain of skin and mold, with a shadow of a mouth, with tepid slow breath, with two eyes of green and cold silver. The webs of the eyes were a marvelous texture admitting to an infinite depth of interwoven strands, and Arce saw within them a tropic of green and silver, a loom of event and circumstance, and felt that if he were to continue staring, he would see not only the truth as Mr. Akashini had come to know it but also his truth and Expectacion's. Then he became afraid, and the eyes were again only webs, and the face before him, with its hideous growths, appeared a thing of incalculable menace. Yet the spores and the insects and the moths that had transformed the *marañeros* into anonymous heaps were keeping clear of him, and he realized even then that some relic of Mr. Akashini's soul was employing restraint.

Arce wanted to say something, to convey some good wish, but he could think of nothing that would not seem foolish. With mixed emotions, not sure what he should feel for Mr. Akashini, he retreated into the corridor, grabbed Expectacion by the arm and sprinted for the stairs.

A line of pink showed above the black wall of the jungle, and only a few stars pricked the indigo sky directly overhead; the neon signs over the bars were pale in the brightening air, and shadows were beginning to fill in the ruts in the muddy streets. The coolness of the night was already being dispelled. There were only a handful of people out—two drunks staggering along arm in arm; an old Indian man in rags hunkered down beside a door, smoking a pipe; farther along, a whore was yelling at a shirtless youth. Arce led Expectacion out of the hotel and started toward the jungle, but after about 20 yards, she balked.

"Where are you going?" she asked, pulling free of him.

"The Malsueno. We'll be safe there. I know places. . . ."

"The hell with you! I'm not going in there!"

He made to grab her, but she danced away.

"You're nuts, *Papá*! Nacho'll have everybody looking for us! We have to get far away! The capital! That's the only place we'll be safe."

He stood gazing uncomprehendingly at her, seeing faces from another time, stung by old pains, experiencing a harrowing fear of displacement like that he had felt on being forced to flee the capital.

"Come on!" she shouted. "Nacho'll be here any second. We can take one of the cars parked back of the market."

"I can't."

"What do you mean, you can't?" She went back to him and pounded on his chest, her face twisted with anger and frustration. "You're going to get us killed . . . just standing here."

Although the blows hurt, he let her beat on him, ashamed of his fear and incapacity. Even when he saw Nacho turn the corner, at his back a group of *marañeros* armed with machetes, he was unable to take a step away from the place where he had hidden from memories and pain and life itself for all these years.

Expectacion, too, had begun to cry. "You really blew it, *Papá*! We had a chance, you and me." She went a few faltering steps toward the highway. "Damn you!" she said. "Damn you!" Then, with her arms pumping, she fled along the street.

In the other direction, Nacho was limping forward, holding his back with one hand, pointing at Arce with the other, while at his rear, like a squad of drunken soldiers, the *marañeros* whooped and brandished their machetes. Arce drew his knife, determined to make a final stand.

At that moment, however, torrents of spores and insects and serpents and unidentifiable scraps of life exploded from the windows and the door of the hotel, making it appear that the building had been filled to bursting with black fluid. A whirling cloud formed between Nacho and Arce. At its core, Arce thought he spotted a shadow, an indistinct manlike shape with glowing eyes, but before he could be certain of it, the edge of the cloud frayed and streams of insects raced toward him and stung his face and neck and arms.

Blinded, he staggered this way and that, harrowed by the insects, and then he ran and ran, the dark cloud sending forth rivers of tormenting winged things to keep him on his course. As he passed through the outskirts of town, a white pickup rocketed out of a side street and swerved to the side, barely missing him, coming to a rest against a light pole. Through the windshield, he made out Expectacion's startled face. Without thinking, desperate to escape the insects, he flung himself into the truck, began rolling up the window and shouted at her to drive. She gunned the engine and, pursued by the swarm, they fishtailed out onto the highway.

•

They drove into the hills with the sky reddening at their backs, and after experiencing a flurry of panic on recognizing the course that had been chosen for him, it seemed to Arce that with every mile—in a process of self-realization exactly contrary to Mr. Akashini's—he was shedding a coating of fear and habit and distorted view, as if a shell were breaking away from some more considered inner man. Not the man he had been but the man he had become without knowing it, tempered by years of solitary endeavor. He felt strong, directed, full of youthful enthusiasms.

He would go to the capital, he decided, not to inhabit the past but to build a future, to make of it a temple that would honor the eccentric brotherhood that existed between himself and Mr. Akashini, a brotherhood that he had not embraced, that he could not have acknowledged or understood before, that he did not wholly understand now, but whose consummation had filled him with the steel of purpose and the fire of intent. He realized that they were both men who had lost themselves, Mr. Akashini to the persuasions of arrogance and wealth, himself to the deprivations of pain and despair, and how because of the fortuitous propinquity of a peculiar ambition and a woman of energy and strength and a magical jungle, he at least had been afforded the opportunity to move on.

He could not take any such pleasure, however, in Mr. Akashini's death, and when he looked at Expectacion, the lines of her face aglow with pink light, when he felt the tenderness she had begun to rouse in him and saw the challenge she presented, the potential for poignant emotion, for grief and joy and love, those vital flavors he had rejected for so long, the prospect of an adventure with her was dimmed by regret that he had been unable to do more than speed Mr. Akashini to his end.

It wasn't fair, he thought.

He had done little, risked little, and yet he had won through to something real, whereas Mr. Akashini had only suffered and died among strangers far from home. This inequity caused Arce to think that perhaps he had won nothing, to wonder if everything he felt was the product of delusion. But as they climbed high into the hills, on glancing back toward Santander Jimenez, he saw there a sight that seemed to memorialize all that had happened: Trillions of insects and spores and things unnamable were spiraling above the miserable little town, a towering blackness that—despite a blustery wind—maintained its basic form, at one moment appearing to be the shadow of a great curved sword poised to deliver a sundering blow and at the next, a column of ashes climbing to heaven against the crimson pyre of the rising sun.

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AARON NEVILLE

(continued from page 112)

"Keith Richards told me, 'I've been listening to you since the early Sixties.'"

as ever. Then he goes back a little further. "'Now it's time to say goodbye / To all our company,'" he sings, caressing the lyrics so tenderly that even though you know what's next, you can't really believe it. "'M-I-C-K-E-Y . . . M-O-U-S-E.'"

It doesn't make sense. In fact, it's downright silly. But still, the goose bumps come. But it raises a question: If Aaron Neville can break your heart by singing the theme to *The Mickey Mouse Club*, isn't it a trick, not a response to genuine emotion but simply a weird reflex to his vocal acrobatics?

And then you realize it's a stupid question. *This is a man who can break your heart by singing the theme to "The Mickey Mouse Club."* And that, as he and Linda Ronstadt sing, is all you need to know.

•

April 1986. New Orleans.

This is not the New Orleans of the tourist brochures, of intricate wrought-iron balconies, sweet alcoholic drinks in hurricane glasses, professionally seedy strip clubs, Mississippi River steamboats and brass bands playing *When the Saints Go Marching In*.

This is Uptown. And this part of Uptown is not where out-of-towners go to play; it's where people without a lot of money live. It's a funky, dusty, largely black neighborhood 20 minutes west of the tourist haunts, past the glitzy debauchery of the French Quarter and the fading stateliness of the Garden District. If the French Quarter is where good times are a profitable, thriving commercial enterprise, Uptown is where the pace is slower and where good times are serious business. "Just because somebody has more money than you," says Cyril Neville, Aaron's younger brother, defiantly, "doesn't mean they can party any heartier."

In the middle of Uptown, running north from the Mississippi River, is Valence Street. This is the Neville Brothers' home turf. Around the corner is Tipitina's, a long, high-ceilinged night club named for a song by legendary pianist Professor Longhair; it's the first place the Neville Brothers ever performed as a band. Closer, on Valence Street itself, is Benny's Bar, a ramshackle house where there's no cover charge, where the audience watches the band through holes knocked in the walls and where various Nevilles often perform.

And a few doors down from Benny's is Aaron's house. It's a long, narrow wooden A frame, in Southern parlance a "shotgun shack." This is the New Orleans version of a duplex: two doors open off a small front porch and two long, thin rooms run from those doors to the back of the house. Cyril and his family live in one of those rooms; Aaron, his wife and at least one of their four children live in the other.

The house, one of two Valence Street dwellings that he and his brothers have inherited, is modest, and so are the furnishings. The walls are cluttered with paintings, posters and paraphernalia, most of it religious but some career-oriented. There's a picture of the Virgin Mary here, a snapshot of Neville on stage in the Sixties there.

Neville goes to the stereo and puts on some music on this muggy afternoon. He plays songs that he has recorded but that have never been released. He starts with a version of the Hoagy Carmichael standard *Stardust*: There's a single bass guitar, Neville's lead vocal and what sounds like dozens of voices—all his—making up an ethereal chorus. It's gorgeous. He recorded it with bassist Rob Wasserman, he says, for an album that may be out soon. He doesn't know when.

Then he puts on another tape. This one is a version of Franz Schubert's sublime setting of the *Ave Maria*. The only instrumentation is a synthesizer imitating a string section. The song is the voice of an angel singing the song of the angels. But it has never been released, and Neville doesn't think it will be.

On the wall near his front door, there's a framed 45-rpm single, a gold record for *Tell It like It Is*. It isn't an authentic gold record.

"Some friends of mine took a record, painted it gold and gave it to me," he says, betraying just a touch of hurt. "Never did get my *real* gold record."

Neville grew up nearby, surrounded by songs: His grandmother would rock him on her knee while listening to spirituals, his father collected Nat "King" Cole records, his mother, Amelia, and her brother, George Landry, had been professional dancers; and at the movies, Neville watched the singing cowboys and tried to yodel the way they did.

And when he put away his stick pony, music took over. He loved singers with high, clear voices: Sonny Til of the Orioles, Clyde McPhatter and Sam Cooke. "He really turned me on to the spirituals," Neville says of Cooke. " 'Cause a lotta other groups would do a lotta screamin' and hollerin', and Sam would just sing so pure and pretty. Man, he touched the soul, you know? I'd go see him, and he'd just run chills through me."

Neville's eldest brother, Art, formed a doo-wop group: "Either you sang or you were with one of the gangs," Art says. "We were the gang that sang." Frequently, his little brother would tag along and sing along; by the time Aaron was in junior high, he was singled out by a high school

"Are you folks ready to order?"

teacher who ran several local bands, all of them dubbed the Avalons.

There was a detour in 1958: Then 17, Neville served a six-month jail sentence for stealing a car. In jail, he once said, "There was nothing to do but sing and fight." He preferred to sing, using the Nat "King" Cole song *Mona Lisa* to keep himself sane. He also wrote a song called *Every Day* while behind bars, and when he got out, he got married and signed a deal with a local record label.

It was a great time for rock and roll in New Orleans. Rock was in its infancy, drawing much of its drive from the salacious rhythm-and-blues songs that Southern blacks had been singing for years; not only was the Crescent City a rich source for blues and R&B songs but local musicians added a rollicking, jazz-derived, horn-driven spirit that resulted in such hits as *Rockin' Pneumonia and the Boogie Woogie Flu*, *Sea Cruise*, *Fortune Teller*, *Mother-in-Law* and *Working in a Coal Mine*.

But if the records were successful, most of the musicians were not: The town was full of great singers and players who lived a typically (for New Orleans) easygoing life and paid scant attention to business. One by one, they were exploited by the folks who ran the record labels. "You got paid for the session, and that was about it," says Neville. "You could go down and get advances, a hundred dollars or two hundred dollars. But other than that. . . ." No royalties? "No. They'd always give you a statement saying you owed *them* so much.

"I got married young," he adds, "so I had to take care of family. I had jobs like longshoreman, truck driver, house painter. You name it, I done it, and sang on the weekends. I figured we ought to be able to get a big record out, but we never really did—at least that's what the record company told us. Later, Keith Richards told me, 'I've been listening to you since the early Sixties.' And I said, 'They told *me* my records weren't gettin' no further than Baton Rouge.'"

He recorded one song, *Tell It like It Is*, that reached number two on the pop charts and gave Neville the status to play Harlem's historic Apollo Theater, but because of a bad contract, he didn't ear'n any royalties. The summer after his hit, he was unloading ships on the New Orleans docks. He didn't abandon music, playing in a succession of bands with brothers Art, Charles and Cyril.

But nothing caught on. During the late Sixties and early Seventies, Neville recorded with noted local producer Allen Toussaint, turning in some remarkable vocal performances that were released only locally, if at all. Once more, one of the finest singers in the country was making music that few people heard and doing other things to support himself. "I was working at a club," he says, "and doing longshoreman work on the side."

Drugs were one way to ignore the frustration of having a remarkable voice that few people ever heard—but drugs didn't bring in money; they cost money. There were times, Neville says, when he was "out on the streets," hungry and dead broke; there were long stretches when he gave up singing professionally. "I had to take care of the family," he says, "but I wasn't making no money singing. So at times, that's all I would do: painting houses or working on boats or driving a truck or something. But always, I'd sing to myself."

In 1976, the four brothers came together to back their uncle, George Landry, on an infectious record called *The Wild Tchoupitoulas*. And shortly afterward, when they were able to escape their restrictive contracts, the Neville Brothers were formed. "After that," says Aaron, "I didn't do no other kinda work, 'cause we were making enough to make ends meet."

Looking back on the years during which his music was rarely heard or even released, Neville swears he's not bitter—even though his old songs are now available on packages for which he receives no royalties. "As long as I could sing," he says, "I felt blessed. I figured, I'm rich. And I figured, one day, everybody will hear it."

Art Neville, on the other hand, figures that his brother must have suffered. "I'm sure he had to be frustrated," he says. "It was frustrating for me to *watch* it."

And during one conversation with producer Joel Dorn, Aaron admitted just how bad it had been. "We were walking someplace, talking about hard times and

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scuffling and stuff," remembers Dorn. "And he said that at one time, the only thing he owned was his walk."

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January 1990. New Orleans.

The suburbs, east of the city and near the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, where they're building new ranch-style houses and advertising good deals for those who've been able to save money despite southern Louisiana's depressed oil-based economy, is where Neville lives now. His new home is a good-sized single-story brick house at the end of a cul-de-sac; there's a big yard strewn with bicycles and toys, a two-car garage and a red Bronco in the driveway.

His living room is furnished sparsely: a few pieces of bamboo furniture, two cabinets for china and curios and an upright piano with an open hymnal. The coffee table sports a *Don't Know Much* dictionary that bears the same picture as the one on the cover of the Ronstadt album that has earned him a *real* gold record.

He seems relaxed today, dropping some of the guard that had been up during previous meetings and laughing frequently as a steady stream of relatives troops through the room, from his wife and mother-in-law to his two grandchildren to his 18-year-old son, Jason, the youngest of his four kids. (The eldest, Ivan, is also making records.)

As Neville did almost four years earlier, he plays tapes. He starts with another unreleased song; the difference between this one and the tapes he played in 1986 is that this song, a version of Leonard Cohen's *Bird on a Wire*, cut earlier in the week by the Neville Brothers, will be the title track to a major Mel Gibson/Goldie Hawn movie out this summer. Then he plays *Stardust* again—but this is the *video* to *Stardust*, which was released to some acclaim in 1988 and will soon be part of a video collection. The video tape keeps running, and on the big-screen TV set, Neville sings a tender but steamy duet with Ronstadt.

"This video started a lotta rumors," he says with a chuckle, watching as a chorus ends in an embrace. He grins; Joel, his wife of 31 years, walks by with barely a glance at the screen. "But Linda and I, we're just friends."

Don't Know Much, of course, did more than start rumors of a romance: It also kicked Neville's career into high gear. But it took more than a duet to turn that trick. It also took, he says, divine intervention.

Too many years of frustration, too many years of being cheated had done something to Neville and his brothers. "Growing up in the South in the Forties and Fifties," says Charles, two years older than Aaron, "the prospects were not that bright for a black person. I guess a lotta people from our generation got into that 'Society's against me, so I may as well be against society.' We all had that attitude. We were all, like, gangsters." He stops and reconsiders this. "Or thugs."

And for years, that scared away much of the record industry. "Every place I went," says one insider who tried to stir up interest in the Nevilles, "people said, 'Hey, listen, I ain't messing with these guys. *They'll kill me!*' The record industry was full of people who were afraid of them."

The reputation for drug abuse and a threatening, confrontational style hurt their career. After a lackluster debut album in 1978 and a masterful 1981 release titled *Fiyo on the Bayou*, major record labels turned their backs. Only small, independent companies were willing to run the risk of dealing with musicians whose drug habits made them unreliable; who were for years managed, in the words of one former associate, "by a fairly loose aggregation of people without much business sense"; who, on more than one occasion, the associate adds, were caught trying to cheat promoters and agents, as they themselves had been cheated. "These are street-wise, tough motherfuckers," Joel Dorn says flatly. "These ain't cats you can walk up to and say, 'Hi, fellas, I wanna produce you. I'm a genius' and expect them to say, 'Oh, please, hurry by our side and save us, white man.' They'd been fucked from here to the equator and back, and they'd heard the same story from five hundred guys, seven hundred ways."

Darryl Johnson, a local musician who played with the Neville Brothers for seven years, saw the roughest period firsthand. He was good friends with Neville's son Ivan. Aaron today, he says, is "totally the opposite" from what he saw in the Seventies and early Eighties. Back then, he says, there were drugs and violence. "I guess you would say Aaron was a hoodlum. Vicious, kinda. You name it—I mean, real gangster shit—and he done it."

During the worst times, he still had music. "No matter what, boy, he could sing," Dorn marvels. "And even in the darkest times, he always respected his talent. I'm talking about when things were *really* bad, even when it looked like he didn't, he knew what he had. And he held on to it."

Adds Cyril, "Aaron constantly said that we were put here for a reason, that God had something He wanted us to do and we weren't gonna leave this earth until we did it. But, speaking for myself, drugs almost took me out. I can truthfully say I've been dead twice, when we were dealing with the drugs and the alcohol and everything. And Aaron can tell you about that, too, you know?"

Except that Neville doesn't want to tell you about that. When those days are mentioned, his face hardens. "Everybody had their own individual thing, you know?" he says. "Like, I've dabbled into it. Sometimes I'd just feel like I wasn't getting my due or whatever I was supposed to be getting, singing-wise. And there was a time when I was separated from my wife. I don't know where my mind was at the time, because I had been married since I was, like, seventeen, and all of a sudden, I was on my

own." He frowns. "But I don't talk about it. That's something gone, you know?"

During the Eighties, Neville kicked drugs, as did his brothers. "You gotta get past the point where you're looking at all the disappointments and letting that take you out," says Art. "One disappointment after another—if you ain't really strong, if you ain't praying, if you don't believe in God, you're gonna be in bad shape."

Things began to improve in the early Eighties, when praise from bands such as the Rolling Stones and tours with the Stones and Huey Lewis spread the Nevilles' name outside New Orleans. The clubs got a little bigger, the money a little better and the frustrations a little smaller—and when legendary rock impresario Bill Graham saw that the Nevilles were losing their unsavory reputation, his company took over their management. Better gigs followed, as did a deal with EMI Records—and while the resulting album was the disappointing *Uptown*, A&M Records subsequently became interested in the band it had signed once before. When producer Daniel Lanois also expressed interest in the Nevilles, A&M signed them and sent them into the studio with Lanois. It was an ideal match: Lanois, dedicated to capturing the spirit of the Nevilles rather than getting them on the radio, draped his control room with Spanish moss and drew from them *Yellow Moon*, an album that brilliantly summarizes the Neville Brothers' social concerns and musical strengths.

"When you meet those guys, they're kinda spooky, you know?" says Lanois, who made his name working with the likes of U2, Peter Gabriel and Robbie Robertson. "My initial impression was of these quite heavy characters, and I could hardly understand anything they said." He laughs. "But Aaron's just a Teddy bear, you know? Or at least he is *now*. Ten years ago, it might have been something different."

The change, Neville says, comes from religion. "I guess my spirituality brought me through a lotta times in life when I guess the average person might have gotten frustrated," he muses, and then mentions one particular song that made a difference. "When I was in school," he says, "I was fascinated by the *Ave Maria*. I didn't know the words, but the music was so intriguing. It used to, like, *cleanse* me, just to be able to sing that. That song, just being in my heart, brought me through a lotta hard times. Knowing I could sing it gave me a lotta inspiration, you know?"

It took some other kinds of prayer, too: Neville, who recites a lengthy prayer every morning while he's brushing his teeth and goes to a Catholic shrine where he walks up the steps on his knees, has for years thanked Saint Jude on every one of his albums. Saint Jude, as any Catholic can tell you, is the patron saint of lost causes. And did Neville consider himself a lost cause?

"At times." He smiles a bit sadly. "He was the saint of the impossible, and sometimes I needed some impossible things." He laughs and fingers a Saint Jude medallion hanging from his left ear, and another that hangs next to a crucifix around his neck. "He came through, you know?"

As he sits in his living room and talks about the salvation of his career and his life, Neville is making plans for a solo album that Ronstadt will produce after he finishes work on the next Neville Brothers record. He doesn't know for sure which songs will be on it. Narrowing songs down to just a handful is especially difficult: Eventually, he wants to record *all* the songs he loves. "I'd like to have enough money to have me a recording studio," he says, "where I can record anything I want, to be here for the world. I don't want to die with anything left in my heart. I wanna be able to sing it out."

For now, he knows one song that will definitely be on the record: the *Ave Maria*. It'll be similar, he says, to the version that he played four years ago in his old Valence Street house. This time, though, he'll use a real string section.

"I'm gonna do that one at George Lucas' ranch, where Linda did her album," he says. "In the big movie studio. You sing in there, you sound like you're in heaven."

Which, of course, is the proper place for an angel to sing.

•

Once more, Neville is in Uptown. Tonight, as they do a couple of times a month whenever they're home, the Neville Brothers are playing Tipitina's, the smoky club that sits next to a few dilapidated wooden houses on a corner just across from the railroad tracks and the Mississippi River. The crowd spills out of the club and onto the sidewalks, cabs drop off a steady stream of late-comers and a trash can outside is soon overflowing with empty cups left by locals taking advantage of the New Orleans ordinance that allows you to drink 24 hours a day on the street.

It's not tourist season, the Super Bowl is a couple of weeks away and there aren't any big conventions in town, so this is a hometown crowd. It's the second night of a two-night stand and there's an air of celebration here tonight: The Grammy nominations were just announced (*Don't Know Much* got two, a song from *Yellow Moon*, one), he and Ronstadt are getting saturation airplay, the coach of the New Orleans Saints has come down to see the show and, according to a rumor that sweeps the club, Ronstadt is here, too.

That rumor, it turns out, is true. And backstage, Aaron is in his glory, surrounded by friends and admirers, celebrities and old pals. While he sometimes seems ill at ease and guarded in public situations, tonight he's grinning constantly, working the small backstage room like a pro. He takes Joel over to say hello to Ronstadt, huddles with Quint Davis—who heads the

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annual New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival and books the Nevilles to close it every year—then runs to ask Ronstadt if she's familiar with a Leonard Cohen song someone said would be good for his album.

Finally, he and his brothers—introduced as "the heartbeat of the Crescent City" and "the Uptown rulers of the mighty Thirteenth Ward"—take the stage. Standing underneath a huge banner of Professor Longhair, they begin with their adaptation of the Mardi Gras Indian anthem *Hey Pocky Way* and rampage through two sets and three hours of sinuous Big Easy funk, pausing just long enough for Neville to sing a few ballads, including *Tell It like It Is* and Dobie Gray's *Drift Away*. Mostly, though, he whacks on a tambourine or a cowbell as the band cranks out an irresistible beat. It's music that takes the various strains of New Orleans music—from blues and R&B to Dixieland, carnival songs and tribal chants—and makes of them a gumbo so intoxicating and danceable that by the end of the night, tiles have been dislodged from the floor of the balcony.

Then, at 3:30 in the morning, Neville steps to the microphone. He takes a breath. Only Art is on stage, standing behind his keyboards; the rest of the musicians have dropped back.

And in hushed, ethereal tones, Neville begins to sing *Amazing Grace*. Some of the people in this room have heard him sing it countless times; others have watched him live it. "How sweet the sound," he sings, "that saved a wretch like me."

At the end of the first verse, the bass player steps out of the shadows to kick the band into Bob Marley's *One Love*, the way he usually does at this point in the show. But tonight, Neville stays at the microphone. "Twas faith that brought me safe this far," he sings, his voice cutting through the haze and quieting the crowd. "And grace shall lead me on."

Outside, the air is cold and New Orleans is sleeping. But inside this battered neighborhood bar, chills run up several hundred spines as Aaron Neville sings his song of redemption.

"My media advisor doesn't understand me."

QUINCY JONES

(continued from page 66)

Jones Entertainment. We'll be developing new musical talent, making records, producing TV shows and movies. We've already got a half-hour sitcom and a home-video show under consideration at the networks, and we're planning to film the life of the poet Alexander Pushkin—who was of Ethiopian descent—in a coproduction with the Russians. We've also bought a TV station, and we've got plans to buy ten or twenty more. I mean, this man Pittman is out for *action*. On Friday, he asks me what I think about a politically oriented one-hour television talk show for Jesse Jackson, and on Monday, we're meeting with Jesse about it, and we've got a deal.

PLAYBOY: What *do* you think about a TV show for Jesse?

JONES: It's a very marketable idea and it's a showcase for an important voice who deserves a forum for his views. I've been a close friend and supporter of Jesse's ever since he started Operation PUSH back in the Seventies. Over the years, I think he has really grown in stature and maturity, and even though we can still disagree with each other sometimes, I don't think there's any doubt that he's a force for keeping hope alive. And let's face it, we just don't have anybody else at this point in our history. He spans the whole spectrum, from the streets all the way to the corridors of power all over the world. There just isn't anybody else who stands up for us and speaks for us like Jesse Jackson does.

PLAYBOY: At this point in his evolution, what do you think Jesse stands for?

JONES: The same things he has always stood for. When Jesse started Operation PUSH, he and his brain trust came up with a slogan, a kind of logo, that still sums up the challenge black people face in getting themselves together. He said the components that make up a human being can be expressed in the letters M-A-M-A-P-C-V, almost like a chemical formula. M is for motor skills. A is for affective, which is our feelings. The next M is for morality, and the next A is for aesthetic. P is for perception, C for cognition, which is related to education, and V is for volition. And he said that many of our kids in the ghetto have all those components in abundance except two, like having vitamin deficiencies. One big problem we face as a people comes from deficiencies in morality and cognition, both of which come from deficiencies in the family unit. And those are the two areas he has addressed since the start of Operation PUSH: building up the family unit and building self-esteem, through education and by creating economic opportunities that give people a chance in life.

PLAYBOY: There's a widely held perception that the cause of equality has actually deteriorated over the past twenty years, that the gulf between races has widened. Do you think that's true?

JONES: You'd have to be deaf, dumb, blind or just plain stupid to deny that we have a world of problems left to overcome. But we've got to take the long view. Two centuries of racism aren't going to be erased in twenty years, or probably even fifty. So we've got to keep on keepin' on. But I think we've got plenty of reason to feel good about what we've managed to accomplish so far. Because we've taken enormous strides. I think people get a misleading impression of what's really going on, because negativity is what makes *news*. They don't hear about all the folks who are getting along fine together. They don't see the everyday progress that's going on all over the country, North and South. I speak at a lot of universities, and I see all these brothers and sisters out there getting it together and doing their thing, competing in the market place, building careers, living in nice homes, raising kids who go to good schools—building their own proud version of the American dream.

PLAYBOY: That's all true, but we also seem to be experiencing a resurgence of racial violence—cross burnings, letter bombs, personal assaults. Why now?

JONES: It baffles me and it saddens me, because I see young people involved in it, and it's the younger generation we have to look to for hope. But some of these neo-Nazi skinheads are worse than their forebears. In the past, you could chalk up such incidents to ingrained attitudes passed down from one generation to the next. But I thought we were starting to move beyond the Neanderthal period in race relations. I don't understand how it's possible to hate yourself so much that you have to hate somebody else just to feel better. I don't understand how these sick, poisonous hatreds can be surfacing again after all we've gone through and triumphed over. But the roots of prejudice run deep, and I guess we're going to have to keep pulling them up with every generation until we've stamped it out forever.

PLAYBOY: The drug problem is another battleground for society today. Do you agree with President Bush that it's the most urgent crisis we're facing as a nation?

JONES: Well, I'm glad he finally decided to get on the right side of the issue. But I'm not sure he fully understands what he's trying to deal with. Because we're not just talking about a threat to America. We're talking about an epidemic that has the potential to bring *civilization* to its knees and, frankly, I don't know how we're going to make it through, 'cause we're going to lose a whole generation of kids to drugs and drug dealing. How are you gonna save them when they're dangling eighteen hundred dollars a day in front of thirteen-year-olds to sell dope? You can't tempt them with the promise of a college degree when they see brothers with master's degrees carrying bags at the airport or pushing fries at the Burger King. And I'm not just talking about black kids, because it's not just a ghetto problem anymore. Just

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like heroin. Smack was a crime until it got to Westchester, and then it became a social problem. Harlem preachers were screaming for help when the foot cops still could have stopped it in the street, but nobody gave a damn till the white kids started mainlining out in the suburbs. Well, it's everybody's problem now, and we'd better do something about it before it's too late.

PLAYBOY: No matter what we do, isn't there always going to be a demand for drugs?

JONES: I guess there's always been some kind of libation you could take to get away from reality, and I guess there always will be, because that seems to be a part of human nature. And reality seems to be getting more complicated all the time. But so are the drugs. We've got designer drugs now that are stronger than cocaine or heroin. They'll take you further, faster, cheaper than anything we've ever seen before. For seven or eight dollars, you can buzz your brain in seventeen seconds. The trouble is that whatever problems you took the stuff to get away from are still gonna be there when you come down, and you'll have a brand-new problem to deal with on top of the ones you've already got—finding the money to get another hit, and another one, until you've run out of shit or bread. Then you've got to steal or deal to keep going until somebody blows you away or you do it to yourself.

PLAYBOY: Is there any way out?

JONES: I feel strongly that we've got to legalize drugs. The only way we're going to get through this plague alive is to take away the profit motive. Eliminate the crime and you eliminate the criminals. Then you'll be left with the problem of addiction, but I think most of the people who'd even think about getting high are already doing it. That's not saying more people won't start once it's legal, but I think you'll also see a big drop-off as a lot of people lose interest, because it's not clandestine enough for them anymore.

But the Government doesn't want to make drugs legal. For a long time, Nancy Reagan tried to tell kids "Just say no," but of course, anybody who was really into drugs just laughed at her, and the rest were too hip to listen to that kinda shit. So now Bush has decided to declare war on drugs, and that's not gonna make a damn bit of difference, either, because you kill one grower or one dealer, and ten more spring up to take his place.

PLAYBOY: Legalization won't help those who are already strung out on drugs or who might try it if they were legalized. What's the hope for them?

JONES: On an individual basis, the cure is to go straight back to the basics. If you're drinking and using and you can't stop, you've got to undergo a spiritual rehabilitation. You've got to realize you can't do it alone and surrender yourself to a higher power, like they say in A.A. Then you've got to clean yourself out: You've got to sit down and talk about the people who've wronged you, and the people you've wronged, and forgive them and forgive yourself, and start making amends. And start helping other people straighten out their lives. And decide how you want to spend your own. There's a lot of steps on the road back, and they're heavy steps, but I've seen it work for hundreds of people I know, because whatever the program, it's about the basic ethics of living, about the essence of what it means to be alive.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier that those are the themes you're trying to deal with in your work. Isn't it enough just to provide great entertainment?

JONES: Not for me. If you want to be a whole musician, I think you have to be a whole human being. That's why you've got to be concerned with what's going on in the world around you—not only in your work but outside your profession—and do whatever you can do to help fight the deadly enemies: racism, ignorance, disease, homelessness and hunger. If you've been fortunate in life, you're not really straight until you've done everything you can to see that everybody else gets at least as good a shot as you did. That's why I feel such a strong obligation to contribute to worthwhile causes, whether it's cancer or sickle-cell anemia or the Africans or the United Negro College Fund or Operation PUSH or the A.C.L.U. or the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund or the environment or Save the Whales. But it gets to the point where they're *all* important and they're *all* urgent, so one time, I just saved all the requests I was receiving and put them in a big basket, and at the end of a week, I added up what it would cost me to make all the contributions they asked me for, and it came to about seven hundred thousand dollars just for that one week. So I have to pick and choose the ones that mean the most to me—and if the rest of them think I'm cheap or I don't care, there's nothing I can do about it, because there's just no way I can deal with all of it.

It's the same with all the requests I get from people asking me to chair a fund raiser or set up a show or host a tribute or sit on the dais with Mayor Bradley to welcome some African diplomat or conduct the Berlin Symphony or meet a preacher who's got some new program for stopping drugs in the streets. I've got to be even more selective about that kind of obligation, because what those people want from me is my *time*. That's more valuable than all the money in the world. It's the most precious commodity we have, and it's irreplaceable. I realize that most especially when I think about my children. I was an absentee father for a lot of years when they needed me to be there for them. I'm doing my best now to make up for all the love we missed out on together.

PLAYBOY: If you could clone yourself into three people, what would you assign each of them to do?

JONES: A few years ago, I'd have jumped at the chance. I'd have had one man who dealt exclusively with creative things: He'd come up with all the ideas for new projects. The second man would carry out those concepts: He'd be the executive producer. The third man's job would be to have a ball twenty-four hours a day. I'd send him around to do all the things I don't have enough time for—going places I've never been, having a great meal, swimming in a tropical pool, seeing a nice lady, making the people I care about feel good. But I guess I'll have to do the best I can with only one of me to go around.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be doing a better job of it now than when you were *trying* to be three people.

JONES: Yeah, I feel like I'm behind the wheel in my life now. I'm running it. It's not running me. I'm letting go and grooving with the current, wherever it takes me. I had big dreams when I was a little boy looking out a window in Bremerton. I went after all of them, and most of them have come true. But the way I went at it, like there was no tomorrow, almost guaranteed that I wouldn't be around to enjoy it. But now that I've stopped pushing, all the doors in my life have been opening by themselves. And I'm walking through those doors to new adventures, places I've never been, things I've never done.

I don't know what I'm going to be doing six months from now, and that's just the way I like it. I just *love* jumping out and not knowing where I'm going to land but knowing I'm going to land on my feet. And even if I don't sometimes, I know it's gonna be all right, because I've had some killer bumps in my life, and I've learned something from all of them that makes life even sweeter for me.

PLAYBOY: Of course, you're secure enough financially to be able to take such chances.

JONES: Sure I am, and that makes it a lot easier. But nobody can afford to be afraid of taking chances in life. If you're afraid to go chasing after your dreams, they're going to shrivel up, and so will you. You've got to create in your mind an invisible net underneath you, and jump. If you expect pain, that's just what you're going to get.

PLAYBOY: And sometimes even when you *don't* expect it.

JONES: Of course. No matter what you do, you're going to go through some suffering. That goes with the territory. But you don't have to let suffering become your experience of life, and you don't have to pass it along to other people just because it hurts. Learn from it. And grow from it. And teach your pain to *sing*. I always think about Ray Charles when I think about the joy and the pain in life. He and I used to talk about how closely related they are. How he learned that the heavier the pain is, the higher the joy. And nobody knows that better than Ray Charles. All I can say is, after living through the pain and sorrow in my own life, if that's the price I've had to pay for all the joy I've known, it's been worth every minute of it, man.

THE WRONG WAR *(continued from page 70)*

"As presently marketed, the war on drugs stands to become a parochially political false crusade."

electronic intelligence to the exclusion of the human variety, heavy on quantifiable data and short on savvy. Traditionally, we've been better at some things than at others.

These worries were not altogether misplaced. In the weeks after the invasion, Americans were reading about miscalculations (one senior official in the Pentagon called it "bungling"). In the end, God took care of us. The Pineapple Pimpernel was run to ground to the satisfaction of most of his people. Our losses were, as they say, acceptable. Nevertheless, it would seem unwise to draw the wrong moral from our success in Panama.

The egregious phoniness of this war on drugs does not mean that there is nothing to lose. On the one hand, the Administration carries on the same weary game of cops and robbers, running down tips, turning informers, bribing hit men for testimony. In other words, it tacitly accepts the status quo in the hope that the problem will generate sufficient political capital and then go away. Meanwhile, on the streets, where the real problem is being lived out, the user—the person most in trouble—has nowhere to turn.

Anyone who talks with drug users knows how desperately many of them would like to quit. Ask any street junkie or crackhead if he knows anything about where to get help. For the overwhelming majority of users, there is no treatment available. Even people with money to spend on therapy have to wait months for space in programs. This situation is the direct result of the Administration's deliberate refusal to assign realistic priorities. Does it make sense to talk billions of dollars, diplomatic pressures, armies of cops, aircraft carriers, paratroopers and Cigarette boats and make no remotely comparable provision for the street junkie who wants to get straight?

This is not, per se, an argument for legalizing, decriminalizing or Federally regulating the importation and manufacture of presently illegal drugs. But it is an insistence that no Federally financed band wagon be permitted, unopposed, to steamroll inconvenient opinions and deprive the people of their right to thoughtful counsel. If we elect to deal massively and effectively with drug use, we are going to have to begin by taking the issue seriously. As presently marketed, the war on drugs stands to become a parochially political false crusade, and its warriors already display that mixture of naïveté and cynicism that characterized the war in Vietnam. What we require instead is deliberate, depoliticized, depropagandized examination of our needs and options in this matter. Law-enforcement people in a number of places have already requested such a study.

Let's remember the past and not repeat it. During the Vietnam war, our Government promised the people not only military victory but an absolute solution to our domestic difficulties. This was to be provided simultaneously, without any reference to possible contradictions. The results, guaranteed, were to be threefold. We would maintain the tremendous economic power that had accrued to us after World War Two. We would win the war on poverty, which was what Lyndon Johnson's Administration called its social program. At the same time, in Vietnam, we would prevail.

Everything declared desirable was to be available at once. There was to be no reasoning of need, no economy of objectives whatsoever. It was not to be admitted that any of these results might be obtainable only in part and at the relative expense of others. It was as though no one in the entire country had ever heard of the Aesop fable of the dog and the bone. Remember it? A dog with a bone in its mouth goes to the river, sees its own reflection in the water, thinks, There's a nice bone. I'll take that one, too. Guess what happens?

Maybe we should remind ourselves now, in this fortunate hour, that none of Johnson's goals were achieved. Our relative wealth began to decline during his Administration for reasons directly connected to the war. The results of our war on poverty can be seen today in the streets of any ghetto. In Vietnam, the war was lost.

There is a Rolling Stones song titled *You Can't Always Get What You Want*. One of its refrains goes, "But if you try sometime, you just might find, you get what you need." There's more horse sense in that little ditty than in 90 percent of the official utterances regarding drugs. Maybe it should be incorporated into our collective wisdom. Of course, it may be argued that the song emanates vaguely from the direction of the drug culture. But why should the Devil have all the good tunes?

If we go on believing in our unlimited power to do everything at once, we will have missed the point of the past year's events entirely. In Europe, the Russians may have lost little by playing it safe. In the U.S., our success in Panama produced fits of triumphalism. How ironic it would be if our late competitors in the Kremlin ended as the real beneficiaries of what happened at last year's end. Whose days are numbered—those who are capable of correctly determining history's direction or those who allow good fortune to reinforce their complacency and their illusions?

In the winter of 1990, we Americans were not the lords of creation, any more than the Soviets or the great powers of the past were. Neither our resources nor our will is limitless. The sky overhead is as narrow for us as for any people and the span of history as wide. We will make our future out of who we are and we shall have to take the world as it is. Nothing is free, not even for America. It is as true of the drug problem as of everything else.

"Maxine, I think you should try to become more involved in our sex life."

Toy wonder Francis Goldwyn has a new idea that's 150 million years old.

He also prefers Christian Brothers Brandy.

Founder, The Manhattan Toy Co., Ltd.
Prehistoric and modern toys.
Last year's sales: $5,000,000.

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When you know better.

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IT'S IN THE BAG

With golf enjoying such a renaissance, we're pleased that manufacturers have kept an innovative eye on the one accessory that every player (or his caddie) totes—the golf bag. Synthetic fabrics such as nylon have helped lighten the load, but many golfers still opt for status bags that are all or part leather. Hot shopping tip: Before buying, look inside the bag for a lining made of fleece, felt or wool. The last thing you need is a Ping iron dinged because the bag failed to cradle it properly. Ample pockets are also important; some bags even have space for a change of clothes (also a case for an umbrella), just in case the clubhouse is fresh out of lockers. Play through!

STEVE CONWAY

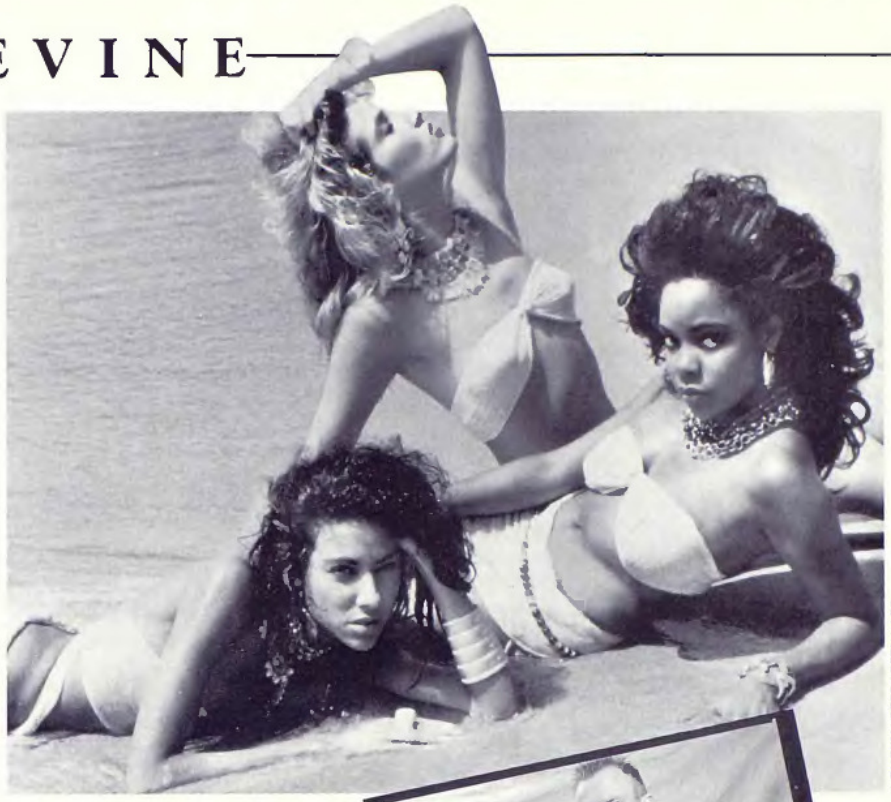
Above: This tournament-styled Series 901 golf bag that's made of vinyl and leather features double-entry full-length clothing pockets and three ball pockets, plus a three-point harness suspension for easy carrying, heavy-duty hardware and four club covers, by MacGregor Golf, $300.

Right: A handsome Burberrys golf bag made of leather and canvas, from Burberrys, Chicago, $445; and a vinyl Tommy Armour Signature bag, from Tommy Armour Golf, Morton Grove, Illinois, $190. (In the bag are Tommy Armour Silver Scot metal woods, $432, and irons, $700.)

Left: Yamaha has come up with a line of jazzy-looking Secret Series fleece-lined golf bags made of nylon that are available in a variety of bright color combinations, including hot pink and black (shown), from Yamaha Sports, $114. (Golf cart, by Bag Boy, Milwaukie, Oregon. Ultra woods and irons, by Wilson Sporting Goods Company.)

Hot Fun in the Sun

This is not merely another SEDUCTION on the beach. With *Nothing Matters Without Love*, these girls have crossed over from the dance to pop charts. The sexy trio plans to try its hand at writing and producing next time out, mixing rap, R&B, pop and ballads into an alluring musical brew. We'll be checking out their tan lines while we wait.



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PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

No Deletion Necessary

The two Brits in ERASURE found each other musically in 1985, but it took until 1990 for America to find them. *Wild!* hit the charts and their concerts made converts. Catch their act this summer and don't erase anything.

© NICK CHARLES

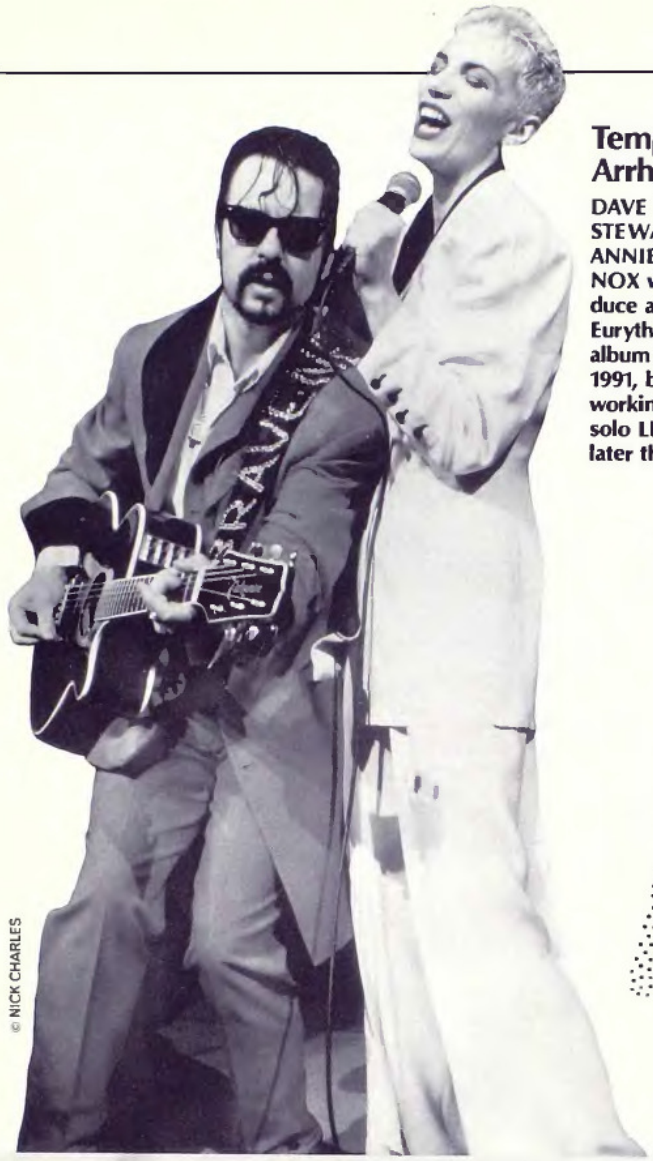
Between a Rock and a Soft Place

Actress LISA AXELROD has appeared in the movies *Road House* and *The Metal Years*, on MTV and in videos. She has shown up in Harley-Davidson catalogs and will be in the 1991 *Easyriders* calendar. For us, Lisa hit the beach in a salute to summer. We're excited. How about you?

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

No More Lisa Bonet Jokes

Musician/songwriter LENNY KRAVITZ' LP, *Let Love Rule*, has finally focused attention on his music and off his marriage. Amen!



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Temporary Arrhythmia

DAVE STEWART and ANNIE LENNOX won't produce another Eurythmics album until 1991, but Dave's working on a solo LP due out later this year.

RANDY O'ROURKE

Kid and His Nuts

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS' single *The Sex of It* was penned by Prince, which may just be their ticket into the mainstream.

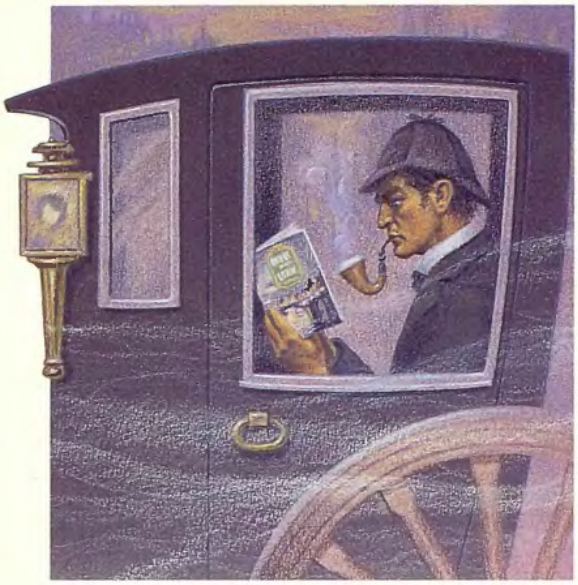
Net Worthy

Movie starlet ANDREA HENRY was on the big screen in *Puppet Master*, which you can now rent at your video store. We don't want you to think Andrea's lying around waiting for her career to take off. She's doing it in *Grapevine* because she knows you'll love it.

© MARK LEIVDAL

LONDON BODIES FALLING DOWN

As you may have guessed, Martin Fido's *Murder Guide to London*, published by Academy Chicago Publishers, is murder to read. All of Blighty's baddies are in there, from Burke and Hare, Dr. Crippen, everybody's favorite night stalker Jack the Ripper to Henry Jacoby, an anonymous bootboy who battered a hotel guest to death back in 1922. Best of all, *Murder Guide*'s price doesn't murder your wallet: just $14.95 from Academy at 213 West Institute Place, Chicago 60601. Bloody good.

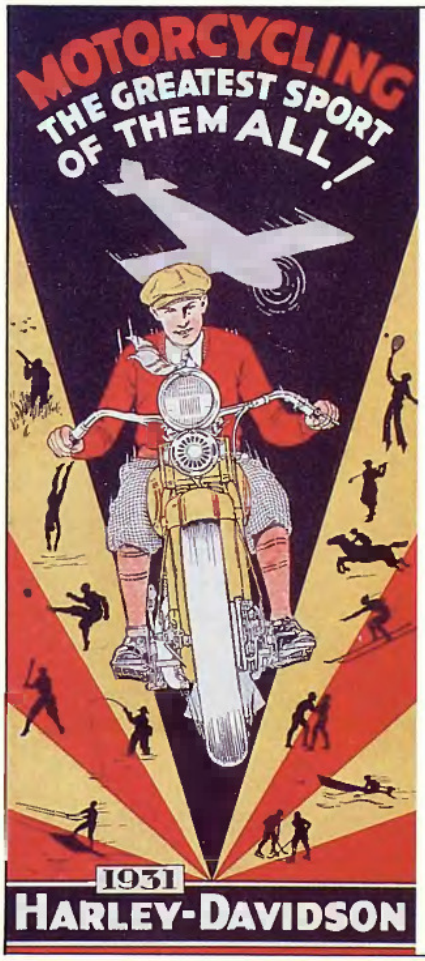


OUTDOOR FURNITURE LIGHTENS UP

According to Gary Simpson, who designs and manufactures Kaldari outdoor furniture, the company name is from Latin and Greek words that mean "enduring beauty," and if you can tear your eyes off the enduring beauty who's basking above, we think you'll want to know that Simpson's furniture has some very unusual features. Although the pieces look like stone, they're actually made of lightweight cement. Some, such as the chaise longue shown, will float in water—with you reclining on it—and all are waterproof and won't deteriorate. The chaise longue is $950; other pieces range from $600 for a side table to $3000 for a dining table. (Shipping not included.) For more info, call Kaldari at 714-499-3537.

HAVE A CALIFORNIA BALL

"The ball from the future" is how Winter Design, P.O. Box 1881, Pleasanton, California 94566, describes the Zwirl, a high-flying toy made of a smooth-skinned, sculpted polyurethane foam that spirals like a Joe Montana pass when tossed and even looks great just sitting on a table. The Zwirl is available in two colors, high-tech black or bright yellow, weighs about a half pound and costs only $14.95, postpaid. Pick one up and give it a fling!



BIG BOOK, BIG WHEELS

The Big Book of Harley-Davidson weighs in at almost six pounds, and if you're man enough to tote this coffee-table-sized, 462-page edition home from the bookstore, you probably can handle the wildest wheels Harley has to offer. Harley-Davidson employee Thomas C. Bolfert wrote *The Big Book*, collecting in the process more than 2000 photographs that chronicle the company's history, which spans almost nine decades. The softcover *Big Book* is available at bookstores or at Harley-Davidson dealers for $39.95. Well-heeled Harley fans, however, may wish to pick up the numbered, limited-edition (1500) version that's bound in embossed Harley-type leather. Its price: $159.95. Vroooommm!

FIVE STARS, TEXAS STYLE

Mobil Travel Guides has bestowed just 32 Five-Star Awards in 1990 to the 21,000 hotels, inns, motels, resorts and restaurants evaluated. Newcomers this year include The Mansion on Turtle Creek in Dallas (pictured below) and Jean Louis, a tony French restaurant in Washington, D.C. However, if you can't afford to see too many stars, Mobil also publishes *Lodgings for Less*, which lists good-value One-, Two- and Three-Star establishments. Even its price is cheaper: $5.95, as compared with $9.95 for the regular guides.

MORGANNA'S HOT NUTS

Carolina Fine Snacks, the official pork-skin supplier to President Bush, has introduced Kissing Bandit roasted peanuts. And everybody knows who the Kissing Bandit is—Morganna Roberts, of course, whose 60-23-39 statistics and penchant for planting wayward busses on major-league ballplayers are legendary. Morganna's nuts are available in stores and ball parks for 69 cents a bag. A case (48 bags) costs $33, postpaid, sent to Carolina Fine Snacks, 3718 Alliance Drive, Greensboro, North Carolina 27407. Get crackin'!

LET THE SUN SHINE IN

You say your girlfriend would like to acquire an all-over tan but doesn't want the hassles of going nude at the beach or by the pool? Then check out Solar Tanning Suits, one- or two-piece women's bathing suits in sizes 5/6 through 13/14 that are opaque wet or dry. The suits allow some penetration of UV rays yet provide protection equivalent to wearing an S.P.F. 10 lotion. To place a credit-card order with Swimsuit International, which handles Solar Tanning Suits, call 800-458-9640. The price for this four-way-stretch nylon/Lycra-blend suit is $59, plus postage. And yes, guys, they sell tan-through Solar Suits for men, too.

ALL PUMPED UP OVER MATTRESSES

In the Seventies, the water bed was the hottest thing in the bedroom. Today, it's Select Comfort Sleep System's high-tech air mattresses that feature single or dual (an option on double, queen and king sizes) air chambers, a small electronic air pump, hand controls, foam side walls and a mattress cover. Each side of the mattress can be inflated or deflated to desired firmness at the touch of a button. Prices range from $400 to $800. For a dealer, call Select in Minneapolis at 800-535-2337. Just don't fall asleep on the button.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

Back in May 1985, *Potpourri* featured The World Unfolds, kinetic city guides that open and fold with one hand. VanDam, Inc., in Manhattan, has recently introduced The Cosmos Unfolds, a series of six EcoGuides that take a nonlinear, interdisciplinary, extradimensional approach to such diverse subjects as The Universe, The Rain Forest, Oceans and Deserts. The Universe is a portable guide to the seasonal sky. The Rain Forest melds stories of indigenous rainforest peoples with science. Look for EcoGuides in museum gift shops and bookstores or phone 800-321-MAPS and order individual ones for $12 each, postpaid.

NEXT MONTH

BAYWATCHABLE BABE

WHITE RAT

PUMPING UP

OH, CANADA!

"SOFTBALL HAS BEEN BERY, BERY GOOD TO ME"—FORTY MILLION AMERICANS CAN'T BE WRONG. *PLAYBOY* CHRONICLES THE NATION'S TRUE PASTIME AS WE SHOW YOU HOW TO KNOCK ONE INTO THE PARKING LOT AND, MOST IMPORTANTLY, HOW TO PLAY BALL WITH WOMEN—BY THE AUTHOR OF *THE DICKSON BASEBALL DICTIONARY*, **PAUL DICKSON**

"THERE *IS* A GOD"—THE RISE AND WELCOME FALL OF **CHARLES KEATING, JIMMY SWAGGART, ED MEESE** AND OTHER GREAT HYPOCRITES OF THE EIGHTIES—BY **JOE DOMANICK**

A VERY FRIENDLY VISIT TO OUR NEIGHBOR TO THE NORTH FOR A *PLAYBOY* PICTORIAL FEATURING THOSE NATURAL TREASURES, THE **"WOMEN OF CANADA"**

LARRY KING TALKS ABOUT **FRANK SINATRA** AND ASKS SOME HYPOTHETICAL QUESTIONS OF THE **REAGANS** AND **BARBARA WALTERS** IN A **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW** THAT CONFIRMS WHY THE DEAN OF Q.&A. IS AMERICA'S SECOND-BEST REASON TO STAY UP LATE

"BODY"—WHEN EARLINE TURNIPSEED AND BILLY BAT MEET AT A COSMOS BODYBUILDERS CONTEST, IT'S LUST AT FIRST SIGHT—A PREVIEW OF THE NEW NOVEL BY **HARRY CREWS**

"JERRY SEINFELD'S BLAND AMBITION"—HANGING OUT WITH AMERICA'S SLOWEST FAST-RISING COMIC AS HE MAKES THE LEAP FROM HOKUM TO HIPNESS—BY **STEPHEN RANDALL**

"THE WOUND"—A FIRSTHAND ACCOUNT OF THE BRUTAL TOLL **GEORGE BUSH'S** DRUG WAR HAS WROUGHT ON COLOMBIA—BY **JONATHAN SILVERS**

***"BAYWATCH*ABLE BABE"**—JULY 1989 PLAYMATE **ERIKA ELENIAK** COMES UP FOR AIR FROM HER NEW SERIES TO MAKE A *PLAYBOY* SPLASH

"IN THE RAT'S NEST"—MEET THE AUTOCRAT OF ASTROTURF. ST. LOUIS CARDINALS MANAGER **WHITEY HERZOG**, A.K.A. WHITE RAT, IS THE GUY TO WATCH THIS OR ANY SEASON—BY **THOMAS BOSWELL**

DANA CARVEY PITS **THE CHURCH LADY** AGAINST **THE LIAR** IN A NOT-SO-FRIENDLY GAME OF POOL, REVEALS THE BACKSTAGE SINS OF *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE* AND TELLS US WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE AMERICA'S TOP DRAGMEISTER IN A SPECIAL **"20 QUESTIONS"**

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